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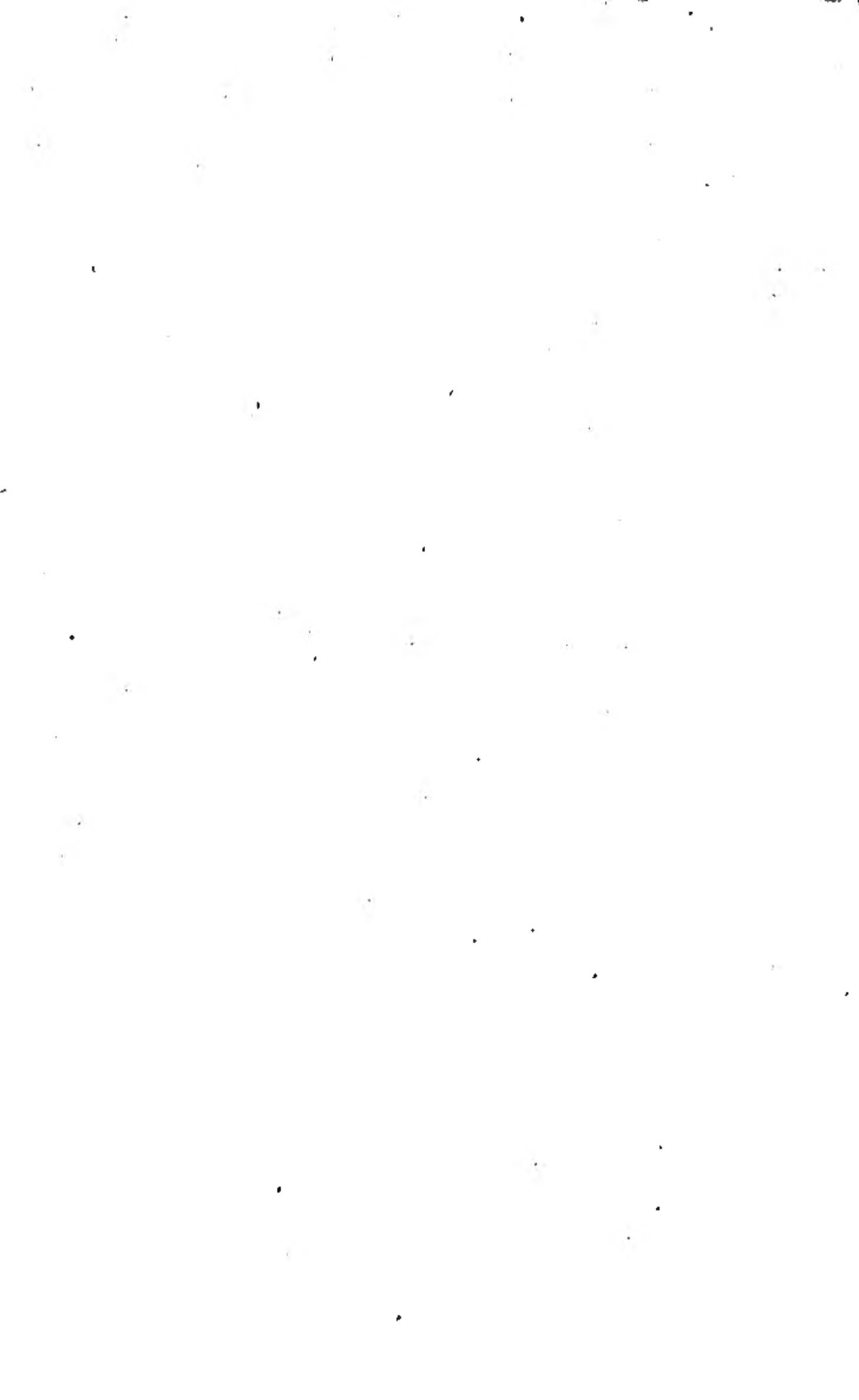


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Frontispiece Table.

And the Governor's List of 1864.

Elizabeth Longworth

THE

FAIRY QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY

EDMUND SPENSER.

WITH A

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the old and obscure Words.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLVIII.

TO

THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT

E M P R E S S E

RENOWNED FOR PIETIE VERTUE AND ALL GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND

FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA,

DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH, &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAVNT

EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HVMILITY

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVR S

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

The LIFE of
EDMUND SPENSER.

AS the reign of Queen *Elizabeth* is one of the most shining parts of our history, and an age of which *Englishmen* are accustomed to speak with a particular pride and delight; it is remarkable for having been fruitful in eminent genius's of very different kinds. Among the *Romans* the age of *Augustus* is observed to have produced the finest Wits, but the preceding one the greatest men. But this was a period of time distinguished for both; and by a wonderful conjunction, we find learning and arms, wisdom and polite arts arising to the greatest heights together.

In this happy reign flourished *Edmund Spenser*, the most eminent of our poets till that time, unless we except *Chaucer*, who was in some respects his master and original. The accounts of his birth and family are but obscure and imperfect, and it has happened to him, as to many other men of wit and learning, to be much better known by his works than by the history of his life. He was born in *London*, and had his education at *Pembroke Hall* in *Cambridge*. Though in the dedications of one or two of his poems, we find him claiming affinity with some persons of distinction, yet his fortune and interest seem at his first setting out to have been very inconsiderable: For after he had continued in the college for some time, and laid that foundation of learning, which joined to his natural genius, qualified him for rising to so great an excellency afterwards, he stood for a fellowship in competition with Mr. *Andrews*, afterwards bishop of *Winchester*, but without success. This disappointment, together with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him from the university: And we find him next taking up his residence with some friends in the North, where he fell in love with his *Rosalind*, whom he so finely celebrates in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty he has written such pathetic complaints.

As poetry is frequently the offspring of Love and retirement, it is probable his genius began first to distinguish itself about this time; for the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for *Rosalind*, was the first of his works of any note. This he addressed, by a short dedication in verse, to Sir *Philip Sidney*; concealing himself under the humble title of *Immerito*. Sir *Philip* was then in the highest reputation for his wit, gallantry, and polite accomplishments; and indeed seems to have been the most universally admired and beloved of any one gentleman of the age in which he lived. As he was himself a very good writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive part of poetry, it is no wonder he soon became sensible of our author's

author's

author's merit. He was one of the first who discovered it, and recommended it to the notice of the best judges of that time; And so long as this great man lived, *Spenser* never wanted a judicious friend and a generous patron.

After he had staid for some time in the North, he was prevailed upon, by the advice of some friends, to quit his obscurity, and come to *London*, that he might be in the way of promotion. The first step he afterwards made towards preferment, was, as I have said, his acquaintance with Sir *Phillip Sidney*: but whether that acquaintance began immediately upon his addressing to him the *Shepherd's Calendar*, as to me seems most probable, or some time after, I will not determine. That which makes it somewhat uncertain, is a story of him which I shall only set down as I find it related, not knowing how far it may appear worthy of credit. It is said he was a stranger to Mr. *Sidney* (afterwards Sir *Philip*) when he had begun to write his *Fairy Queen*, and that he took occasion to go to *Leicester-House*, and to introduce himself by sending in to Mr. *Sidney* a copy of the ninth canto of the first book of that poem. Mr. *Sidney* was much surpriz'd with the description of *Despair* in that canto, and is said to have shewn an unusual kind of transport on the discovery of so new and uncommon a genius. After he had read some stanza's, he turned to his steward, and bid him give the person that brought those verses fifty pounds; but upon reading the next stanza, he ordered the sum to be doubled. The steward was no less surprized than his master, and thought it his duty to make some delay in executing so sudden and lavish a bounty; but upon reading one stanza more, Mr. *Sidney* raised his gratuity to two hundred pounds, and commanded the steward to give it immediately, lest as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole estate. From this time he admitted the author to his acquaintance and conversation, and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Tho' nothing could have been more happy for him than to be thus introduced, yet he did not immediately reap any great benefit by it. He was indeed created Poet-laureat to Queen *Elizabeth*, but for some time he wore a barren laurel, and possessed only the place without the pension. The lord treasurer *Burleigh* had not, it seems, the same taste of *Spenser's* merit with Sir *Philip Sidney*; and, whether out of neglect, or any particular resentment, or from whatever cause, he is said to have intercepted the Queen's favour to this unfortunate and ingenious man. As the most elegant minds have the quickest sense of repulses from the great and powerful, who should countenance and protect them, it is no wonder this misfortune sunk deep into our author's spirit, and seems to have dwelt upon him for a great space of his life. Accordingly we find him in many parts of his works pouring forth his heart in complaints of so hard and undeserved a treatment; which probably would have been less unfortunate to him, if his noble patron Sir *Philip Sidney* had not been so much absent from Court, as he was obliged to be, by his employments abroad, and by the share he had in the *Low-Country* wars.

I think I ought not here to omit a little story, which seems founded on the grievance I have mentioned, and is related by some, as a matter of fact commonly reported at that time. It is said the Queen, upon his presenting some poems to her, ordered him a gratuity of an hundred pounds; but that the lord treasurer *Burleigh* objecting to it, said, with some scorn of the Poet, *What! all this for a song?* The Queen replied, — *Then give him what is reason.* *Spenser* waited for some time, but had the mortification to find himself disappointed of the Queen's intended bounty. Upon this he took a proper opportunity to present a paper to Queen *Elizabeth* in the manner of a petition, in which he reminded her of the orders she had given, in the following lines.

*I was promis'd on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.*

This

This paper produced the desired effect; and the Queen, not without some reproof of the treasurer, immediately directed the payment of the hundred pounds she had first ordered.

But tho' our author had no better interest with the Lord Treasurer, yet we find him, some time after his appearance at court, in considerable esteem with the most eminent men of that time. In the year 1579, he was sent abroad by the Earl of *Leicester*: But in what service he was employed, is uncertain. The most considerable step he afterwards made into business, was upon the Lord *Grey of Wilton's* being chosen deputy of *Ireland*, to whom Mr. *Spenser* was recommended as secretary. This drew him over into another kingdom, and settled him for some time in a scene of life very different from what he had known before. His life now seemed to be freed from the difficulties which had hitherto perplexed it, and his services to the crown were rewarded by a grant from Queen *Elizabeth* of 3000 acres of land in the county of *Cork*. His house was in *Kilcolman*; and the river *Mulla*, which he has more than once so beautifully introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds.

It was about this time that he contracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was then a captain under the Lord *Grey*, and did him some services afterwards at Court; and by his means Queen *Elizabeth* became more particularly acquainted than before with our author's writings.

In this pleasant situation he finished his celebrated poem of the *Fairy Queen*, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time; and of which he at first in 1590 published only the three first books. To these were added three more in a following edition; but the six last books (excepting the two canto's of *Mutability*) were unfortunately lost by his servant, whom he had in haste sent before him into *England*. For tho' he passed his life for some time very serenely here, yet a train of misfortunes still pursued him; and in the rebellion of the Earl of *Desmond*, he was plundered and deprived of his

his estate. This forced him to return to *England*, where his afflictions were doubled by the want of his best friend, the brave Sir *Philip Sidney*, who died some years before of the wounds he had received in an action near *Zutphen* in the *Netherlands*.

Spenser survived his beloved patron about twelve years, but seems to have spent the latter part of that time with much grief of heart, under the disappointment of a broken fortune. It is remarkable that he died the same year with his powerful enemy the Lord *Burleigh*, which was in 1598. He was buried in *Westminster Abbey*, near the famous *Geoffry Chaucer*, as he had desired. His obsequies were attended by the Poets of that time, and others who pay'd the last honours to his memory. Several copies of verses were thrown after him into his grave and his monument was erected at the charge of the famous *Robert Devereux*, the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*; the stone of which it is made, is much broken and defaced: the inscription on it is as follows,

“ HEARE lyes (expecting the second Comminge of
“ our Saviour Christ Jesus) the Body of *Edmond Spencer*,
“ the Prince of Poets in his tyme; whose Divine Spir-
“ rit needs noe othir Witness, then the Works which he
“ left behind him. He was born in *London* in the
“ Yeare 1510, and died in the Yeare 1596.”

It is observable that this differs from *Camden's* account of his death, who says it was in 1598. in the forty first year of the *Queen's* reign. But this epitaph is, I doubt, yet less to be depended upon for the time of our author's birth, in which there must have been a very gross mistake. It is by no means probable that he was born so early as 1510, if we judge only by so remarkable a circumstance as that of his standing for a fellowship in competition with Mr. *Andrews*, who was not born till 1555. Besides, if this account of his birth were true, he must have been above sixty Years old when he first published his *Shepherds Calender*, an age not the most proper for love poetry; and in his seventieth year, when he

he entered into business under the Lord Grey, who was created deputy of *Ireland* in 1580. For these reasons, I think, we may certainly conclude, either that this Inscription is false, by the error of the carver, which may seem the more probable, because the spelling likewise is very bad even for that time; or that it was put in some-time afterwards, when the monument perhaps was repaired, and is wholly different from the original one, which indeed is mentioned by Dr. Fuller, and others*, to have been in *Latin*. In a little *Latin* treatise, describing the monuments of *Westminster* in the year 1600. published, as is supposed, by Mr. Camden, I find the following account of it.

Edmundus Spenser, Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facile Princeps, quod ejus poemata, faventibus Musis & victuro Genio conscripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, Anno salutis 1598. & prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur, qui felicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia.

“ *Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi*

“ *Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulo.*

“ *Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poeta Poetam*

“ *Conderis, & versu quam tumulo propior;*

“ *Anglica, te vivo, vivit plaussitq; Poesis;*

“ *Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.*”

The absurdity of supposing our author born in 1510. appears yet further by the expression *immatura morte*, which is here used, and could not have been very proper, if applied to a man who had died at eighty-eight years of age. *Winstanley* and some others have transcribed this whole passage as his epitaph, not considering that the prose is only an eulogy on him, and not a monumental inscription. The reader will likewise observe that the verses are two distinct epitaphs; of which, the first and second couplets are but the same thought differently expressed. In the last couplet it is not improbable the

* Vid. Kepe's *Monumenta Westmonast.*

author might have in his eye those celebrated lines written by cardinal Bembo on *Rapbael d'Urbis*.

“ *Ille hic est Rapbael, timuit quo sospite vinci*

“ *Rerum magna Parens, & moriente mori.*”

I find no account of the family which *Spenser* left behind him, only that, in the few particulars of his life prefixed to the last folio edition of his works, it is said that his great grandson *Hugolin Spenser*, after the return of King *Charles* the second, was restored by the *Court of Claims* to so much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestors; whether this were true or not, I cannot determine; but I think I ought not to omit mentioning another very remarkable passage, of which I can give the reader much better assurance; That a person came over from *Ireland*, in King *William's* reign, so solicit the same affair, and brought with him letters of recommendation as a descendent of *Spenser*. His name procured him a favourable reception; and he applied himself particularly to Mr. *Congreve*, by whom he was generously recommended to the favour of the late Earl of *Hallifax*, who was then at the head of the treasury; and by that means he obtained his suit. This man was somewhat advanced in years, and might be the same mentioned before, who had possibly recovered only some part of the estate at first, or had been disturbed in the possession of it. He could give no account of the works of his ancestor, which are wanting, and which are therefore in all probability irrecoverably lost.



REMARKS

ON THE

FAIRY QUEEN.

By Mr. HUGHES.

THE chief merit of this poem consists in that surprising vein of fabulous invention, which runs through it, and enriches it every where with imagery and descriptions more than we meet with in any other modern poem. The author seems to be possessed of a kind of poetical magick; and the figures he calls up to our view rise so thick upon us, that we are at once pleased and distracted by the exhaustless variety of them; so that his faults may in a manner be imputed to his excellencies: His abundance betrays him into excess, and his judgment is overborne by the torrent of his imagination.

That which seems the most liable to exception in this work, is the model of it, and the choice the author has made of so romantick a story. The several books appear rather like so many several poems, than one entire fable: Each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest; and tho' some of the persons make their appearance in different books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince *Arthur* is indeed the principal person, and has therefore a share given him in every legend; but his part is not considerable enough in any one of them: He appears and vanishes again like a spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon, to consider him as the hero of the poem.

These

These are the most obvious defects in the fable of the *Fairy Queen*. The want of unity in the story makes it difficult for the reader to carry it in his mind, and distracts too much his attention to the several parts of it; and indeed the whole frame of it would appear monstrous, if it were to be examined by the rules of epick poetry, as they have been drawn from the practice of *Homer* and *Virgil*. But as it is plain the author never designed it by those rules, I think it ought rather to be considered as a poem of a particular kind, describing in a series of allegorical adventures or episodes the most noted virtues and vices: to compare it therefore with the models of antiquity, would be like drawing a parallel between the *Roman* and the *Gothick* architecture. In the first there is doubtless a more natural grandeur and simplicity: in the latter, we find great mixtures of beauty and barbarism, yet assisted by the invention of a variety of inferior ornaments; and tho' the former is more majestick in the whole, the latter may be very surprizing and agreeable in its parts.

It may seem strange indeed, since *Spenser* appears to have been well acquainted with the best writers of antiquity, that he has not imitated them in the structure of his story. Two reasons may be given for this: The first is, that at the time when he wrote, the *Italian* poets, whom he has chiefly imitated, and who were the first revivers of this art among the moderns, were in the highest vogue, and were universally read and admired. But the chief reason was probably, that he chose to frame his fable after a model which might give the greatest scope to that range of fancy which was so remarkably his talent. There is a bent in nature, which is apt to determine men that particular way in which they are most capable of excelling; and tho' it is certain he might have formed a better plan, it is to be questioned whether he could have executed any other so well.

It is probably for the same reason, that among the *Italian* poets, he rather followed *Ariosto*, whom he found more agreeable to his genius, than *Tasso*, who had formed
a better.

a better plan, and from whom he has only borrowed some particular ornaments; yet it is but justice to say, that his plan is much more regular than that of *Ariosto*. In the *Orlando Furioso*, we every where meet with an exuberant invention, joined with great liveliness and facility of description, yet debased by frequent mixtures of the comick genius, as well as many shocking indecorums. Besides, in the huddle and distraction of the adventures, we are for the most part only amused with extravagant stories, without being instructed in any moral. On the other hand, *Spenser's* fable, tho' often wild, is, as I have observed, always emblematical: And this may very much excuse likewise that air of romance in which he has followed the *Italian* author. The perpetual stories of Knights, Giants, Castles, and Enchantments, and all that train of legendary adventures, would indeed appear very trifling, if *Spenser* had not found a way to turn them all into allegory, or if a less masterly hand had filled up his draught. But it is surprizing to observe how much the strength of the painting is superior to the design. It ought to be considered too, that at the time when our author wrote, the remains of the old *Gotbick* chivalry were not quite abolished: It was not many years before, that the famous Earl of *Surry*, remarkable for his wit and poetry in the reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, took a romantick journey to *Florence*, the place of his mistress's birth, and published there a challenge against all nations in defence of her beauty. Jufts and tournaments were held in *England* in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*. Sir *Philip Sidney* tilted at one of these entertainments, which was made for the *French* ambassador, when the treaty of marriage was on foot with the Duke of *Anjou*: And some of our historians have given us a very particular and formal account of preparations, by marking out lists, and appointing judges, for a trial by combat, in the same reign, which was to have decided the title to a considerable estate; and in which the whole ceremony was perfectly agreeable to the fabulous descriptions in books of knight-errantry.

try. This might render his story more familiar to his first readers; tho' Knights in armour, and Ladies errant are as antiquated figures to us, as the court of that time would appear, if we could see them now in their ruffs and fardingales.

There are two other objections to the plan of the *Fairy Queen*, which, I confess, I am more at a loss to answer. I need not, I think, be scrupulous in mentioning freely the defects of a poem, which, tho' it was never supposed to be perfect, has always been allowed to be admirable.

The first is, that the scene is laid in *Fairy-Land*, and the chief actors are *Fairies*. The reader may see their imaginary race and history in the second book, at the end of the tenth canto: but if he is not prepared beforehand, he may expect to find them acting agreeably to the common stories and traditions about such fancied Beings. Thus *Shakespeare*, who has introduc'd them in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has made them speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their supposed characters; but the *Fairies* in this poem are not distinguished from other persons. There is this misfortune, likewise attends the choice of such actors, that having been accustomed to conceive of them in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raise our ideas, and to imagine a *Fairy* encountering with a monster or a giant. *Homer* has pursued a contrary method, and represented his heroes above the size and strength of ordinary men; and it is certain that the actions of the *Iliad* would have appear'd but ill-proportioned to the characters, if we were to have imagined them all performed by pigmies.

But as the actors our author has chosen, are only fancied beings, he might possibly think himself at liberty to give them what stature, customs and manners he pleased. I will not say he was in the right in this: but it is plain that by the literal sense of *Fairy-Land*, he only designed an *Utopia*, an imaginary place; and by his *Fairies*, persons of whom he might invent any action proper to human kind, without being restrained, as he must have been,

been, if he had chosen a real scene and historical characters. As for the mystical sense, it appears both by the work itself, and by the author's * explanation of it, that his *Fairy-Land* is *England*, and his *Fairy-Queen*, *Queen Elizabeth*; at whose command the adventure of every legend is supposed to be undertaken.

The other objection is, that having chosen an historical person, Prince *Arthur*, for his principal hero; who is no *Fairy* yet is mingled with them: he has not however represented any part of his history. He appears here indeed only in his minority, and performs his exercises in *Fairy-Land*, as a private gentleman; but we might at least have expected, that the fabulous accounts of him, and of his victories over the *Saxons*, should have been worked into some beautiful vision or prophecy: and I cannot think *Spenser* would wholly omit this, but am apt to believe he had done it in some of the following books which were lost.

In the moral introductions to every book, many of which have a great propriety and elegance, the author has followed the example of *Ariosto*. I will only beg leave to point out some of the principal beauties in each book, which may yet more particularly discover the genius of the author.

If we consider the first book as an entire work of itself, we shall find it to be no irregular contrivance: There is one principal action, which is compleated in the twelfth canto; and the several incidents or episodes are proper, as they tend either to obstruct or promote it. The same may be said of some other of the following books, tho' I think they are not so regular as this. The author has shewn judgment in making his Knight of the *Red Cross*, or *St. George*, no perfect character; without which, many of the incidents could not have been represented. The character of *Una*, or *Truth*, is very properly opposed by those of *Ducessa*, or *Falshood*, and *Archimago*, or *Fraud*. *Spenser's* particular manner,

* Vide *Letter to Sir W. Raleigh*.

which (if it may be allowed) I would call his painter-like genius, immediately shews it self in the figure of *Error*, who is drawn as a monster, and that of *Hypocrisy*, as a hermit. The description of the former of these, in the mixed shape of a woman and a serpent, surrounded with her offspring, and especially that circumstance of their creeping into her mouth on the sudden light which glanced upon them from the Knight's armour, incline one to think that our great *Milton* had it in his eye when he wrote his famous episode of sin and death. The artifices of *Archimago* and *Duessä*, to separate the Knight from *Una*, are well invented, and intermingled with beautiful strokes of poetry; particularly in that episode where the magician sends one of his spirits to fetch a false dream from the house of *Morpheus*:

Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And low, where dawning day does never peep,
His dwelling is——

Mr. *Rymer*, as I remember, has, by way of comparison, collected from most of the antient and modern poets, the finest descriptions of the night; among all which, he gives the preference to the *English* poets: This of *Morpheus*, or sleep, being a poetical subject of the same kind, might be subjected to a like trial; and the reader may particularly compare it with that in the eleventh book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*; to which, I believe, he will not think it inferior.

The miraculous incident of a tree shedding drops of blood, and a voice speaking from the trunk of it, is borrowed from that of *Polidorus* in the third book of *Virgil's Æneis*. *Ariosto* and *Tasso* have both copied the same story, tho' in a different manner. It was impossible that the modern poets, who have run so much into the taste of romance, should let a fiction of this kind escape their imitation.

The adventures which befall *Una*, after she is forsaken by the Knight; her coming to the house of *Abessa*, or *Superstition*; the consternation occasioned by that visit; her

A
L E T T E R
O F T H E
A U T H O R,

Explaining his Design in the

P O E M of the FAIRY-QUEEN.

*To the Right noble and valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt.
Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and her Majesty's Lieu-
tenant of the County of Cornwal.*

S I R,

K NOWING how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this book of mine, which I have entituled *The Fairy Queen*, being a continued allegory, or dark conceit; I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the book, is to

Vol. I. c fashion

fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived should be most plaulable and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read; rather for variety of matter, than for profit of the ensample: I chose the history of King *Arthur* as most fit for the excellency of his person; being made famous by many mens former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time: In which I have followed all the antique Poets historical. First, *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, hath ensampled a good governor and a vertuous man; the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his *Odysses*; Then *Virgil*, whose like intention was to do in the person of *Æneas*: After him, *Ariosto* comprised them both in his *Orlando*: And lately, *Tasso* dissevered them again, and formed both parts in two persons; namely, that part which they, in philosophy, call *Etbice*, or virtues of a private man, coloured in his *Rinaldo*; the other named *Politice*, in his *Godfredo*. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthur*, before he was King, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, as *Aristotle* hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve books: which, if I find to be well accepted, I may be, perhaps, encouraged to frame the other part of politick virtues in his person, after that he came to be King.

To some, I know this method will seem displeasing; which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, than thus cloudly enwrapped in allegorical devices. But such, me seem, should be satisfied with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shows, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to common sense, for this cause is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*; for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgment, formed a commonwealth, such as it should

her reception among the savages; and her civilizing them, are all very fine emblems. The education of *Satyrane*, a young satyr, is described on this occasion with an agreeable wildness of fancy.

But there is one episode in this book, which I cannot but particularly admire; I mean that in the fifth canto, stanza 22, where *Duessa* the witch seeks the assistance of *Night*, to convey the body of the wounded *Pagan* to be cured by *Æsculapius* in the regions below. The author here rises above himself, and is got into a track of imitating the antients, different from the greatest part of his poem. The speech in which *Duessa* addresses *Night*, is wonderfully great, and stained with that impious flattery, which is the character of *Falshood*, who is the speaker:

O thou most antient grandmother of all,
More old than *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods celestial,
Which was't begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade!

As *Duessa* came away hastily on this expedition, and forgot to put off the shape of truth, which she had assumed a little before, *Night* does not know her: This circumstance, and the discovery afterwards, when she owns her for her daughter, are finely emblematical. The images of *Horror* are raised in a very masterly manner; *Night* takes the witch into her chariot; and being arrived where the body lay, they alight.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th'unusual sound
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray,
And hungry Wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

They steal away the body, and carry it down thro' the cave *Avernus*, to the realms of *Pluto*. What strength of painting is there in the following lines!

—On every side them stood
The trembling ghosts, with sad amazed mood
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of Fiends infernal flock'd on every side
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the *Night* durst ride.

Longinus commending a description in *Euripides* of *Phaeton's* journey thro' the heavens, in which the turnings and windings are marked out in a very lively manner, says, That the soul of the Poet seems to mount the chariot with him, and to share all his dangers. The reader will find himself in a like manner transported throughout this whole episode; which shews that it has in it the force and spirit of the most sublime poetry.

The first appearance of prince *Arthur* in this book is represented to great advantage, and gives occasion to a very finished description of a martial figure. How sprightly is that image and simile in the following lines!

Upon the top of all his lofty crest
A bunch of hairs, discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little blast that under heav'n is blown.

I must not omit mentioning the house of *Pride*, and that of *Holiness*, which are beautiful allegories in different parts of this book. In the former of these there is a minute circumstance which is very artificial; for the
reader

reader may observe, that the six counsellors which attend *Pride* in her progress, and ride on the beasts which draw her chariot, are placed in that order in which the vices they represent, naturally produce and follow each other. In the dungeon among the captives of *Pride*, the poet has represented *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Cræsus*, *Antiochus*, *Alexander*, and several other eminent persons, in circumstances of the utmost ignominy. The moral is truly noble; for upon the sight of so many illustrious slaves, the Knight hastens from the place, and makes his escape.

The description of *Despair* in the ninth canto, is that which is said to have been taken notice of by Sir *Philip Sidney*. But I think the speech of *Despair*, in which the distempered reasonings, that are apt to agitate the heart of a man abandoned to this passion, are so pathetically represented, is much superior to the description.

Among the allegories in the tenth canto, it is impossible not to distinguish that venerable figure of Contemplation, in his hermitage on the top of a hill, represented as an old man almost wasted away in study:

With snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.

The Knight and his companion enquire of him:

Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious house that glistereth bright
With burning stars, and ever-living fire?

This is extremely noble, as well as the old man's shewing him from the top of the hill, the heavenly *Jerusalem*; which was proper to animate the hero against the combat, in which he is presently after engaged: His success in that combat, and his marrying *Una*, are a very just conclusion of this book, and of its chief allegory.

It would be easy to point out many instances, besides those I have mentioned, of the beauties of this book; yet these few will give the reader a taste of that poetical spirit and genius for allegory, which every where shine in this author. It would be endless to take notice of the more minute beauties of his epithets, his figures, and his similes, which occur in almost every page. I shall only mention one or two as a specimen. That image of *Strength*, in striking a club into the ground, which is illustrated by the following simile, is very great.

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundring dart with deadly feud,
Enroll'd in flames and smouldring dreariment,
Thro' riven clouds and molten firmament
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.
His boistrous club so bury'd in the ground,
He could not rearen up again, &c.

As also that of a giant's fall,

That down he tumbled as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift;
Whose heart-strings with keen steel nigh hewen be:
The mighty trunk, half rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

These are such passages as we may imagine our excellent *Milton* to have studied in this author. And here by the way it is remarkable, that as *Spenser* abounds with such thoughts as are truly sublime, so he is almost every where free from the mixture of little conceits, and that low affectation of wit which so much infected both our verse and prose afterwards; and from which scarce any writer of his own time, besides himself, was free.

should be; but the other, in the person of *Cyrus* and the *Persians* fashioned a government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, than by rule. So have I laboured to do, in the person of *Arthur*; whom, I conceive, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom he was, by *Merlin*, delivered to be brought up, so soon as he was born of the Lady *Igrayne*) to have seen, in a dream or vision, the *Fairy Queen* with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking, resolved to seek her out: And so being by *Merlin* armed and by *Timon* thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in *Fairy-land*. In that *Fairy Queen*, I mean glory in my general intention; but in my particular, I conceive, the most excellent and glorious person of our sovereign, the Queen, and her Kingdom in *Fairy-land*. And yet in some places else, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queen or Empress the other of a most virtuous and beautiful Lady; this latter part, in some places, I do express in *Belphebe*; fashioning her name according to your own excellent conceit of *Cynibia*; *Phæbe* and *Cynibia* being both names of *Diana*. So in the person of Prince *Arthur*, I set forth *Magnificence* in particular: which vertue, for that (according to *Aristotle*, and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all; therefore in the whole course, I mention the deeds of *Arthur* applicable to that vertue, which I write of in that book. But of the twelve other vertues, I make twelve other Knights the patrons, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three books contain three. The first, of the Knight of the *Red-cross*; in whom I express *Holiness*; The second, of Sir *Guyon*; in whom I set forth *Temperance*: The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight; in whom I picture *Chastity*. But because the beginning of the whole work seemeth abrupt, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three Knights several adventures. For the method of a Poet historical, is not such of an historiographer

grapher. For an Historiographer discourseth of affairs orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him; and there recourfing to the things forepast, and devining of things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth book, which is the last; where I devise, that the *Fairy-Queen* kept her annual feast twelve days: Upon which twelve several days the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened; which being undertaken by twelve several Knights are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed.

The first was this; in the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young Man; who falling before the *Queen of Fairys*, desired a boon (as the manner then was) which, during the feast, she might not refuse: which was, that he might have the achievement of any adventure, which, during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested himself on the floor, unfit, through his rusticity, for a better place. Soon after entred a fair Lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her, leading a warlike steed, that bore the armour of a Knight, and his spear in the dwarf's hand, she falling before the *Queen of Fairys*, complained, that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been by an huge dragon, many years, shut up in a brazen castle; who thence suffered them not to issue: and therefore besought the *Fairy Queen* to assign her some one of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queen much wondering, and the Lady much gain-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end, the Lady told him, unless that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is the armour of a christian man, specified by St. *Paul*, *Ephes. v.*) that he could not succeed

I shall shorten my remarks on the following books ; yet the beauties in them rise so thick, that I must not pass them by without mentioning some. The second legend is framed on the vertue of *Temperance*, which gives the author opportunity to lay out in description all the most luxurious images of pleasure, riches and riot which are opposed to it, and consequently makes it one of the most poetical books of this whole work. Sir *Guyon* is the hero, and the poet has given him sobriety in the habit of a Palmer, for his guide and counsellor ; as *Homer* has supposed *Minerva* or *Wisdom* in the shape of *Mentor* to attend *Telemachus* in his travels, when he is seeking out his father *Ulysses*. That shining description of *Belphebe*, as a huntress, like *Venus* in *Virgil* appearing to her son *Æneas*, is designed as a compliment on Queen *Elizabeth*, and is therefore wrought up with the most finished beauty. Her speech in praise of that true glory, which is only attained by labour and study, is not only extremely proper to the subject of this book, but admirable, if we consider it as the sense of that Princess, and as a short character of so active and glorious a reign ;

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seeks with painful toil, shall honour soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wont to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain,
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy mansion attain :
Before her gate high God did sweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide :
But easy is the way, and passage plain
To pleasure's palace, it may soon be spide,
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

Such passages as these kindle in the mind a generous emulation, and are an honour to the art of poetry, which ought always to recommend worthy sentiments. The

reader may see in the sixth canto a character quite opposite to this, in that of *Idleness*, who draws Sir *Guyon* for a while from his guide, and lays him asleep in her island. Her song with which she charms him into a slumber,

Behold, O man ! that toilsome pains dost take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant grows ;

is very artfully adapted to the occasion ; and is a contrast to that speech of *Belphebe*, I have just quoted.

The episode of *Mammon*, who in the Palmer's absence leads Sir *Guyon* into his cave, and tempts him with a survey of his riches, very properly diversifies the entertainment in this book ; and gives occasion to a noble speech against riches, and the mischievous effects of them. I have, in the discourse on allegory, taken notice of the fiends and spectres, which are placed in crouds at the entrance to this place. The author supposes the house of riches to lie almost contiguous to hell ; and the guard he sets upon it, expresses a very just moral.

Before the door sate self-consuming *Care*.
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward.

The light which is let into this place,

Such as a lamp, whose life doth fade away ;
Or as the moon, cloathed with cloudy night :

The smoakiness of it, and the slaves of *Mammon* working at an hundred furnaces, are all described in the most lively manner : As their sudden looking at Sir *Guyon* is a circumstance very naturally represented. The walks thro' which *Mammon* afterwards leads the Knight, are agreeably varied. The description of *Ambition*, and of the
garden

garden of *Proserpine*, are good allegories; and Sir *Guyon's* falling into a swoon on his coming into the open air, gives occasion to a fine machine of the appearance of an heavenly spirit in the next canto; by whose assistance he is restored to the Palmer.

I cannot think the Poet so successful in his description of the house of *Temperance*; in which the allegory seems to be debased by a mixture of too many low images, as *Diet*, *Concoction*, *Digestion*, and the like; which are represented as persons. But the allegorical description of *Memory*, which follows soon after, is very good.

The *ninth* canto, in which the author has made an abridgment of the old *British* history, is a very amusing digression; but might have been more artfully introduced. *Homer* or *Virgil* would not have suffered the action of the poem to stand still whilst the hero had been reading over a book; but would have put the history in the mouth of some proper person to relate it. But I have already said, that this work is not to be examined by the strict rules of epic poetry.

The last canto of this second book being designed to shew the utmost tryal of the vertue of *Temperance*, abounds with the most pleasurable ideas and representations which the fancy of the poet could assemble together; but from the fifty-eighth stanza to the end, it is for the most part copied, and many whole stanza's translated, from the famous episode of *Armida* in *Tasso*. The reader may observe, that the *Italian* genius for luxury appears very much in the descriptions of the garden, the fountain, and the nymphs; which however are finely amplified and improved by our *English* poet. I shall give but one instance in the following celebrated stanza; which, to gratify the curiosity of those who may be willing to compare the copy with the original, I shall set down in *Italian*.

Vezzosi.

*Vezzosi augelli, infra le verdi fronde,
 Temprano a prova lascivette note;
 Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
 Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
 Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
 Quando cantan gli augei, piu lieve scote.
 Sia caso o d'arte, bor accompagna, ed bora
 Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.*

Spenser has two stanza's on this thought; the last of which only is an imitation of *Tasso*, but with finer turns of the verse: which are so artificial, that he seems to make the musick he describes.

Eftsoons they heard a most delicious sound
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner musick that mote be,
 For all that pleasing is to living ear
 Was there consoorted in one harmony;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
 Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the water's fall;
 The water's fall, with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Sir Guyon and the Palmer, rescuing the youth who was held captive by *Acraſia* in this delightful mansion, resembles that of the two warriors recovering *Rinaldo* from the charms of *Armido* in the *Italian* poem.

ced in that enterprife : which being forthwith put upon him, with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoons taking on him Knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure ; where beginneth the first book, viz.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plain, &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer, bearing an infant, with bloody hands ; whose parents he complained, to have been slain by an enchantress, called *Acrasia* ; and therefore craved of the *Fairy Queen*, to appoint him some Knight to perform that adventure : which being assigned to Sir *Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer. Which is the beginning of the second book, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groom, who complained before the *Fairy Queen*, that a vile enchanter, called *Busirane*, had in hand a most fair Lady, called *Amoretta* ; whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour*, the Lover of that Lady, presently took on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it, by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and rescued his Love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, than intendments : As, the love of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marinell*, the misery of *Florimell*, the virtuousness of *Belphebe*, the lasciviousness of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir I have briefly over-run, to direct your understanding to the Well-head of the history ; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit

ceit, ye may, as in a handful, gripe all the discourse;
which otherwise may haply seem tedious and confused.
So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable
favour towards me, and the eternal establishment of
your happiness, I humbly take leave.

23 January,
1589.

Your most humbly affectionate,

Edmund Spenser.

In the third book, the character of *Britomartis*, a lady errant, who is the heroine, and performs the chief adventure, resembles *Ariosto's Bradamante*, and *Tasso's Clorinda*; as they are all copies of the *Camilla* in *Virgil*.

Among the chief beauties in this book, we may reckon that episode in which *Britomartis* goes to the cave of *Merlin*, and is entertained with a prophetic account of her future marriage and offspring. This thought is remotely taken from *Virgil*, but more immediately from *Ariosto*; who has represented *Bradamante* on the like occasion making a visit to the tomb of *Merlin*; which he is forced for that purpose to suppose to be in *Gaul*: where she sees in like manner, in a vision, the heroes and captains who were to be her descendents.

The story of *Marinel*, and that of the birth of *Belphebe* and *Amoret*, in which the manner of *Ovid* is well imitated, are very amusing. That complaint against *Night*, at the end of the fourth canto,

Night, thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe, &c.

tho' it were only considered as detached from the rest, might be esteemed a very fine piece of poetry. But there is nothing more entertaining in this whole book, than the prospect of the gardens of *Adonis*, which is varied from the *Bower of Bliss* in the former book, by an agreeable mixture of philosophical fable. The figure of time walking in this garden, spoiling the beauty of it, and cutting down the flowers, is a very fine and significant allegory.

I cannot so much commend the story of *the Squire of Dames*, and the intrigue between *Paridel* and *Hellenore*: These passages favour too much of the coarse and comick mixtures in *Ariosto*. But that Image of *Jealousy*, at the end of the tenth canto, grown to a savage, throwing himself into a cave, and lying there without ever shutting one eye, under a craggy clift just threatening to
fall

fall, is strongly conceived, and very poetical. There is likewise a great variety of fancy in drawing up and distinguishing, by their proper emblems, the visionary persons in the masque of *Cupid*, which is one of the chief embellishments of this book.

In the story of *Cambel* and *Canace*, in the fourth book, the author has taken the rise of his invention from the *Squire's Tale* in *Chaucer*, the greatest part of which was lost. The battle of *Cambel* with the three brethren, and the sudden parting of it by that beautiful machine of the appearance of *Concord*; who by a touch of her wand charms down the fury of the warriors, and converts them into friends; is one of the most shining passages in this legend. We may add to this the fiction concerning the girdle of *Florimel*, which is a good allegory; as also the description of *Atò* or *Discord*: That of *Care*, working like a smith, and living amidst the perpetual noise of hammers; and especially the temple of *Venus*, which is adorned with a great variety of fancy. The prayer of a lover in this temple, which begins,

Great *Venus*, Queen of beauty and of grace,

is taken from *Lucretius's* invocation of the same Goddess in the beginning of his poem, and may be reckoned one of the most elegant translations in our language. The continuation of the fable of *Marinel*, tho' not so strictly to the subject of this legend, gives occasion to the poet to introduce that admirable episode of *the Marriage of the Thames and the Medway*; with the train of the sea-gods, Nymphs, and Rivers, and especially those of *England* and *Ireland*, that were present at the ceremony: all which are described with a surprizing variety, and with very agreeable mixtures of Geography; among which *Spenser* has not forgot to mention his *Mulla*, the river which ran thro' his own grounds.

Besides the general morals and allegories in the *Fairy Queen*, there are some parallel passages and characters, which, as I have said, were designed to allude to particular actions

actions and persons; yet no part is so full of them as the fifth book, which being framed on the vertue of *Justice* is a kind of figurative representation of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign. Here we meet with her again, under the name of *Mercilla*; we see her sending relief to *Belge*, or the *Netherlands*, and reducing the tyrannical power of *Geryoneo*, or *Spain*. Her court and attendants are drawn with a Majesty suitable to her character; the reader will easily perceive that the trial of the Queen of *Scots* is shadowed in the ninth canto: but the poet has avoided the catastrophe of her death, and has artfully touched on the Queen's reluctance and tenderness in that affair; by which he has turned the compliment on her justice, into another on her mercy.

Talus with his iron flail, who attends *Arthegal*, is a bold allegorical figure, to signify the execution of justice.

The next book, which is the sixth, is on the subject of *Courtesy*. I shall not prolong this discourse to trace out particular passages in it, but only mention that remarkable one in the tenth canto; where the author has introduced himself under the person of *Colin Clout*. That vein of pastoral which runs thro' this part of the work, is indeed different from the rest of the poem. But *Tasso*, in a more regular plan, has mingled the pastoral taste with the heroick, in his representation of *Erminia* among the shepherds. The picture which *Spenser* has here given us of his mistress, dancing among the Graces, is a very agreeable one, and discovers all the skill of the painter, assisted by the passion of the lover.

Tho' the remaining six books; which were to have compleated this beautiful and moral poem, are lost; we have a noble fragment of them preserved in the two canto's of *Mutability*: This is in my opinion, the most sublime and best invented allegory in the whole work. The fable of *Arlo-bill*, and of the river *Molanna*, which is a digression on this occasion, has all the beauty we admire in the *Metamorphoses* of *Ovid*. But the Pedegree of *Mutability*, who is represented as a giantess; her progress

progress from the earth to the circle of the moon; the commotion she raises there, by endeavouring to remove that planet from the sky; and the shadow which is cast, during the attempt, on the inhabitants of the earth, are greatly imagined. We find several strains of invention in this fable, which might appear not unworthy even of *Homer* himself. *Jupiter* is alarmed, and sends *Mercury* to know the reason of this strife, and to bring the offender before him. How *Homer*-like are those lines, after he has concluded his speech among the Gods?

So having said he ceast, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And ev'n the highest powers of heaven to check,
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.

And afterwards:

————— With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And est his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

The simile likewise, in which the Gods are represented looking on *Mutability* with surprize,

————— Like a sort of steers,
'Mongst whom some beast, of strange and foreign race,
Unwares is chanc'd, far straying from his peers;

is very much in the simplicity of that old father of heroick poetry. *Mutability* appeals from *Jupiter* to *Nature*, before whom she obtains a hearing. The poet on this occasion has with a most abundant fancy, drawn out to a review the four seasons, the months, day and night, the hours, life and death; *Change* asserts her dominion over them all, and over the heavens themselves. All creatures are represented looking up in the face of nature, in expectation of the sentence. The conclusion
is

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IT is hoped the reader will find this edition more correct than any of the former, as care has been taken not only to correct it from the most authentick copies, but to follow likewise, for the most part, the old spelling. It must be owned however, that *Spenser* himself is irregular in this, and often writes the same word differently, especially at the end of a line; where, according to the practice of that age, he frequently alters the spelling for the sake of the rhyme, and even sometimes only to make the rhyme appear more exact to the eye of the reader. In this, the old editions are not every where followed; but when the sense is rendered obscure by such alterations, the words are restored to their proper orthography.

The *Glossary*, at the end of the second volume, contains the greatest part of the old or obscure words; some of which, for the satisfaction of the curious, are illustrated by their etymologies. Yet it must be observed, that in this way of explaining the language of an author, there is need of great caution; for words are often varied by time from their original sense, as tides from the sea wear away their first tincture by the length of their course, and by mingling with the fresh waters that fall in with them. *Spenser's* old words are of a mixed derivation, from the *Latin*, *Saxon*, *Runick*, *French* and *German* languages; many of these he received from *Chaucer*; and many others are of his own making. He likewise uses the same word in different senses; so that it would not be sufficient to explain him by the help of dictionaries only, without permitting him to be his own inter-

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interpreter. The liberty he has taken is indeed very great, and the *poetical licences*, such as lengthning or contracting words, by the adding or dropping a syllable (a practice he seems to have learned from the *Italians*) would be unpardonable in a writer of less merit. Yet, with all its imperfections, it must be said, that his diction is, for the most part, strong, significant and harmonious; and much more sublime and beautiful than that of any *English* poet, who had written before him.

T H E

is great, and contains a noble moral; That tho all things are varied and shift their forms, they do not perish, but return to their first beings; and that *Mutability* only shall be at last entirely destroyed, and the time shall come in which *Change shall be no more*.

I have not yet said any thing concerning *Spenser's* versification; in which, tho' he is not always equal to himself, it may be affirmed, that he is superior to all his cotemporaries, and even to those that followed him for some time, except *Fairfax*, the applauded translator of *Tasso*. In this he commendably studied the *Italians*, and must be allowed to have been a great improver of our *English* numbers: before his time, musick seems to have been so much a stranger to our poetry, that, excepting the Earl of *Surry's* lyrics, we have very few examples of verses that had any tolerable cadence. In *Chaucer* there is so little of this, that many of his lines are not even restrained to a certain number of syllables. Instances of this loose verse are likewise to be found in our author, but it is only in such places where he has purposely imitated *Chaucer*, as in the second eclogue, and some others. This great defect of harmony put the wits in Queen *Elizabeth's* reign upon a design of totally changing our numbers, not only by banishing rhyme, but by new moulding our language into the feet and measures of the *Latin* poetry. Sir *Philip Sidney* was at the head of this project, and has accordingly given us some hexameter and pentameter verses in his *Arcadia*. But the experiment soon failed; and tho our author, by some passages in his letters to Mr. *Harvey*, seems not to have disapproved it, yet it does not appear by those poems of his, which are preserved, that he gave it any authority by his example.

As to the Stanza in which the *Fairy Queen* is written, tho' the author cannot be commended for his choice of it, yet it is much more harmonious in its kind than the heroick verse of that age. It is almost the same with what the *Italians* call their *Ottave Rime*, which is used
both

both by *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, but improved by *Spenser*, with the addition of a line more in the close, of the length of our alexandrines. The defect of it, in long or narrative poems is apparent. The same measure, closed always by a full stop, in the same place, by which every stanza is made as it were a distinct paragraph, grows tiresome by continual repetition, and frequently breaks the sense, when it ought to be carried on without interruption. With this exception, the reader will however find it harmonious, full of well-sounding epithets, and of such elegant turns on the thought and words, that *Dryden* * himself owns he learned these graces of verse chiefly from our author; and does not scruple to say, that in this particular *only* Virgil *surpassed him among the Romans, and only Waller among the English.*

* *Dedication to Juvenal,*

[P 12] PART

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of the Knight of the RED CROSS,
or of HOLINESS.

I.

LO I the man, whose muse whylome did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
Am now enforc't a far unfitter task,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights, and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred muse arreeds
To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars, and faithful loves, shall moralize my song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin, chief of nine,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will:
Lay forth out of thine everlasting shrine
The antique rolls which there lie hidden still,
Of Fairy Knights, and fairest *Tanaquil*,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O! help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

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B

III.

And thou most dreaded imp of highest *Jove*,
 Fair *Venus* son, that with thy cruel dart
 At that good Knight so cunningly didst rove,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his heart,
 Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
 And with thy mother mild come to mine ayd:
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
 In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
 After his murderous spoils and bloody rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace and majesty divine,
 Great Lady of the greatest isle, whose light
 Like *Phæbus* lamp throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
 To think of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to hear, vouchsafe, O dearest dread a-while.

C A N T O I.

*The Patron of true Holiness,
 Foul Error doth defeat:
 Hypocrisie, him to entrap,
 Doth to his bome intreat.*

I.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit;
 As, much disdainig to the curb to yield:
 Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fit.

II.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead (as living) ever him ador'd:
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his help he had:
 Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest *Gloriana* to him gave,
 That greatest glorious Queen of *Fairy* lond,
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
 And ever as he rode, his heart did earn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearn.

IV.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,
 Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow;
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a black stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
 And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milk white Lamb she lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same Lamb.
 She was in life and ev'ry vertuous lore,
 And from descent from royal lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernal fiend with foul up-rore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expel'd: [pel'd.
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far com-

VI.

Behind her far away a Dwarf did lag,
 That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his back. Thus as they pass,
 The day with clouds was suddain overcast,
 And angry *Jove* an hideous storm of rain,
 Did pour into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII.

Enforct to seek some covert nigh at hand,
 A shady grove not far away they spide,
 That promist aid the tempest to withstand:
 Whose lofty trees, yclad with summers pride,
 Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not pierceable with powre of any star:
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward far:
 Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entred are.

VIII.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds sweet harmony.
 Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,
 Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much 'gan they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
 The builder Oak, sole King of forrests all,
 The Aspine, good for staves, the Cypress funeral.

IX.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerours
 And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,
 The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
 The Myrrhe, sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
 The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward found.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is over-blown,
When, weening to return whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own :
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

XI.

At last, resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they find, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seem'd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoons dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarf a while his needles spear he gave.

XII.

Be well aware, quoth then that Lady mild,
Least suddain mischief ye too rash provoke :
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts : oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show : therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight with-hold, till further trial made.
Ah Lady (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade :
Vertue gives herself light, through darkness for to wade.

XIII.

Yea, but (quoth she) the peril of this place
I better wot than you : though now too late
To wish you back return with foul disgrace ;
Yet wisdom warns, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the step, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den ;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
Therefore, I read beware, fly, fly, (quoth then
The fearful Dwarf :) this is no place for living men.

XIV.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthful Knight could not for ought be staid;
 But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
 And looked in: his glistring armour made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
 Half like a serpent horribly displaid:
 But th' other half did womans shape retain,
 Most lothsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

XV.

And, as she lay upon the dirty ground,
 Her huge long tail her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
 A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
 Sucking upon her pois'nous dugs, each one
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill-favoured:
 Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI.

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraid,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous tail
 About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entrail.
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mail
 Armed to point, fought back to turn again;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay wont in desert darkness to remain,
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.

XVII.

Which when the valiant Elf perceiv'd, he leapt
 As Lyon fierce upon the flying prey,
 And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
 From turning back, and forced her to stay:
 There-with enrag'd she loudly 'gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled tail advaunst,
 Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
 Who, nought aghast, his mighty hand enhaunst:
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint, her sense was daz'd:
 Yet kindling rage, herself she gather'd round,
 And all at once her beastly body rais'd
 With doubled forces high above the ground;
 Tho wrapping up her wreathed stern around,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
 All suddainly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain:
 God help the man so wrapt in *Errours* endless train.

XIX.

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cry'd out, now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye be,
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grief and high disdain,
 And knitting all his force got one hand free,
 Where-with he gript her gorge with so great pain,
 That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

XX.

There-with she spew'd out of her filthy maw
 A flood of poison horrible and black,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forc't him slack
 His grasping hold, and from her turn him back;
 Her vomit full of books and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
 And creeping, sought way in the weedy gras:
 Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old father *Nilus* 'gins to swell
 With timely pride above th' *Egyptian* vale,
 His fatty-waves do fertile slime outwell,
 And over-flow each plain and lowly dale:
 But when his later Spring 'gins to avale,
 Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly male,
 And partly female of his fruitful seed;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

XXII.

The same so fore annoyed has the Knight,
 That well-nigh choked with the deadly stink,
 His forces fail, he can no longer fight,
 Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sink
 Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
 Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
 And him encumbred fore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle Shepherd in sweet even-tide,
 When ruddy *Phæbus* 'gins to welk in west,
 High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
 A cloud of cumbrous Gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infix their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill-bestedd and fearful more of shame,
 Than of the certain peril he stood in,
 Half furious unto his foe he came,
 Resolv'd in mind all suddainly to win,
 Or soon to lose, before he once would lin;
 And strook at her with more than manly force,
 That from her body full of filthy sin
 He raft her hateful head without remorse;
 A stream of coal-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV.

Her scattred brood, soon as their parent dear
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groaning full deadly, all with troublous fear,
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth: but, being there with-stood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood;
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI.

That detestable fight him much amaz'd,
To see th' unkindly imps of heaven accurst,
Devour their dam; on whom while so he gaz'd,
Having all satisfy'd their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulness burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunk her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no longer labour spend: [tend.
His foes have slain themselves, with whom he should con-

XXVII.

His Lady, seeing all that chanc't from far,
Approcht in haste to greet his victory;
And said, fair Knight, born under happy star,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthy be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory won this day,
And prov'd your strength on a strong enemy,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish, that like succeed it may.

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steed again,
And with the Lady backward fought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plain,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passed forth, and new adventure fought;
Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He fair the Knight saluted, louting low ;
 Who fair him quited, as that courteous was :
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
 Ah ! my dear son (quoth he) how should, alas !
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
 Tidings of war and wordly trouble tell ?
 With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

XXXI.

But if of danger which hereby doth dwell,
 And home-bred evil ye desire to hear,
 Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this country far and near.
 Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquear,
 And shall thee well reward to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his days doth wear :
 For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

XXXII.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastful wilderness
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever pass, but thorough great distress.
 Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied be : for what so strong,
 But wanting rest, will also want of might ?
 The sun that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth bait his steeds the Ocean waves among.

XXXIII.

Then with the sun, take sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new work at once begin :
 Untroubled night (they say) gives counsel best.
 Right well Sir Knight ye have advised bin
 (Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
 Is wisely to advise ; now day is spent ;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your inn
 For this same night. The Knight was well content ;
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chappel edifice,
Wherein the Hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a chrystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass:
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass:
He told of Saints and Popes and evermore
He strow'd an *Ave-mary* after and before.

XXXVI.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye-lids,
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
Sweet slumbring dew, the which to sleep them bids.
Unto their lodgings then his guests he rids:
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his study goes, and there amidst
His magick books and arts of fundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms, to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII.

Then chusing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which, and other spells like terrible,
He bade awake black *Pluto's* griesly dame,
And cursed heaven, and spake reproachful shame,
Of highest God, the lord of life and light:
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darkness and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Stryx* is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he call'd out of deep darkness dread
 Legions of sprites the which like little flies
 Fluttring about his ever damned head,
 Await whereto their service he applies,
 To aid his friends, or fray his enemies :
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyès ;
 The one of them he gave a message to,
 The other by himself staid other work to do.

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through sperfed air,
 And through the world of waters wide and deep,
 To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repair :
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
 And low, where dawning day doth never peep;
 His dwelling is ; there *Tetbys* his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steep
 In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
 While sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
 The one fair fram'd of burnisht ivory ;
 The other, all with silver overcast ;
 And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
 Watching to banish care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
 By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
 And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
 In drowsie fit he finds : of nothing he takes keep.

XLI.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
 And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the fown'
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoun :
 No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries.
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
 Might there be heard : but careless quiet lies,
 Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies.

XLII.

The messenger approaching, to him spake ;
 But his waste words return'd to him in vain :
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with pain,
 Whereat he 'gan to stretch : but he again
 Shook him so hard, that forced him to speak.
 As one then in a dream, whose drier brain
 Is toft with troubled sights, and fancies weak,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence break.

XLIII.

The sprite then 'gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name
 Of *Hecate* : whereat he 'gan to quake,
 And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
 Half angry, asked him for what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
 He that the stubborn sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dream, that can delude the sleepers scent.

XLIV.

The God obeyd, and calling forth straight way
 A diverse dream out of his prison dark,
 Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
 His heavy head, devoid of careful cark,
 Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and stark.
 He back returning by the ivory door,
 Remounted up as light as chearful Lark,
 And on his little wings the dream he bore
 In haste unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
 Had made a Lady of that other spright,
 And fram'd of liquid air her tender parts
 So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sense it could have ravisht quight :
 The maker self, for all his wondrous wit,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight :
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seem for *Una* fit.

XLVI.

Now, when that idle dream was to him brought,
 Unto that Elfin Knight he bade him fly,
 (Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,)
 And with false shews abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled privily :
 And that new creature born without her due,
 Full of the makers guile, with visage fly
 He taught to imitate that Lady true,
 Whose semblance she did carry under feigned hue.

XLVII.

Thus well instructed, to their work they haste :
 And coming where the Knight in slumber lay,
 The one upon his hardy head him plact,
 And made him dream of loves and lustful play,
 That nigh his manly heart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy :
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him plain'd, how that false winged boy,
 Her chaste heart had subdew'd, to learn Dame Pleasures

XLVIII.

[toy.

And she herself (of beauty soveraine Queen)
 Fair *Venus*, seem'd unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking evermore did ween
 To be the chafteft flowre, that aye did spring
 On earthly branch, the daughter of a King ;
 Now a loose Leman to vile service bound :
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen io Hymen, dancing all around,
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her with ivy girland crown'd;

XLIX.

In his great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted fear of doing ought amiss,
 He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :
 Lo there before his face his Lady is,
 Under black stole hiding her baited hook ;
 And as half blushing, offred him to kifs,
 With gentle blandishment and lovely look,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her Knight him took:

L.

All clean dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
 And half enraged at her shameless guise,
 He thought have slain her in his fierce despight:
 But hasty heat temp'ring with suff'rance wise,
 He staid his hand, and 'gan himself advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
 Wringing her hands in womens pitious wise,
 Tho' 'gan she weep, to stir up gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
 And mighty causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped love to win me certain hate?
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state,
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

Your own dear sake forct me at first to leave
 My Fathers kingdom; There she stopt with tears:
 Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereave;
 And then again begun, My weaker years
 Captiv'd to fortune and frail worldly fears,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayd:
 Let me not dye in languor and long tears.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
 What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

LIII.

Love of yourself, she said, and dear constraint
 Lets me not sleep, but waste the weary night
 In secret anguish and unpitied plaint,
 Whilst you in careless sleep are drowned quight.
 Her doubtful words made that redoubted Knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since n'untruth he knew,
 Her fawning love with foul disdainful spight.
 He would not shend, but said, Dear dame, I rew,
 That for my sake unknown such grief unto you grew.

LIV.

Assure yourself it fell not all to ground ;
 For all so dear as life is to my heart,
 I deem your love, and hold me to you bound ;
 Ne let vain fears procure your needles smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
 Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
 Her mournful plaints, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words that could not chuse but please ;
 So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to think that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull weariness of former fight
 Having yrockt asleep his irksome spright,
 That troublous dream 'gan freshly toss his brain,
 With bowers, and beds, and Ladies dear delight :
 But when he saw his labour all was vain,
 With that misformed sprite he back return'd again.

C A N T O II.

*The guileful great Enchanter parts
 The Red-cross Knight from Truth :
 Into whose stead fair Falshood steps,
 And works him woeful ruth.*

I.

BY this, the northern wagoner had set
 His seven-fold teme behind the stedfast^U star,
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far
 To all, that in the wide deep wandring are :
 And cheerful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that *Phæbus*' fiery car
 In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
 Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

II.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning dream, and that fair-forged Spright
 Came to their wicked master, and 'gan tell
 Their bootless pains, and ill succeeding night:
 Who, all in rage to see his skilful might
 Deluded so 'gan threaten hellish pain
 And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright:
 But when he saw his threatening was but vain,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful books again.

III.

Eftsoons he took that miscreated fair,
 And that false other sprite, on whom he spread
 A seeming body of the subtile air,
 Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
 His wanton days that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of arms and dreaded fight:
 Those two he took; and in a secret bed,
 Cover'd with darkness and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to joy in vain delight.

IV.

Forth-with he runs with feigned faithful haste
 Unto his guest, who after troublous fights
 And dreams, 'gan now to take more sound repast,
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
 As one aghast with fiends or damned sprites,
 And to him calls, rise, rise unhappy swain,
 That here wex old in sleep, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in *Venus* shameful chain;
 Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour stain.

V.

All in amaze he suddenly up-start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
 Who soon him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment
 In wanton lust and lewd embracement:
 Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous fire,
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would have slain them in his furious ire;
 But hardly was restrained of that aged Sire.

VI.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
 He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
 And waste his inward gall with deep despight,
 Yrksome of life and too long lingring night.
 At last fair *Hesperus* in highest sky
 Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
 The Dwarf him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingerd morning fair,
 Weary of aged *Titbons* saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robe through dewy air,
 And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
 The royal Virgin shook off drowsy-hed,
 And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her Knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her Dwarf, that wont to wait each howre,
 Then 'gan she wail and weep, to see that woeful stowre.

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speed
 As her slow beast could make; but all in vain:
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitless pain;
 Yet she her weary limbs would never rest,
 But every hill and dale, each wood and plain
 Did search, fore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX.

But subtile *Archimago*, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And *Una* wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th'end of his drift, he prais'd his divelish arts,
 That had such might over true meaning hearts;
 Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
 How he may work unto her further smarts:
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devis'd himself how to disguise;
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many forms and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever *Proteus* to himself could make:
 Sometime a fowl, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himself he oft for fear would quake,
 And oft would fly away. O! who can tell
 The hidden powre of Herbs, and might of magick spell?

XI.

But now seem'd best, the person to put on
 Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield: upon his coward brest
 A bloody cross; and on his craven crest
 A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversly;
 Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and well addrest,
 And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George, himself ye would have deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the Knight, whose semblant he did bear,
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fear,
 Will was his guide, and grief led him astray.
 At last him chanc'd to meet upon the way
 A faithless *Sarazin*, all arm'd to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans-Foy: full large of limb and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

He had a fair companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,
 Purpled with gold and pearl of rich assay,
 And like a *Persian* mitre on her head
 She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses brave.

XIV.

With fair disport and courting dalliance
 She entertain'd her lover all the way ;
 But when she saw the Knight his spear advance,
 She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bade her Knight address him to the fray :
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
 And hope to win his Ladies heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adown his courfers side
 The red blood, trickling, stain'd the way as he did ride.

XV.

The Knight of the *Red-Cross* when him he spide
 Spurring so hot with rage dispiteous,
 'Gan fairly couch his spear, and towards ride :
 Soon meet they both, both fell and furious ;
 That daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their own hand,
 Do back rebut, and each to other yieldeth land.

XVI.

As when two rams, stir'd with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced-flock,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Do meet, that with the terror of the shock
 Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
 Forgetful of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rock,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idly
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buff,
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies
 Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff :
 Each others equal puissance envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruel spies
 Do seek to pierce : repining courage yields
 No foot to foe. The flashing fier flies
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

XVIII.

Curse on that cross (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
 That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
 Dead long ygo I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charm from thee forwarned it:
 But yet I warn thee now assured fit,
 And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
 With rigour so outragious he smit,
 That a large share it hew'd out of the rest, [blest.
 And glancing down his shield, from blame him fairly

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue 'gan estsoons revive,
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely strook, that it the steel did rive,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling down alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kifs,
 Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
 With the frail flesh; at last it fitted is,
 Whither the souls do fly of men, that live amifs.

XX.

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruins of a broken towre,
 Staid not to wail his woeful funeral,
 But from him fled away with all her powre;
 Who after her as hastily 'gan scowre,
 Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away
 The *Sarazins* shield, sign of the conquerour.
 Her soon he overtook, and bade to stay;
 For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

XXI.

She turning back with rueful countenance,
 Cri'd mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischance,
 And to your mighty will. Her humbles low,
 In so rich weeds and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroick heart,
 And said; dear Dame, your suddain overthrow
 Much rueth me: but now put fear apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part?

XXII.

Melting in tears, then 'gan she thus lament;
 The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandment,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraid me to thy powre,
 Was (O, what now availeth that I was!) . . .
 Born the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide west under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

XXIII.

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the only heir
 Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
 Was never Prince so faithful and so fair;
 Was never Prince so meek and debonair:
 But e're my hoped day of spousal shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours stair,
 Into the hands of his accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slain: that I shall ever mone.

XXIV.

His blessed body, spoil'd of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how convey'd
 And from me hid: of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me unhappy maid,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soul assaid;
 Then forth I went, his woeful corse to find,
 And many years throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow: whose deep wounded mind
 With love, long time did languish as the striken hind.

XXV.

At last, it chanced this proud *Sarazin*
 To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could never win
 The fort that Ladies hold in soveraine dread.
 There lies he now with foul dishonour dead,
 Who whilst he liv'd, was called proud *Sans-foy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans-joy*:
 And 'twixt them both was born the bloody bold *Sans-loy*.

XXVI.

In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fideſſa* dwell,
 Craving of you in pity of my ſtate,
 To do none ill, if pleaſe ye not do well.
 He in great paſſion all this while did dwell,
 More buſying his quick eyes, her face to view,
 Than his dull ears, to hear what ſhe did tell;
 And ſaid; Fair Lady, heart of flint would rew
 The undeſerved woes and ſorrows which ye ſhew.

XXVII.

Henceforth in ſafe aſſurance may ye reſt,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And loſt an old foe, that did you moleſt:
 Better new friend than an old foe, is ſaid.
 With change of chear, the ſeeming ſimple maid
 Let fall her eyen, as ſhamefact to the earth;
 And yielding ſoft, in that ſhe nought gain-ſaid.
 So forth they rode, he feigning ſeemly mirth,
 And ſhe coy looks: ſo, dainty they ſay maketh dearth.

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together travelled;
 Till weary of their way, they came at laſt,
 Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did ſpred
 Their arms abroad, with gray moſs over-caſt;
 And their green leaves trembling with every blaſt,
 Made a calm ſhadow far in compaſs round:
 The fearful Shepherd often there aghaſt
 Under them never ſate, ne wont there ſound
 His merry oaten pipe, but ſhun'd th'unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good Knight, ſoon as he them 'gan ſpy,
 For the cool ſhadow thither haſt'ly got:
 For, golden *Phœbus* now ymounted high,
 From fiery wheels of his fair chariot,
 Hurl'd his beam ſo ſcorching cruel hot,
 That living creature mote it not abide;
 And his new Lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themſelves to hide
 From the fierce heat, and reſt their weary limbs a tide.

XXX.

Fair seemly pleasance each to other makes;
 With goodly purposes there as they fit:
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
 And thinking of those branches green to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came
 Small drops of gory blood, that trickled down the same.

XXXI.

Therewith a pitious yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, O spare with guilty hands to tear
 My tender sides in this rough rind embar'd:
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for fear
 Lest to you hap, that hapned to me here,
 And to this wretched Lady, my dear love;
 O too dear love! love bought with death too dear.
 Aftond he stood, and up his hair did hove,
 And with that suddain horror could no member move.

XXXII.

At last, whenas the dreadful passion
 Was over-past, and manhood well awake:
 Yet musing at the strange occasion,
 And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
 What voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
 Or guileful sprite wandring in empty ayre
 (Both which frail men do oftentimes mistake)
 Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches rare,
 And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to spare?

XXXIII.

Then groaning deep, nor damned ghost, quoth he,
 Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speak;
 But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:
 Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weak,
 A cruel Witch (her curled will to wreak)
 Hath thus transform'd, and plac't in open plains,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleak,
 And scorching sun does dry my secret veins:
 For though a tree I seem, yet cold and heat me pains,

XXXIV.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou mishaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds medicine who his grief imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppress.
The author then, said he, of all my smarts,
Is one *Duessa* a false forceress,
That many errant Knights hath brought to wretchedness.

XXXV.

In prime of youthly years, when courage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my breast; it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chanced of a Knight encountred be,
That had a like fair Lady by his side;
Like a fair Lady, but did foul *Duessa* hide.

XXXVI.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceeded far:
I in defence of mine did likewise stand;
Mine, that did then shine as the morning star;
So both to battle fierce arranged are:
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my spear: such is the dye of war:
His Lady, left as a prize martial,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

XXXVII.

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike fair,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceed;
A roseie girlond was the victors meed:
Both seem'd to win, and both seem'd won to be,
So hard the discord was to be agreed.
Fræliſſa was as fair, as fair mote be:
And ever false *Duessa* seem'd as fair as she.

XXXVIII.

The wicked Witch, now seeing all this while
 The doubtful ballance equally to sway,
 What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 And by her hellish science rais'd straitway
 A foggy mist that over-cast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foul ugly form did her disgrace:
 Then was she fair alone, when none was fair in place.

XXXIX.

Then cryd she out, fie, fie, deformed wight,
 Whose borrow'd beauty now appeareth plain
 To have before bewitched all mens-sight;
 O leave her soon, or let her soon be slain.
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 Eftsoons I thought her such, as she me told,
 And would have kill'd her; but, with feigned pain;
 The false Witch did my wrathful hand with-hold:
 So left her, where she now is turn'd to tre-en mould.

XL.

Thenceforth I took *Duessa* for my Dame,
 And in the Witch unweeting joyd long time:
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same;
 Till on a day (that day is every prime,
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chanc't to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her self in origane and thyme:
 A filthy foul old woman I did view,
 That ever to have toucht her, I did deadly rew.

XLI.

Her neather parts misshapen, monstrous,
 Were hid in water, that I could not see:
 But they did seem more foul and hideous,
 Than womans shape man would believe to be.
 Then forth from her most beastly company
 I 'gan refrain, in mind to slip away,
 Soon as appear'd safe opportunity:
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
 Saw before mine eyes, if I were known to stray.

XLII.

The develish hag by changes of my chear
 Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in sleepy night;
 With wicked herbs and oyntments did besmear
 My body all, through charms and magick might;
 That all my senses were bereaved quight:
 Then brought she me into this desert vast,
 And by my wretched Lovers side me pight;
 Where now inclos'd in wooden walls full fast,
 Banisht from living wights, our weary days we wast.

XLIII.

But how long time, said then the Elfin Knight,
 Are you in this misformed house to dwell?
 We may not change, quoth he, this evil plight,
 Till we be bathed in a living Well;
 That is the term prescribed by the spell.
 O! how, said he, mote I that Well out-find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well?
 Time and sufficed Fates to former kind
 Shall us restore: none else from hence may us unbind.

XLIV.

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,
 Heard how in vain *Fradubio* did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good Knight
 Full of sad fear and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with fear her found.

XLV.

Her seeming dead he found with feigned fear,
 As all unweeting of that well she knew,
 And pain'd himself with busie care to rear
 Her out of careless-swoune. Her eye-lids blue
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hue,
 At last she 'gan up-lift: with trembling chear
 Her up he took, too simple and too true,
 And oft her kist. At length, all passed fear,
 He set her on her steed, and forward forth did bear.

C A N T O III.

*Forsaken Truth long seeks her love,
And makes the Lyon mild,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and falls
In band of Leachour vild.*

I.

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownes
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchednes
Through envy's snares, or fortunes freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all woman-kind,
Feel my heart pierct with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could dye.

II.

And now it is impassioned so deep,
For fairest *Unas* sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handleing,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though fair as ever-living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorced in despair,
And her due Love's deriv'd to that vile Witches share,

III.

Yet she most faithful Lady all this while
Forsaken, woeful solitary maid
Far from all peoples prease, as in exile,
In wilderness and waistful deserts strayd
To seek her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th'enchanter wrought
Had her abandon'd. She of nought afraid,
Through woods and waistness wide him dally sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight,
And on the grafs her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all mens sight :
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her Angels face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sun-shine in the shady place :
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood ;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devour'd her tender corse :
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage asswaged with remorse.
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

VI.

Instead thereof he kist her weary feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yielded pride, and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

VII.

The Lyon, Lord of every beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud, to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pity of my sad estate :
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
 And sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
 With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood:
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

IX.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person and a faithful mate,
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward:
 And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepar'd:
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceiyed her intent.

X.

Long she thus travelled through deserts wide,
 By which she thought her wandring Knight should pass,
 Yet never shew of living wight espide;
 Till that at length she found the trodden grafs,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steep foot of a mountain hoare;
 The same she follows, till at last she has
 A Damzel spide, slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI.

To whom approching, she to her 'gan call,
 To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
 But the rude wench her answered nought at all,
 She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand;
 Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddain fear her pitcher down she threw,
 And fled away: for never in that land
 Face of fair Lady she before did view,
 And that dread Lyons look her cast in deadly hew.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay ;
And home she came, whereas her mother blind
Sate in eternal night : nought could she say ;
But suddain catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear :
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
'Gan shut the door. By this, arrived there
Dame *Una*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent ;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent ,
Nine hundred *Pater-nosters* ev'ry day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she 'did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit :
But now for fear her beads she did forget.
Whose needless dread for to remove away,
Fair *Una* framed words and count'nance fit :
Which hardly doen, at length she 'gan them pray,
That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

XV.

The day is spent, and cometh drouthe night,
When every creature shrouded is in sleep ;
Sad *Una* down her lays in weary plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keep :
Instead of rest, she does lament and weep
For the late loss of her dear loved Knight,
And sighs, and groans, and evermore does steep
Her tender breast in bitter tears all night :
All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light,

XVI.

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
 Above the shiny *Cassiopeias* chaire,
 And all in deadly sleep did drowned lye,
 One knocked at the door, and in would fare;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That ready entrance was not at his call:
 For on his back a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelhth, and pilage several,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

XVII.

He was to weet a stout and sturdy thief,
 Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
 And poor mens boxes of their due relief,
 Which given was to them for good intents;
 The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men careles slept,
 And spoil'd the Priests of their habiliments
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
 Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abeffa, daughter of *Corceca* flow,
 With whom he whoredom us'd, that few did know,
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
 And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings,
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX.

Thus long the door with rage and threats he bet,
 Yet of those fearful women none durst rise:
 (The Lyon frayed them,) him in to let.
 He would no longer stay him to advise,
 But open breaks the door in furious wise,
 And entring is; when that disdainful beast
 Encountring fierce, him suddain doth surprize;
 And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
 Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land
Drank up his life ; his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up *Una* rose, up rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wandring Knight to seek,
With pains far passing that long wandring *Greek*,
That for his love refused deitie ;
Such were the labours of this Lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nigh.

XXII.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slain,
For anguish great they 'gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed Deer,
Half mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII.

Whom overtaking, they 'gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity,
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

XXIV.

But when she saw her prayers nought prevail,
 She back returned with some labour lost;
 And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
 A Knight her met in mighty arms embost,
 Yet Knight was not for all his bragging boist,
 But subtil *Archimag*, that *Una* fought
 By trains into new troubles to have toft:
 Of that old woman tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

XXV.

There-with she 'gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
 That caus'd her shed so many a bitter tear,
 And so forth told the story of her fear.
 Much seemed he to mone her hapless chance,
 And after, for that Lady did enquire;
 Which being taught, he forward 'gan advance
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where *Una* travell'd slow,
 And that wild champion waiting her beside:
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Himself too nigh at hand, but turned wide
 Unto an hill; from whence when she him spide
 By his like seeming shield, her Knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him 'gan ride:
 Approaching nigh, she wist it was the same,
 And with fair fearful humbless towards him she came.

XXVII.

And weeping said, ah my long lacked Lord,
 Where have yee been thus long out of my sight?
 Much feared I to have been quite abhord,
 Or ought have done that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death unto my dear heart light:
 For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,
 My chearful day is turn'd to chearless night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is;
 But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of bliss.

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting, said, my dearest Dame,
 Far be it from your thought, and from my will,
 To think that Knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leave, that have me loved still,
 And chose in Fairy court of meere good will,
 Where noblest Knights were to be found on earth:
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
 Than I leave you, my liefé, yborn of heavenly birth.

XXIX.

And sooth to say, why I left you so long
 Was for to seek adventure in strange place,
 Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
 To many Knights did daily work disgrace;
 But Knight he now shall never more deface:
 Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
 Well to accept and evermore embrace
 My faithful service, that by land and seas
 Have vow'd you to defend; now then your plaint appease.

XXX.

His lovely words her seem'd due recompence
 Of all her passed pains: one loving howre
 For many years of sorrow can dispence:
 A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
 She has forgot, how many a woeful stowre
 For him she late endured; she speaks no more
 Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
 Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toyl'd so sore.

XXXI.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,
 That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
 Oft soust in swelling *Telbys* saltish tear,
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound;
 Soon as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearful whistle merrily doth sound, [round.
 And *Nereus* crowns with caps; his mates him pledge a

XXXII:

Such joy made *Una*, when her Knight she found ;
 And eke th' enchanter joyous seemd no less
 Than the glad merchant that does view from ground
 His ship far come from watry wilderness :
 He hurls out vows, and *Neptune* oft doth bless :
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 Discourfing of her dreadful late distress ;
 In which he askt her what the Lyon ment :
 Who told, her all that fell in journey as she went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
 Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free
 That through his fierceness foamed all with sweat,
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
 When his hot rider spur'd his chauffed side ;
 His look was stern, and seemed still to threat
 Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide,
 And on his shield *Sans-loy* in bloody lines was dide.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,
 And saw the red-cross which the Knight did bear,
 He burnt in fire, and 'gan eft-soons prepare
 Himself to battle with his couched spear.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through fear
 To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steel ;
 But yet his Lady did so well him chear,
 That hope of new good hap he 'gan to feel ;
 So bent his spear, and spurd his horse with iron heel.

XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce ;
 And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head spear
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce ;
 And had his stagg'ring steed not shrunk for fear,
 Through shield and body eke he should him bear :
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his saddle quite he did him bear :
 He tumbling rudely down to ground did gush,
 And from his gored wound a Well of blood did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
 He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,
 And proudly said, lo, there the worthy meed
 Of him that slew *Sans-foy* with bloody knife;
 Hence forth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen over *Lethe* lake,
 When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
 The black infernal *Furies* doen aslake:
 Life from *Sans-foy* thou tookst, *Sans-loy* shall from thee take.

XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet 'gan unlace,
 Till *Una* cryd, O hold that heavy hand,
 Dear Sir, whatever that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy: mercy not withstand:
 For he is one the truest Knight alive,
 Though conquer'd now he lye on lowly land,
 And whilst him fortune favour'd, fair did thrive
 In bloody field: therefore of life him not deprive.

XXXVIII.

Her pitious words might not abate his rage;
 But rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slain him straight: but when he sees his age,
 And hoary head of *Archimago* old,
 His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
 And half-ashamed, wondred at the sight:
 For that old man well knew he, though untold,
 In charms and magick to have wondrous might,
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

XXXIX.

And said, Why *Archimago*, luckless fire,
 What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 Instead of foe, to wound my friend amiss?
 He answer'd nought but in a trance still lay,
 And on those guileful dazed eyes of his
 The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay.

XL.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
 Amazed stands, her self so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true Knight to be:
 Yet is she now in more perplexity,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flye;
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
 And high disdain, whenas his soveraine Dame
 So rudely handled by that foe he saw,
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came;
 And ramping on his shield, did ween the same
 Have rest away with his sharp rending claws:
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His courage more, that from his griping paws
 He hath his shield redeem'd, and forth his sword he draws.

XLII.

O then too weak and feeble was the force
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand;
 For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
 As ever wielded spear in warlike hand,
 And feats of arms did wisely understand.
 Eftsoons he pierced through his chauffed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
 And launct his lordly heart: with death oppress,
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn brest.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keep the forlorn maid
 From raging spoil of lawless victors will?
 Her faithful guard remov'd, her hope dismayd;
 Her self a yielded prey to save or spill.
 He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foul reproches, and disdainful spight
 Her vildly entertains, and (will or nill)
 Bears her away upon his courser light:
 Her prayers nought prevail; his rage is more of might.

XLIV.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,
 And pitious plaints she filleth his dull ears,
 That stony heart could riven have in twain;
 And all the way she wets with flowing tears:
 But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing hears.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so;
 But follows her far off, ne ought he fears
 To be partaker of her wandering woe;
 More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly foe.

C A N T O IV.

*To sinful house of pride, Dueffa
 Guides the faithful Knight:
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sans-joy
 Doth challenge him to fight.*

I.

Y Oung Knight, whatever that doſt armes profeſs,
 And through long labours huntelt after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſs
 In choice, and change of thy dear loved Dame,
 Leſt thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 And raſh miſweening do thy heart remove:
 For unto Knight there is no greater ſhame,
 Than lightneſs and inconstancy in love;
 That doth this Redcroſs Knights enſample plainly prove.

II.

Who after that he had fair Una lorne,
 Through light miſdeeming of her loyalty,
 And falſe Dueſſa in her ſtead had borne,
 Called *Fideſſ*, and ſo ſuppos'd to be;
 Long with her travell'd, till at laſt they ſee
 A goodly building, bravely garniſhed,
 The houſe of mighty Prince it ſeem'd to be:
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet, which thither travelled.

III.

Great troops of people travelld thitherward
 Both day and night, of each degree and place;
 But few returned, having 'scaped hard,
 With baleful beggery, or foul disgrace,
 Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay:
 Thither *Dueffa* bade him bend his pace:
 For she is weary of the toilsome way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A stately palace built of squared brick,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick.
 And golden foil all over them displaid,
 That purest skie wth brightness they dismaid:
 High lifted up were many lofty towres,
 And goodly galleries far over-laid,
 Full of fair windows and delightful bowres;
 And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

V.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
 And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
 But full great pity, that so fair a mold
 Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
 For on a sandy hill, that still did flit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full high,
 That every breath of heaven shaken it:
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth-right;
 For still, to all, the gates stood open wide;
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
 Call'd *Malvenu*, who entrance none denide.
 Thence to the hall, which was on ev'ry side
 With rich array and costly arras dight:
 Infinite sorts of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that palace bright.

VII.

By them they pass, all gazing on them round,
 And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
 Their frail amazed senses did confound:
 In living Princes court none ever knew
 Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew;
 Ne *Persia* self, the nurse of pompous pride,
 Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on ev'ry side,
 Which with their presence fair, the place much beautified.

VIII.

High above all, a cloth of state was spread,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
 On which there sat most brave embellished
 With royal robes and gorgeous array,
 A maiden Queen, that shone as *Titan's* ray,
 In glistering gold, and peerless pretious stone:
 Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
 To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
 As envying herself, that too exceeding shone;

IX.

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus* fairest child,
 That did presume his fathers fiery wain,
 And flaming mouths of steeds unwonted wild,
 Through highest heav'n with weaker hand to rein:
 Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
 While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
 And rapt with whirling wheels, enflames the skyen,
 With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

X.

So proud she shined in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdain,
 And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
 Lo underneath her scornful feet, was lain
 A dreadful Dragon with an hideous train:
 And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
 Wherein her face she often viewed fain,
 And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight;
 For she was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

XI.

Of grievously *Pluto* she the daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queen of hell;
 Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
 And thundring *Jove*, that high in heaven doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claimed for her Sire,
 Or if that any else did *Jove* excell:
 For to the highest she did still aspire,
 Or if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

XII.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
 That made herself a Queen, and crown'd to be:
 Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native sovereignty,
 But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
 Ne rul'd her realme with laws but policy,
 And strong advizement of six wizards old,
 That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did uphold.

XIII.

Soon as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
 And false *Dueffa*, seeming Lady fair,
 A gentle Husher, *Vanity* by name,
 Made room, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
 Of her high throne; where they on humble knee
 Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come her royal state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great majesty.

XIV.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
 She thanked them in her disdainful wise,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
 Of Princess worthy; scarce them bade arise.
 Her Lords and Ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to strangers sight:
 Some frounce their curled hair in courtly guise,
 Some pranck their ruffs, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that Knight do entertain,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew :
 But to *Duefs* each one himself did pain
 All kindness and fair courtesie to shew ;
 For in that court whylome her well they knew :
 Yet the stout Fairy 'mongst the middest croud,
 Thought all their glory vain in knightly view,
 And that great Princess too exceeding proud,
 That to strange Knight no better countenance allow'd,

XVI.

Suddain up-riseth from her stately place
 The Royal Dame, and for her coach doth call :
 All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
 As fair *Aurora* in her purple pall,
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call :
 So forth she comes : her brightness broad doth blaze :
 The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seem'd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And strove to match, in royal rich array,
 Great *Juno's* golden chair, the which they say
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride,
 To *Jove's* high house through heavens brags-paved way
 Drawn of fair *Peacocks*, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tails dispredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts.
 On which her six sage Counsellors did ride,
 Taught to obey their bestial behests,
 With like conditions to their kinds applide :
 Of which the first that all the rest did guide,
 Was sluggish *Idleness* ; the nurse of sin ;
 Upon a slothful *Ass* he chose to ride,
 Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy *Monk*, the service to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his porters still he bare,
 That much was worn, but therein little read:
 For, of devotion he had little care,
 Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead;
 Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seem the waine was very evil led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise!
 For every work he chalenged esoine,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawless riotise;
 By which he grew to grievous malady;
 For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
 A shaking fever reign'd continually:
 Such one was *Idleness*, first of this company.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
 His belly was up-blown with luxury,
 And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:
 And like a Crane his neck was long and fine,
 With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
 And all the way most like a brutish beast,
 He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.

XXII.

In green vine-leaves he was right fitly clad;
 For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
 And on his head an ivy girlond had,
 From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did bear a bouzing can;
 Of which he sapt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can;
 In shape and life, more like a monster than a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unable once to stir or go,
 Not meet to be of counsel to a King,
 Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seldom knew his foe:
 Full of diseases was his carcass blue,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew;
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustful *Lechery*,
 Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged hair
 And whally eyes (the sign of jealousy)
 Was like the person self, whom he did bear:
 Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
 Unseemly man to please fair Ladies eye;
 Yet he, of Ladies oft was loved dear,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O! who does know the bent of womens fantasy.

XXV.

In a green gown he clothed was full fair,
 Which underneath did hide his filthiness;
 And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
 Full of vain follies, and new-fangleness:
 For, he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
 And learned had to love with secret looks,
 And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
 And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,
 And thousand others ways, to bait his fleshly hooks.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
 And lusted after all that he did love,
 Ne would his looser life be ty'd to law,
 But joy'd weak womens hearts to tempt and prove
 If from their loyal loves he might them move;
 Which lewdness, fill'd him with reproachful pain,
 Of that foul evil which all men reprove;
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the brain:
 Such one was *Lechery* the third of all this train.

XXVII.

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
 Upon a Camel loaden all with gold;
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,
 With precious metal, full as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heap of coin he told;
 For of his wicked self his God he made,
 And unto hell himself for money sold;
 Accursed usury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance weigh'd.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto death's door yplact,
 And thred-bare coat, and cobled shoes he ware,
 Ne scarce good morsel all his life did tast,
 But both from back and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
 Yet child ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,
 He led a wretched life unto himself unknown.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;
 Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
 Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,
 Who had enough, yet wished ever more;
 A vile disease, and eke in foot and hand
 A griveous gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand.
 Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this fair band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode,
 Upon a ravenous Wolf, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his jaw;
 But inwardly he chewed his own maw
 At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
 But when he heard of harm, he waxed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
 He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
 And in his bosom secretly there lay
 An hateful Snake, the which his tail up-ties
 In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
 Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
 And grudged at the great felicity
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his own company.

XXXII.

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds;
 And him no less, that any like did use:
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
 So every good to bad he doth abuse;
 And eke the verse of famous Poets wit
 He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
 Such one vile *Envy* was, that fifth in row did sit.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
 Upon a Lyon, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his head;
 His eyes did hurl forth sparkles firy red,
 And stared stern on all that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvised rashness woxen wood;
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
 But when the furious fit was over-past,
 His cruel facts he often would repent;
 Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
 How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless hast.

XXXV.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel *Wrath*;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath;
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife:
 And fretting grief the enemy of life:
 All these, and many evils more haunt ire,
 The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
 The shaking palsey, and Saint *Francis* fire:
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI.

And after all upon the wagon beam
 Rode *Satan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the lazie team,
 So oft as *Sloth* still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Shouting for joy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had cover'd all the land;
 And underneath their feet, all scattred lay
 Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open air,
 And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport;
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady fair,
 The foul *Duess*a, next unto the chair
 Of proud *Lucifra*, as one of the train:
 But that good Knight would not so nigh repair,
 Himself estranging from their joyance vain,
 Whose fellowship seem'd far unfit for warlike swain.

XXXVIII.

So having solaced themselves a space,
 With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,
 They back returned to the princely place;
 Whereas an errant Knight in arms yched,
 And heath'nish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writ *Sans-joy*, they new arrived find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
 He seem'd in heart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the shamed shield of slain *Sans-foy*
 He spide with that same fairy champion's page,
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
 Of Victor's glory from him snatcht away :
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdain'd to lose the meed he won in fray,
 And him rencountring fierce, reskew'd the noble prey.

XL.

Therewith they 'gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battle ready to darrain,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swords on high,
 That with their stir they troubled all the train ;
 Till that great Queen upon eternal pain
 Of high displeasure, that ensewen might,
 Commanded them their fury to refrain,
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equal lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

Ah dearest Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whom great grief made forget the reins to hold
 Of reason's rule, to see this recreant Knight ;
 No Knight but treachour full of false despight
 And shameful treason, who through guile hath slain
 The prouest Knight that ever field did fight,
 Even stout *Sans-foy* (O! who can then refrain?)
 Whose shield he bears renverst, the more to heap disdain.

XLII.

And to augment the glory of his guile,
 His dearest love the fair *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traitour vile,
 Who reaps the harvest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloody field, and bought with woe :
 That brother's hand shall dearly well requight,
 So be, O Queen, you equal favour show.
 Him little answered th' angry Elfin Knight ;
 He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right.

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
 His cause in combat the next day to try :
 So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pass in joy and jollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall ;
 For steward was excessive *Gluttony*,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all ;
 Which doen, the chamberlain *Sloth* did unto rest them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darksome night had all displaid
 Her coal-black curtain over brightest sky,
 The warlike youths on dainty couches laid,
 Did chace away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,
 To muse on means of hoped victory.
 But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Up-rose *Duess*a from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV.

Whom broad awake she finds in troublous fit,
 Forecasting how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoves with speeches seeming fit :
 Ah dear *Sans-joy*, next dearest to *Sans-foy*,
 Cause of my new grief, cause of my new joy ;
 Joyous, to see his image in mine eye,
 And griev'd, to think how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalry ;
 Lo, his *Fidessa*, to thy secret faith I fly.

XLVI.

With gentle words he 'gan her fairly greet,
 And bade say on the secret of her heart.
 Then sighing soft, I learn that little sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart :
 For since my breast was launct with lovely dart
 Of dear *Sans-foy*, I never joyed howre,
 But in eternal woes my weaker heart
 Have waisted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavy stowre.

XLVII.

At last, when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reap the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
 By this false faytor, who unworthy were
 His worthy shield, whom he with guileful snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shameful grave.
 Me silly maid away with him he bare,
 And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
 For that I would not yield, that to *Sans-foy* I gave.

XLVIII.

But since fair sun hath sperst that louring cloud,
 And to my loathed life now shews some light,
 Under your beams I will me safely shroud,
 From dreaded storm of his disdainful spight:
 To you th' inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers praise, to you eke longs his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restless spright
 Be unreveng'd, that calls to you above
 From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endless move.

XLIX.

Thereto said he, fair Dame be nought dismaid
 For sorrows past; their grief is with them gone:
 Ne yet of present peril be affraid;
 For, needless fear did never vantage none:
 And helpless hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vital pains are past,
 Though grieved ghost for vengeance deep doth grone:
 He lives that shall him pay his duties last,
 And guilty Elfin blood shall sacrifice in haste.

L.

O! but I fear the fickle freaks (quoth she)
 Of fortune false, and odds of arms in field.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what odds can ever be,
 Where both do fight alike, to win, or yield?
 Yea, but (quoth she) he bears a charmed shield,
 And eke enchanted arms, that none can pierce,
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
 Charm'd or enchanted (answerd he then fierce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to rehearse.

LI.

But fair *Fideſſa*, ſithence fortune's guile,
 Or enemies powre hath now captived you,
 Return from whence ye came, and reſt awhile
 Till morrow next, that I the Elf ſubdew,
 And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew.
 Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)
 With proud foes ſight my ſorrow to renew :
 Where ever yet I be, my ſecret ayd
 Shall follow you. So paſſing forth, ſhe him obey'd.

C A N T O V.

*The faithful Knight in equal field
 Subdues his faithleſs foe:
 Whom false Dueſſa ſaves, and for
 His cure to hell does go.*

I.

TH E noble heart, that harbours virtuous thought,
 And is with child of glorious great intent,
 Can never reſt, until it forth have brought
 Th' eternal brood of glory excellent :
 Such reſtleſs paſſion did all night torment
 The flaming courage of that Fairy Knight,
 Deviſing, how that doughty tournament
 With greateſt honour he atchieven might ;
 Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

II.

At laſt, the golden oriental gate
 Of greateſt heaven 'gan to open fair,
 And *Phæbus* freſh, as bridegroom to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his dewy hair :
 And hurld his gliſtring beams through gloomy air.
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, ſtraightway
 He ſtarted up, and did himſelf prepare.
 In ſun-bright arms, and battailous array :
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the common hall,
 Where early wait him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to stranger Knights may fall.
 There many minstrels maken melody,
 To drive away the dull melancholy ;
 And many bards, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
 And many chroniclers, that can record
 Old loves, and wars for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV.

Soon after comes the cruel Sarazin,
 In woven mail all armed warily,
 And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
 Does care for look of living creatures eye.
 They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
 And dainty spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
 To kindle heat of courage privily :
 And in the wine a solemn oath they bind
 T'observe the sacred laws of arms that are assign'd.

V.

At last, forth comes that far renowned Queen,
 With royal pomp and princely majesty ;
 She is ybrought unto a paled green,
 And placed under stately canopy,
 The warlike feats of both those Knights to see.
 On th' other side, in all mens open view
Duess placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his shield is hang'd with bloody hue :
 Both those the lawrel girlonds to the victor due.

VI.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on high,
 And unto battle bade themselves address :
 Their shining shields about their wrists they tye,
 And burning blades about their heads do bless,
 The instruments of wrath and heaviness :
 With greedy force each other doth assail,
 And strike so fiercely, that they do impress
 Deep dinted furrows in the battred mail ;
 The iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

VII.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blows like iron hammers great:
 For after blood and vengeance he did long.
 The Knight was fierce and full of youthly heat;
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fiery light,
 And helmets hewen deep, shew marks of eithers might.

VIII.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
 As when a *Griffon*, seized of his prey,
 A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
 'Through widest ayr making his idle way,
 That would his rightful ravine rend away:
 With hideous horror both together smite,
 And souce so sore, that they the heav'ns affray:
 The wise sooth-sayer, seeing so sad sight,
 Th' amazed vulgar tells of wars and mortal fight.

IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
 The cruel steel so greedily doth bite
 In tender flesh, that streams of blood down flow,
 With which the arms, that earst so bright did show,
 Into a pure vermilion now are dy'd:
 Great ruth in all the gazers hearts did grow,
 Seeing the gored wounds to gape so wide,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last, the Paynim chanc't to cast his eye,
 His suddain eye, flaming with wrathful fire,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
 And said, ah wretched son of woeful fire,
 Dost thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
 Whilst here thy shield is hang'd for victors hire,
 And sluggish German dost thy forces flake,
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

XI.

Go caitive Elf, him quickly overtake,
 And soon redeem from his long wandring woe.
 Go guilty ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
 Therewith upon his crest he strook him so,
 That twice he reeled, ready twice to fall.
 End of the doubtful battle deemed tho
 The lookers on, and loud to him 'gan call
 The false *Duess*a, thine the shield, and I, and all.

XII.

Soon as the Fairy heard his Lady speak,
 Out of his swouning dream he 'gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weak,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
 And with so^r exceeding fury at him strake,
 That forced him to stoop upon his knee.
 Had he not stooped so, he should have cloven be.

XIII.

And to him said, go now proud miscreant,
 Thy self thy message do to German dear;
 Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
 Go, say his foe thy shield with his doth bear.
 Therewith his heavy hand he high 'gan rear,
 Him to have slain; when lo, a darksome cloud
 Upon him fell: he no where doth appear,
 But vanisht is. The Elf him calls aloud,
 But answer none receives: the darkness him does shroud.

XIV.

In haste *Duess*a from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest Knight,
 That ever Lady to her love did chose,
 Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloody vengeance; Lo, th' infernal powres
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Have borne him hence to *Plutos* baleful bowres.
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

XV.

Not all so fatisfide, with greedy eye
 He fought, all round about, his thirsty blade
 To bathe in blood of faithless enemy;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
 He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.
 At last the trumpets, triumph sound on high,
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victory,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmity.

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queen;
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service seen:
 Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
 Greatly advancing his gay chevalree;
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on height,
 That all the air it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

XVII.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
 Where many skilful leaches him abide,
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyl they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly 'gan embalm on every side.
 And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musick did divide,
 Him to beguile of grief and agony:
 And all the while *Duess*a wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a weary traveller that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed *Nile*,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring ways,
 Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
 Which in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
 Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears:
 The foolish man, that pities all this while
 His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unwares,
 Forgetful of his own, that minds anothers cares.

XIX.

So wept *Dueffa* until even-tide,
 That shining lamps in *Joves* high house were light
 Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,
 But comes unto the place, where th' heathen Knight
 In slumbring swoun nigh void of vital spright,
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wail his woeful case she would not stay,
 But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way.

XX.

Where grievly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phæbus* chearful face durst never view,
 And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
 She finds forth coming from her darksome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the door her iron charet stood,
 Already harnessed for journey new ;
 And coalblack steeds yborn of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw *Dueffa* sunny bright,
 Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining clear,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted light began to fear :
 (For never did such brightness there appear)
 And would have back retired to her cave,
 Until the Witches speech she 'gan to hear,
 Saying, Yet oh thou dreaded Dame, I crave
 Abide, till I have told the meslage which I have.

XXII.

She staid, and forth *Dueffa* 'gan proceed,
 O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,
 More old than *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breed,
 Or that great house of Gods celestial,
 Which wast begot in *Demogorgans* hall,
 And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade,
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephews dear to fall
 With *Elfin* sword, most shamefully betrayd ?
 Lo where the stout *Sans-joy* doth sleep in deadly shade.

XXIII.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold *Sans-foy* shrink underneath his spear;
 And now the prey of fowls in field he lyes,
 Nor waild of friends, nor laid on groaning bier,
 That whylome was to me too dearly dear.
 O! what of Gods then boots it to be born,
 If old *Aveugles* sons so evil hear?
 Or who shall not great *Nightes* children scorn,
 When two of three her Nephews are so foul forlorn?

XXIV.

Up then, up dreary Dame of darkness Queen,
 Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
 Or else go them avenge, and let be seen
 That dreaded *Night* in brighest day hath place,
 And can the children of fair *Light* deface.
 Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
 In heart, and change in that great mothers face:
 Yet pity in her heart was never prov'd
 Till then: for evermore she hated, never lov'd.

XXV.

And said, dear Daughter rightly may I rue
 The fall of famous children born of me,
 And good successes, which their foes ensue;
 But who can turn the stream of destiny,
 Or break the chain of strong necessity,
 Which fast is tide to *Joves* eternal seat?
 The sons of *Day* he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruins thinks to make them great:
 To make one great by others loss, is bad excheat.

XXVI.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
 And he the man that made *Sans-foy* to fall,
 Shall with his own blood price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou, that tellst of Nephews kilt?
 I that do seem not I, *Duessa* am
 (Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arrayd I to thee came;
Duessa I, the Daughter of deceit and shame.

XXVII.

Then bowing down her aged back, she kist
The wicked Witch; saying, in that fair face,
The false resemblance of deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurk; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discern, though I the mother be
Of falsehood, and root of *Duessas* race.
O welcome child, whom I have long'd to see,
And now have seen unwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

XXVIII.

Then to her iron wagon she betakes,
And with her bears the foul ill-favour'd Witch:
Through mirksome air her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which, two black as pitch,
And two were brown, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unless she chaunc't their stubborn mouths to twitch;
Then foaming tarre, their bridles they would champ
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Covered with charmed cloud from view of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congeal'd.
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heal'd:
So lay him in her charet, close in night conceal'd.

XXX.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray:
And hungry Wolves continually did howl,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

XXXI.

Thence turning back in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heavy corse with easie pace
 To yawning gulf of deep *Avernus* hole.
 By that same hole, an entrance, dark and bace
 With smoak and sulphure hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell: there creature never past,
 That back returned without heavenly grace;
 But dreadful *Furies*, which their chains have braist,
 And damned sprites sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII.

By that same way the direful Dames do drive
 Their mournful charet, fill'd with rusty blood,
 And down to *Plutos* house are come bilive:
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
 Of fiends infernal flockt on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII.

They pass the bitter waves of *Acberon*,
 Where many souls sit wayling woefully;
 And come to fiery flood of *Pblegeton*,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shrieks do bootless cry,
 Cursing high *Jove*, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endless pain is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures do eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the threshold, dreadful *Carberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand Adders venomous,
 And lolled forth his bloody flaming tong:
 At them he 'gan to rear his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, until days enemy
 Did him appease; then down his tail he hong,
 And suffered them to passen quietly:
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheel,
For daring tempt the Queen of heaven to sin;
And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reel
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus joints were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemn'd to endless sloth by law,
And fifty Sisters water in leak vessels draw.

XXXVI.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their work, unmindful of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part:
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deep, dark, uneasie, doleful, comfortless;
In which sad *Æsculapius* far apart
Emprison'd was in chains remediless,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redress.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chace the foming bore;
He all his peers in beauty did surpass,
But Ladies love, as loss of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more.
But when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treason false accused,
And with her jealous terms, his open ears abusd.

XXXVIII.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god fyre besought
Some cursed vengeance on his son to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chaceing steeds aghast,
Both charet swift and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
Scattred on every mountain, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

XXXIX.

His cruel stepdame seeing what was done,
 Her wicked days with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her son.
 Which hearing, his rash Sire began to rend
 His hair, and hasty tongue, that did offend:
 Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart
 By *Dians* means, who was *Hippolyts* friend,
 Them brought to *Æsculape*, that by his art
 Did heal them all again, and joyned every part.

XL.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to reign
 When *Jove* aviz'd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endless life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thrust him down alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
 Where long remaining, he did always strive
 Himself with salves to health for to restore,
 And flake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI.

There ancient *Night* arriving, did alight
 From her nigh weary wain, and in her arms
 To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded Knight:
 Whom having softly disarraid of arms,
 Tho 'gan to him discover all his harms,
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyls, or herbs, or charms
 A fordone wight from door of death mote raife,
 He would at her request prolong her Nephews days.

XLII.

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vain,
 To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
 And the old cause of my continued pain
 With like attempt to like end to renue.
 Is not enough, that thrust from heaven due
 Here endless penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eke? can *Night* defray
 The wrath of thundring *Jove*, that rules both night and day.

XLIII.

Not so, quoth she: but sith that heavens King
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting *Night*?
 Go to then, O thou far renowned son
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that else hath to thee won
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be done.

XLIV.

Her words prevaild: and then the learned leach
 His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did teach:
 Which having seen, from thence arose away
 The mother of dread darkness, and let stay
Aveugles son there in the leaches cure,
 And back returning took her wonted way,
 To run her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure
 In western waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.

The false *Duessä*, leaving noyous *Night*,
 Return'd to stately palace of Dame pride;
 Where when she came, she found the Fairy Knight
 Departed thence, albe his woundes wide,
 Not throughly heal'd, unready were to ride:
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary Dwarf had spide,
 Where in a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
 Of caitive wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

XLVI.

A rueful sight, as could be seen with eye;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivity,
 How mortgaging their lives to *Covetise*,
 Through wasteful pride, and wanton riotise,
 They were by law of that proud tyranness
 Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envies* false surmise,
 Condemned to that dungeon merciless,
 Where they should live in woe, and dye in wretchedness.

XLVII.

There was that great proud King of *Babylon*,
 That would compel all nations to adore,
 And him as only God to call upon,
 Till through celestial doom thrown out of door,
 Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore.
 There also was King *Craſus*, that enhaunſt
 His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;
 And proud *Antiochus*, the which advaunſt
 His curſed hand 'gainſt God, and on his altars daunſt.

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
 That firſt the world with ſword and fire warrayd;
 And after him, old *Ninus* far did paſs
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd:
 There alſo was that mighty Monarch layd
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native fire did foul up-braid,
 And would as *Ammons* ſon be magnifyde
 Till ſcorn'd of God and man a ſhameful death he dyde.

XLIX.

All theſe together in one heap were thrown,
 Like carcaſes of beaſts in butchers ſtall.
 And in another corner wide were ſtrown
 The antique ruins of the *Romans* fall;
 Great *Romulus* the Grandſire of them all,
 Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
 Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborn *Hannibal*,
 Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſtern *Marius*,
 High *Cæſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antoni*us.

L.

Amongſt theſe mighty men, were women mixt,
 Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke:
 The bold *Semiramis*, whole ſides tranſfixt
 With ſons own blade, her foul reproches ſpoke;
 Fair *Stbenobæa*, that herſelf did choke
 With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;
 High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke
 Of *Aſpes* ſting herſelf did ſtoutly kill;
 And thouſands more the like, that did that dungeon fill;

LI.

Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their woeful falls,
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealths decay.
But most of all, which in that dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftless howres,
And lastly, thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII.

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarf had told,
And made ensample of their mournful sight
Unto his master, he no longer would
There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
But early rose and ere that dawning light
Discover'd had the world to heaven wide,
He by a privy postern took his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spide :
For doubtless death ensued, if any him descride

LIII.

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,
For many corsees, like a great lay-stall
Of murdered men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funeral :
Which all through that great Princesss pride did fall
And came to shameful end. And them beside
Forth riding underneath the castle wall,
A dunghill of dead carcases he spide,
The dreadful spectacle of that sad house of *Pride*.

C A N T O VI.

*From lawless lust by wondrous grace
Fair Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learns her wise bebest.*

I.

AS when a ship, that flies fair under sail,
An hidden rock escaped hath unwares,
That lay in wait her wrack for to bewail,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At peril past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool hardy oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadless courage of this Elfin Knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II.

Yet sad he was that his too hasty speed,
The fair *Duefs* had forct him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that *Una* his dear dread
Her truth had stain'd with treason so unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her own self sake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
Him for to seek, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fierce *Sans-loy* did overtake.

III.

Who, after *Archimagoes* foul defeat,
Led her away into a forest wild,
And turning wrathful fire to lustful heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defil'd,
And made the vassal of his pleasures vild,
Yet first he cast by treaty, and by trains,
Her to perswade, that stubborn fort to yield:
For, greater conquest of hard love he gains,
That works it to his will, than he that it constrains.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her awhile,
 And looking lovely, and oft sighing fore,
 Her constant heart did tempt with diverse guile :
 But words, and looks, and sighs she did abhor
 As rock of diamond, stedfast evermore.
 Yet for to feed his fiery lustful eye,
 He snatcht the veil, that hung her face before ;
 Then 'gan her beauty shine, as brightest sky,
 And burnt his beastly heart t'efforce her chastity.

V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fail,
 And subtile engines beat from battery,
 With greedy force he 'gan the fort assail,
 Whereof he ween'd possessed soon to be,
 And with rich spoil of ransackt chastity.
 Ah heavens ! that do this hideous act behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance just so long with-hold,
 And hurl not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold ?

VI.

The pitious maiden, careful, comfortless,
 Does throw out thrilling shrieks, and shrieking cries,
 The last vain help of womens great distress,
 And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
 That molten stars do drop like weeping eyes ;
 And *Phæbus* flying so most shameful sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
 And hides for shame. What wit of mortal wight
 Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight ?

VII.

Eternal providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appears can make herself a way :
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons claws to pluck the griped prey.
 Her shrill out-cries and shrieks so loud did bray,
 That all the woods and forests did resound ;
 A tropp of *Faunes* and *Satyrs* far away
 Within the wood were dancing in a round,
 Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arbour sound.

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitious strained voice,
 In haste forsook their rural meriment,
 And ran towards the far rebounded noise,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent:
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
 A rude mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away 'gan ride.

IX.

The wild Wood-gods, arrived in the place,
 There find the virgin doleful desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fair blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through fear of former hate.
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And 'gin to pity her unhappy state:
 All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthy of so woeful plight.

X.

She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
 And every tender part for fear does shake:
 As when a greedy Wolf through hunger fell
 A silly Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he means his bloody feast to make,
 A Lyon spies fast running towards him,
 The innocent prey in haste he does forsake,
 Which quit from death, yet quakes in every lim.
 With change of fear, to see the Lyon look so grim.

XI.

Such fearful fit affaid her trembling heart,
 Ne word to speak, ne joynt to move she had:
 The salvage nation feel her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
 Their frowning foreheads with rough horns yclad,
 And rustick horror all aside do lay,
 And gently grinning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and fear to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obey.

XII.

The doubtful damzel dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barbarous truth;
 But still twixt fear and hope amaz'd does sit,
 Late learn'd what harm to hasty trust ensuth:
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beauty soveraine,
 Are won with pity and untwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate upon the lowly plain;
 Do kifs her feet, and fawn on her with count'nance faim.

XIII.

Their hearts she guesseth by their humble guise,
 And yields her to extremity of time;
 So from the ground she fearless doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
 They all, as glad as birds of joyous prime,
 Thence lead her forth; about her dancing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a Shepherds rime,
 And with green branches strowing all the ground.
 Do worship her as Queen; with olive girlond cround.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound;
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring
 And with their horned feet do wear the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
 So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring:
 Who with the noise awaked, cometh out,
 To weet the cause, his weak steps governing,
 And aged limbs on cypress stadle stout;
 And with an ivy twine his waste is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad;
 Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
 Or *Cybele's* frantick rites have made them mad.
 They drawing nigh, unto their God present
 That flowre of faith and beauty excellent.
 The God himself, viewing that mirror rare,
 Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
 His own fair *Driope* now he thinks not fair,
 And *Phoebe* foul, when her to this he doth compare.

XVI.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddess of the wood;
 And old *Sylvanus* self bethinks not, what
 To think of wight so fair; but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood;
 Sometimes Dame *Venus* self he seems to see:
 But *Venus* never had so sober mood;
 Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

XVII.

By view of her he 'ginneeth to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calls to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How fair he was, and yet not fair to this,
 And how he flew with glancing dart amiss
 A gentle hind, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blifs;
 For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
 But pyn'd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

XVIII.

The woody Nymphs, fair *Hamadryades*,
 Her to behold do thither run apace,
 And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*
 Flock all about to see her lovely face:
 But when they viewed have her heavenly grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for fear of foul disgrace:
 But all the *Satyres* scorn their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing fair, but her on earth they find.

XIX.

Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid,
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that salvage people staid,
 To gather breath in many miseries,
 During which time, her gentle wit she plyes
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vain,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatries;
 But when their bootless zeal she did restrain
 From her own worship, they her *Ass* would worship faine.

XX.

It fortun'd a noble warlike Knight
 By just occasion to that forest came,
 To seek his kindred, and the lineage right,
 From whence he took his well deserved name:
 He had in arms abroad won muchell fame:
 And fill'd far'lands with glory of his might,
 Plain faithful, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
 But in vain glorious frays he little did delight.

XXI.

A Satyres son, yborn in forest wild,
 By strange adventure as it did betide,
 And there begotten of a Lady mild,
 Fair *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,
 That was in sacred bands of wedlock tide
 To *Tberion*, a loose unruly swain;
 Who had more joy to range the forest wide,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie pain,
 Than serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures vain!

XXII.

The forlorne maid did with loves longing burn,
 And could not lack her lovers company;
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turn,
 And seek her spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And follows other game and venery:
 A Satyr chanc't her wandring for to find;
 And kindling coals of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyal links of wedlock did unbind,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensual desire,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly swell'd,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage fire:
 Then home he suffred her for to retire,
 For ransom leaving him the late born child;
 Whom till to riper years he 'gan aspire,
 He nourish'd up in life and manners wild,
 Emongst wild beasts and woods, from laws of men exil'd.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender ~~ling~~, was but
 To banish cowardize and dastard fear;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the Lyon, and the rugged Bear.
 And from the she Bears teats her whelps to tear;
 And eke wild roaring Bulls he would him make
 To tame, and ride their backs not made to bear;
 And the Roebucks in flight to overtake;
 That every beast for fear of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearless and so fell he grew,
 That his own fire and master of his guise,
 Did often tremble at his horrid view,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him advise,
 The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke; for he would learn
 The Lyon stoop to him in lowly wise
 (A lesson hard) and made the Libbard stearn
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearn.

XXVI.

And for to make his powre approved more,
 Wild beasts in iron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tygre cruel,
 The Antelope and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
 And them constrain in equal team to draw.
 Such joy he had, their stubborn hearts to quell,
 And sturdy courage tame with dreadful aw,
 That his bebest they feared, as a tyrants law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woods, to see her little son;
 And chanc't unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sports and cruel pastime done,
 When after him a Lyoness did run,
 That roaring all with rage, did loud requere
 Her children dear, whom he away had won;
 The Lyon whelps she saw how he did bear,
 And lull in rugged arms, withouten childish fear.

XXVIII.

The fearful Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning back, 'gan fast to fly away,
 Until with love revokt from vain affright,
 She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words 'gan say;
 Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling and my joy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadful play;
 To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Go find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet boy.

XXIX.

In these, and like delights of bloody game
 He trained was, till riper years he raught;
 And there abode, whilst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
 To fear his force and then his courage haught
 Desired of foreign foemen to be known,
 And far abroad for strange adventures sought:
 In which his might was never overthrown,
 But through all Fairy land his famous worth was blown.

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
 After long labours and adventures spent,
 Unto those native woods for to repair,
 To see his Sire and off-spring ancient.
 And now he thither came for like intent;
 Where he unwares the fairest *Una* found,
 Strange Lady in so strange habiliment,
 Teaching the *Satyres*, which her fate around,
 True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI.

He wondred at her wisdom heavenly rare,
 Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
 And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
 'Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rew,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
 On gentle Dame, so hurtless, and so true:
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII.

But she, all vow'd unto the *Red-cross* Knight,
 His wandring peril closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
 But her dear heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last, in privy wise
 To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent ;
 Who glad to gain such favour, 'gan devise,
 How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII.

So on a day, when *Satyres* all were gone
 To do their service to *Sylvanus* old,
 The gentle virgin (left behind alone)
 He led away with courage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to *Satyres* to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her again :
 In vain he seeks, that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with careful pain,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the plain.

XXXIV.

The better part now of the lingring day
 They travel'd had, whenas they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way ;
 And towards him they 'gan in haste to ride,
 To weet of news that did abroad betide,
 Or tydings of her Knight of the *Red-cross*.
 But he them spying, 'gan to turn aside,
 For fear, as seem'd, or for some feigned loss ;
 More greedy they of news, fast towards him do cross.

XXXV.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworn,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandals were with toylsome travel torn,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traveld many a summers day,
 Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ind* ;
 And in his hand a *Jacobs* staff, to stay
 His weary limbs upon : and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind ;

XXXVI.

The Knight approaching nigh, of him enquer'd
 Tydings of war, and of adventures new;
 But wars, not new adventures none he heard.
 Then *Una* 'gan to ask, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red.
 Aye me, dear Dame (quoth he) well may I rue
 To tell the sad sight which mine eyes have read:
 These eyes did see that Knight both living and eke dead.

XXXVII.

That cruel word her tender heart so thrilld,
 That suddain cold did run through every vein,
 And stony horror all her senses filld
 With dying fit, that down she fell for pain.
 The Knight her lightly reared up again,
 And comforted with courteous kind relief:
 Then won from death, she bade him tellen plain
 The further process of her hidden grief;
 The lesser pangs can bear, who hath endureth the chief.

XXXVIII.

Then 'gan the Pilgrim thus; I chanc't this day,
 This fatal day, that I shall ever rue,
 To see two Knights in travel on my way
 (A sorry sight) arrang'd in battle new,
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathful hew:
 My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That drunk with blood, yet thirsted after life:
 What more? the *Redcross* Knight was slain with Paynim knife.

XXXIX.

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that be,
 And he the stoutest Knight that ever won?
 Ah dearest Dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was done?
 Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Paynim's son,
 That him of life, and us of joy hath rest;
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wone
 Foreby a fountain, where I late him left [clef.
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steel were

XL.

Therewith the Knight thence marched forth in haste,
 Whiles *Una* with huge heaviness oppress,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soon he came, as he the place had guest,
 Whereas that Pagan proud himself did rest,
 In secret shadow by a fountain side;
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress
 Fair *Una*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,
 With foul reprochful words he boldly him deside;

XLI.

And said, arise thou cursed miscreant,
 That hast with Knightless guile and treacherous train,
 Fair Knighthood foully shamed, and dost vaunt
 That good Knight of the *Redcross* to have slain:
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
 The *Sarazin* this hearing, rose again,
 And catching up in haste his three square shield,
 And shining helmet, soon him buckled to the field.

XLII.

And drawing nigh him said, ah misborn Elf,
 In evil hour thy foes thee hither sent,
 Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy self:
 Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent;
 That *Redcross* Knight, perdie, I never slew:
 But had he been, where earst his arms were lent,
 Th' enchanter vain his error should not rue:
 But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven true.

XLIII.

Therewith they 'gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blows, and fiercely to assail;
 Each other bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they pierct both plate and mail,
 And made wide furrows in their fleshes frail,
 That it would pity any living eye.
 Large floods of blood adown their sides did rail;
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
 But hungry after death: both chose to win, or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathe let;
 And oft refreshed, battle oft renew:
 As when two Boars with rankling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathless both themselves aside retire,
 Where foming wrath, their cruel tusks they whet,
 And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
 Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

XLV.

So fiercely when these Knights had breathed once,
 They 'gan to fight return, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruel rage atonce,
 With heaped strokes, more hugely than before,
 That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could be known.
 By this, sad *Una* fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noise, which through the air was thrown
 Arrived, where they in earth their fruitless blood had sown.

XLVI.

Whom all so soon as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he 'gan revive the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And left the doubtful battle hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
 But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternly bade him other business ply,
 Than hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid
 Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said;

XLVII.

O foolish Fairies son, what fury mad
 Hath thee incenst, to haste thy doleful fate?
 Were it not better I that Lady had,
 Than that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most senseless man he, that himself doth hate,
 To love another. Lo then for thine aid,
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
 So they to fight; the whiles the royal maid
 Fled far away, of that proud Paynim sore affraid.

XLVIII.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
 Being indeed old *Archimage*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much rejoyced in their bloody fray :
 But when he saw the Damsel pass away,
 He left his stond, and her pursu'd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But, for to tell her lamentable case,
 And eke this battles end, will need another place.

C A N T O VII.

*The Redcross Knight is captive made
 By Giant proud opprest :
 Prince Arthur meets with Una, great-
 ly with those news distrest.*

I.

WHat man so-wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to descry the crafty cunning train,
 By which Deceit doth mask in vizour fair,
 And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
 To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
 Great mistress of her art was that false Dame,
 The false *Duess*a, cloked with *Fidessa*'s name.

II.

Who, when returning from the dreary *Night*,
 She found not in that perilous house of Pride,
 Where she had left the noble *Redcross* Knight,
 Her hoped prey; she would no longer bide,
 But forth she went to seek him far and wide.
 Ere long she found whereas he weary fate,
 To rest himself, foreby a fountain side,
 Disarmed all of Iron-coated plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassie forage ate.

III.

He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bays
 His sweating forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
 Wherein the chearful birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind :
 The Witch approching 'gan him fairly greet,
 And with reproach of carelesness unkind
 Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
 With foul wordstempring fair, soure gall with honey sweet.

IV.

Unkindness past, they 'gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasure of the joyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boiling heat,
 And with green boughs decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountain like a girlond made;
 Whose bubling wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent summer fade :
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of *Dians* favour as it then befell.

V.

The cause was this: one day when *Phæbe* fair
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph quite tyr'd with heat of scorching air,
 Sat down to rest in midst of the race :
 The Goddess, wrath, 'gan foully her disgrace,
 And bade the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her self was then in place.
 Thencefurth her waters waxed dull and flow,
 And all that drink thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was ;
 And lying down upon the sandy grail,
 Dronk of the stream, as clear as chrystal glafs,
 Eftsoons his manly forces 'gan to fail,
 And mighty strong was turn'd to feeble frail.
 His changed powres at first themselves not felt,
 Till crudled cold his courage 'gan assail,
 And chearful blood in faintness chill did melt, :
 Which like a fever-fit through all his body swelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Pour'd out in looseness on the grassie ground;
 Both careless of his health and of his fame:
 Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
 That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elf therewith astound,
 Upstart'd lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons 'gan in hand to take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Giant horrible and high,
 That with his tallness seem'd to threat the skye,
 The ground eke groaned under him for dread;
 His living like saw never living eye,
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
 The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

IX.

The greatest earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering *Æolus* his boasted Sire,
 Who with his breath, that through the world doth pass,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And fill'd her hidden caves with stormy ire,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the due time,
 In which the wombs of women do expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
 Pust up with empty wind, and fill'd with sinful crime.

X.

So growing great through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborn,
 And through presumption of his matchless might,
 All other powres and Knighthood he did scorn.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
 And left to loss; his stalking steps are staid
 Upon a snaggy Oak which he had torn
 Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
 His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he dismaid.

XI.

That, when the Knight he spide, he 'gan advaunce
 With huge force and insupportable main,
 And towards him with dreadful fury prounce;
 Who hapless, and eke hopeless, all in vain
 Did to him pace, sad battle to darraign,
 Disarm'd, disgract, and inwardly dismaid,
 And eke so faint in every joynt and vein,
 Through that frail fountain, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he wield his bootless single blade.

XII.

The Giant strook so mainly merciless,
 That could have overthrown a stony towre;
 And were not heavenly grace, that him did bless,
 He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
 Yet so exceeding was the villains powre,
 That with the wind it did him overthrow,
 And all his senses stound, that still he lay full low.

XIII.

As when that develish iron engine wrought
 In deepest hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ram'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
 Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noise, and all the air doth choke,
 That none can breathe, nor see nor hear at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of dusky stinking smoke,
 That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
 XIV. [stroke.

So daunted when the Giant saw the Knight,
 His heavy hand he heaved up on high,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quite,
 Until *Duessa* loud to him 'gan cry:
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest under sky,
 O hold thy mortal hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye:
 But vanquisht, thine eternal bondslave make,
 And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take,

XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harms,
 To gain so goodly guerdon, as she spake:
 So willingly she came into his arms,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make.
 Then up he took the slumbred senseless corse,
 And ere he could out of his swoone awake,
 - Him to his castle brought with hasty force,
 And in a dungeon deep him threw without remorse.

XVI.

From that day forth *Duessa* was his dear,
 And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
 He gave her gold, and purple pall to wear,
 And triple crown set on her head full high,
 And her endow'd with royal majesty:
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hearts with awful terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

XVII.

Such one it was, as that renowned snake
 Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whose many heads out-budding ever new,
 Did breed him endless labour to subdew:
 But this same monster much more ugly was;
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 An iron breast, and back of scaly bras,
 - And all embrew'd in blood, his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII.

His tail was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred things, and holy heasts fortaught.
 Upon this dreadful beast with sevenfold head
 He set the false *Duessa*, for more awe and dread.

XIX.

The woeful Dwarf, which saw his masters fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
 And valiant Knight become a caitive thrall,
 When all was past, took up his forlorn weed,
 His mighty armour, missing most at need;
 His silver shield, now idle masterless;
 His poynant spear, that many made to bleed,
 The rueful moniments of heaviness,
 And with them all departs, to tell his great distress.

XX.

He had not travell'd long, when on the way
 He woeful Lady (woeful *Una*) met,
 Fast flying from the Paynims greedy prey,
 Whilst *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signs that deadly tidings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
 And lively breath her sad breast did forsake,
 Yet might her pitious heart be seen to pant and quake.

XXI.

The messenger of so unhappy news,
 Would fain have dy'd: dead was his heart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shews:
 At last recovering heart, he does begin
 To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And every tender part does tofs and turn:
 So hardly he the flitted life does win,
 Unto her native prison to retourn:
 Then 'gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourn.

XXII.

Ye dreary instruments of doleful sight,
 That do this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why do ye longer feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
 Sith cruel fates the careful threads unfold,
 The which my life and love together tide?
 Now let the stony dart of senseless cold
 Pierce to my heart, and pass through every side,
 And let eternal night so sad sight from me hide.

XXIII.

O lightsome Day, the lamp of highest *Jove*,
 First made by him, mens wandring ways to guide,
 When darkness he in deepest dungeon drove,
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,
 And shut up heavens windows shining wide:
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abide.
 Mine eyes no more on vanity shall feed,
 But sealed up with death, shall have their deadly meed.

XXIV.

Then down again she fell unto the ground;
 But he her quickly reared up again:
 Thrice did she sink adown in deadly swoond,
 And thrice he her reviv'd with busie pain:
 At last, when life recover'd had the rein,
 And over wrestled his strong enemy,
 With soltring tongue, and trembling every vein,
 Tell on (quoth she) the woeful tragedy,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV.

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow thrown his utmost dart;
 Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
 Than that I feel and harbour in mine heart:
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound
 That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
 If less than that I fear, more favour I have found.

XXVI.

Then 'gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare,
 The subtile trains of *Archimago* old;
 The warton loves of false *Fidessa* fair,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
 The wretched pair transform'd to treen mold;
 The house of pride, and perils round about;
 The combat, which he with *Sans-joy* did hold;
 The luckless conflict with the Giant stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
 And strove to master sorrowful assay:
 Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender heart in tway;
 And love fresh coals unto her fire did lay:
 For greater love, the greater is the loss.
 Was never Lady loved dearer day,
 Than she did love the Knight of the *Redcross*;
 For whose dear sake so many troubles her did toss.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow flaked was,
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pass,
 All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd:
 And evermore in constant careful mind
 She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
 Long tost with storms, and beat with bitter wind,
 High over hills, and low adown the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

XXIX.

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
 A goodly Knight, fair marching by the way
 Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray,
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
 Athwart his breast a bauldrick brave he ware, [rare.
 That shin'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious

XXX.

And in the midst thereof, one precious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might;
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
 Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
 In ivory sheath, ycarv'd with curious flights;
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother-pearl, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightness, and great terror bred;
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedy paws, and over all did spread
 His golden wings: his dreadful hideous head
 Close couched on the bever, seem'd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
 That suddain horror to faint hearts did show;
 And scaly tail was stretcht adown his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
 A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversly,
 With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted high
 On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath, that under heaven is blown.

XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
 Nor made of steel, nor of enduring brass,
 Such earthly metals soon consumed been:
 But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
 It framed was, one massie entire mould,
 Hew'n out of adamant rock with engines keen,
 That point of spear it never piercen could,
 Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
 For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
 That *Phabus* golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay;
 And silver *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,
 As when her face is stain'd with magick arts constraint.

XXXV.

No magick arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody words of bold Enchanters call;
 But all that was not such as seem'd in fight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddain fall:
 And when him list the rascal routs appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder looks subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hew.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seem, that credence this exceeds:
 For he that made the same, was known right well
 To have done much more admirable deeds.
 It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excel
 All living wights in might of magick spell:
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to arms he fell;
 But when he dy'd, the fairy Queen it brought
 To fairy land, where yet it may be seen, if sought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved Squire,
 His spear of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmful head, thrice heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a breast with pikehead square;
 A goodly person, and could menage fair
 His stubborn steed with curbed canon bit,
 Who under him did trample as the air,
 And chaust, that any on his back should sit;
 The iron rowels into frothy foame he bit.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With lovely court he 'gan her entertain;
 But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distrain:
 Which to allay, and calm her storming pain,
 Fair feeling words he wisely 'gan display,
 And for her humour fitting purpose fain,
 To tempt the cause it self for to bewray:
 Wherewith enmov'd, these bleeding words she 'gan to say.

XXXIX.

What worlds delight, or joy of living speech
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrows deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
 The careful cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his iron arrow steep,
 Soon as I think upon my bitter bale:
 Such helpless harms it's better hidden keep,
 Than rip up grief, where it may not avail,
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weep and wail.

XL.

Ah Lady dear, quoth then the gentle Knight,
 Well may I ween, your grief is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great grief groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I hear you of your sorrows treat.
 But woeful Lady, let me you intreat,
 For to unfold the anguish of your heart:
 Mishaps are mastred by advice discreet,
 And counsel mitigates the greatest smart;
 Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.

XLI.

O! but (quoth she) great grief will not be told,
 And can more easily be thought, than said.
 Right so (quoth he) but he, that never would,
 Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.
 But grief (quoth she) does greater grow displaid
 If then it find not help, and breeds despair.
 Despair breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does pair.
 Flesh may impair (quoth he) but reason can repair.

XLII.

His goodly reason, and well guided speech,
 So deep did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her persuaded to disclose the breach,
 Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,
 And said; fair Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquire the secrets of my grief,
 Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowess can me yield relief:
 Then hear the story sad, which I shall tell you brief.

XLIII.

The forlorn maiden, whom your eyes have seen
 The laughing stock of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th' only daughter of a King and Queen,
 Whose parents dear, whilst equal destinies
 Did run about, and their felicities
 The favourable heavens did not envy,
 Did spread their rule through all the territories
 Which *Pbison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gebons* golden waves do wash continually ;

XLIV.

Till that their cruel cursed enemy,
 An huge great dragon horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
 With murderous ravine, and devouring might
 Their Kingdom spoil'd, and countrey wasted quight:
 Themselves, for fear into his jaws to fall,
 He forc't to castle strong to take their flight,
 Where fast embar'd in mighty brazen wall,
 He has them now four years besieg'd to make them thrall.

XLIV.

Full many Knights adventurous and stout,
 Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdew ;
 From every coast that heaven walks about,
 Have thither come the noble martial crew,
 That famous hard atchievements still pursue,
 Yet never any could that girlond win,
 But all still shrunk, and still he greater grew :
 All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pitious prey of his fierce cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

And last, yled with far reported praise,
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spread,
 Of doughty Knights, whom Fairy land did raise,
 That noble order hight of maidenhead,
 Forthwith to court of *Gloriane* I sped ;
 Of *Gloriane*, great Queen of glory bright,
 Whose Kingdoms seat *Cheopolis* is read,
 There to obtain some such redoubted Knight,
 That parents dear from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII.

It was my chance (my chance was fair and good)
 There for to find a fresh unproved Knight,
 Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood
 Had never been, ne ever by his might
 Had thrown to ground the unregarded right:
 Yet of his prowess, proof he since hath made
 (I witness am) in many a cruel fight;
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaid
 Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

And ye the forlorn reliques of his powre,
 His biting sword and his devouring spear,
 Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,
 Can speak his prowess, that did earst you bear,
 And well could rule: now he hath left you here,
 To be the record of his rueful loss,
 And of my doleful disadventurous dreare;
 O! heavy record of the good *Redcross*,
 Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you tosse?

XLIX.

Well hoped I, and fair beginnings had,
 That he my captive langour should redeem,
 Till all unweeting, an Enchanter bad
 His sense abus'd, and made him to misdeem
 My loyalty, not such as it did seem;
 That rather death desire, than such despight:
 Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteem,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L.

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forlook,
 To wander where wild fortune would me lead,
 And other by-ways he himself betook,
 Where never foot of living wight did tread,
 That brought not back the baleful body dead;
 In which him chanced false *Dueffa* meet,
 Mine only foe, mine only deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeet.

LI.

At last, by subtil sleights she him betraid
 Unto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
 Who him, disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
 Unwares surpris'd, and with mighty mall
 The monster merciless him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never foe before behold;
 And now in darkeſom dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedileſs, for aye he doth him hold;
 This is my cauſe of grief, more great than may be told.

LII.

Ere ſhe had ended all, ſhe 'gan to faint:
 But he her comforted and fair beſpake,
 Certes, Madam, ye have great cauſe of plaint,
 That ſtouteſt heart, I ween, could cauſe to quake.
 But be of chear, and comfort to you take.
 For, till I have acquit your captive Knight,
 Aſſure your ſelf, I will you not forſake.
 His chearful words reviv'd her chearleſs ſpright:
 So forth they went, the Dwarf them guiding ever right.

C A N T O VIII.

*Fair Virgin, to redeem her dear,
 Brings Arthur to the fight:
 Who ſlayes the Giant, wounds the beaſt,
 And ſtrips Dueſſa quight.*

I.

AY me! how many perils do enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And ſtedfaſt truth acquit him out of all.
 Her love is firm, her care continual,
 So oft as he, through his own fooliſh pride,
 Or weakneſs, is to ſinful bands made thrall:
 Elſe ſhould this *Redcroſs* Knight in bands have dide.
 For whoſe deliverance ſhe this Prince doth thither guide:

II.

They sadly travel'd thus, until they came,
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and high :
 Then cry'd the Dwarf, lo, yonder is the same,
 In which my Lord my liege doth luckless lie,
 Thrall to that Giants hateful tyranny :
 Therefore, dear Sir, your mighty powres assay,
 The noble Knight alighted by and by
 From lofty steed, and bade the Lady stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

III.

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,
 He marched forth towards that castle wall ;
 Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
 To warde the same, nor answer commers call.
 Then took that Squire an horn of bugle small,
 Which hung adown his side in twisted gold,
 And tassels gay. Wide wonders over all
 Of that same horns great vertues weren told,
 Which had approved been in uses manifold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
 But trembling fear did feel in every vein ;
 Three miles it might be easie heard around,
 And Ecchoes three answerd it self again :
 No false enchantment, nor deceitful train
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vain ;
 No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
 But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V.

The same before the Giants gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,
 And every door of free-will open flew.
 The Giant self dismayed with that sound
 (Where he with his *Duess*a dalliance found)
 In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring count'nance stern, as one astound,
 And staggering steps, to weet what suddain stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
 [powre.

VI.

And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
 High mounted on her many-headed beast,
 And every Head with fiery tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruel feast.
 That when the Knight beheld his mighty shield
 Upon his manly arm he soon addrest,
 And at him fiercely flew, with courage filld,
 And eager greediness through every member thrilld.

VII.

Therewith the Giant buckled him to fight,
 Inflam'd with scornful wrath and high disdain:
 And lifting up his dreadful club on height,
 All arm'd with ragged snubs and knotty grain,
 Him thought at first encountred to have slain.
 But wise and wary was that noble peer,
 And lightly leaping from so monstrous main,
 Did fair avoid the violence him nere;
 It bootéd nought, to think such thunderbolts to bear :

VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shun so hideous might.
 The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the mark of his misaymed sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway,
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
 The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
 Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,
 And trembling with strange fear, did like an earthquake show:

IX.

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood,
 To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
 Hurls forth his thundring dart with deadly feud,
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment;
 Through riven clouds and molten firmament,
 The fierce threeforked engine making way,
 Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay :

X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
 He could not rearen up again so light,
 But that the Knight him at advantage found :
 And whiles he strove his cumbred club to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smote off his left arm, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might ;
 Large streams of blood out of the trunked stock
 Fourth gushed, like fresh water stream from riven rock.

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted pain,
 He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling sound,
 That all the fields rebellowed again ;
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plain
 An herd of bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Do for the milky mothers want complain,
 And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

XII.

That when his dear *Duessja* heard, and saw
 The evil stound that dangerd her estate,
 Unto his aid she hastily did draw
 Her dreadful beast ; who swoln with blood of late,
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gait,
 And threatened all his heads like flaming brands.
 But him the Squire made quickly to retreat,
 Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwark stand.

XIII.

The proud *Duessja* full of wrathful spight,
 And fierce disdain to be affronted so,
 Enforct her purple beast with all her might
 That stop out of the way to overthrow,
 Scorning the let of so unequal foe :
 But nathemore would that courageous swain
 To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to go,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restrain,
 And with his body bar'd the way atwixt them twain.

XIV.

Then took the angry Witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick arts;
 Death and despair did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inward parts,
 Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts;
 Which, after charms and some enchantments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
 Therewith his sturdy courage soon was quaid,
 And all his senses were with suddain dread dismay'd.

XV.

So down he fell before the cruel beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting breast:
 No powre he had to stir, nor will to rise.
 That when the careful Knight 'gan well avise,
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
 And to the beast 'gan turn his enterprize;
 For, wondrous anguish in his heart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squire into such thraldom brought.

XVI.

And high advancing his blood-thirsty blade,
 Strook one of those deformed heads so fore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made;
 His monstrous scalp down to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshaped more:
 A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments stain'd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field around;
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

XVII.

Thereat he roared for exceeding pain,
 That to have heard, great horror would have bred
 And scourging th' empty air with his long train,
 Through great impatience of his grieved head,
 His gorgeous rider from her lofty sted
 Would have cast down and trod in dirty mire,
 Had not the Giant soon her succoured;
 Who all enrag'd with smart and frantick ire,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the Knight retire.

XVIII.

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong than both were erst;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
 That strongest Oak might seem to overthrow:
 The stroke upon his shield so heavy lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low.
 What mortal wight could ever bear so monstrous blow?

XIX.

And in his fall, his shield that cover'd was,
 Did loose his veil by chance, and open flew:
 The light whereof, that heavens light did pass,
 Such blazing brightness through the ayër threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to view.
 Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,
 He down let fall his arm, and soft with-drew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on high
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitful-headed beast, amaz'd
 At flashing beams of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses daz'd,
 That down he tumbled on the dirty field,
 And seem'd himself as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his mistress proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintness reel'd,
 Unto the Giant loudly she 'gan call,
 O help *Orgoglio*, help, or else we perish all.

XXI.

At her so pitious cry was much amov'd
 Her champion stout, and for to ayd his friend,
 Again his wonted angry weapon prov'd;
 But all in vain: for he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselves in vain: for, since that glauncing fight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
 As, where th' Almighty's lightning brond does light,
 It dims the dazed eye, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII.

Whom when the Prince to battle new addrest,
And threatning high his dreadful stroke did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That down he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose heart-strings with keen steel nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunk half rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

XXIII.

Or as a castle reared high and round,
By subtle engines and malicious flight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forct, and feebled quight,
At last down falls, and with her heaped height
Her hasty ruine does more heavy make,
And yields itself unto the victors might;
Such was this Giants fall, that seem'd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for fear did quake.

XXIV.

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the prey,
With mortal steel him smote again so sore,
That headless his unwieldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his own foul bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store;
But soon as breath out of his breast did pass,
That huge great body which the Giant bore,
Was vanish quite, and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false *Duessa* spide,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;
Such piercing grief her stubborn heart did wound,
That she could not endure that doleful stound,
But leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turn'd around;
And by hard means enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved prey.

XXVI.

The royal virgin, which beheld from far,
 In pensive plight, and sad perplexity,
 The whole achievement of this doubtful war,
 Came running fast to greet his victory,
 With sober gladness, and mild modesty,
 And with sweet joyous cheer him thus bespake;
 Fair branch of nobles, flowre of chevalry,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the pains ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII.

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths door,
 What hath poor virgin, for such peril past,
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple self, and service evermore;
 And he that high does sit, and all things see
 With equal eyes, their merits to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for me,
 And what I cannot quite, requite with usury.

XXVIII.

But sith the heavens, and your fair handling,
 Have made you master of the field this day,
 Your fortune master eke with governing,
 And well begun, end all so well, I pray,
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away:
 For she it is that did my Lord bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,
 Where he his better days hath wasted all.
 O hear, how pitious he to you for aid does call.

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
 That scarlet whore to keepeen carefully;
 Whiles he himself with greedy great desire
 Into the castle entred forcibly;
 Where living creature none he did espy.
 Then 'gan he loudly through the house to call:
 But no man car'd to answer to his cry.
 There reign'd a solemn silence over all,
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bowre or hall.

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
 And guide his weary gait both to and fro,
 For his eye sight him failed long ygo :
 And on his arm a bounch of keys he bore,
 The which unused, rust did overgrow :
 Those were the keys of every inner door,
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
 How he did fashion his untoward pace :
 For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face ;
 Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the ancient keeper of that place,
 And foster-father of the Giant dead ;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

XXXII.

His reverend hairs and holy gravity
 The Knight much honour'd, as becom'd well,
 And gently askt, where all the people be,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell,
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Again he askt, where that same Knight was laid,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissance fell
 Had made his captive thrall ; again he said,
 He could not tell : ne ever other answer made.

XXXIII.

Then asked he, which way he in might pass :
 He could not tell, again he answered.
 Thereat the courteous Knight displeased was,
 And said, Old fire, it seems thou hast not read
 How ill it fits with that same silver head
 In vain to mock, or mockt in vain to be :
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrayed
 With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
 Aread in graver wise, what I demand of thee.

XXXIV.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
 Whose senseless speech, and doted ignorance
 Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance;
 Then to him stepping, from his arm did reach
 Those keys, and made himself free enterance.
 Each door he opened without any breach;
 There was no bar to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich array'd he found,
 With royal arras, and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold:
 But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
 With blood of guiltless babes, and innocents true,
 Which there were slain, as sheep out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadful was to view,
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
 On which true christians blood was often spilt,
 And holy martyrs often doen to dye,
 With cruel malice and strong tyranny:
 Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cry'd continually,
 And with great grief were often heard to groane,
 That hardest heart would bleed, to hear their pitious moene.

XXXVII.

Through every room he sought, and every bowre,
 But no where could he find that woeful thrall:
 At last he came unto an iron door,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not all
 Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call
 With all his powre, to weet if living wight
 Were housed there within, whom he enlarge might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voice
These pitious plaints and dolours did resound ;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that here I ye dying every fount,
Yet live perforce in baleful darkness bound ?
For now three moons have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearful face did view :
O welcome thou, that dost of death bring tidings true.

XXXIX.

Which when that champion heard, with piercing point
Of pity dear his heart was thrilled fore,
And trembling horror ran through every joint,
For ruth of gentle Knight so foul forlore :
Which shaking off, he rent that iron door,
With furious force, and indignation fell ;
Where entred in, his foot could find no floor,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful smell.

XL.

But neither darkness foul nor filthy bands,
Nor noxious smell his purpose could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer bands)
But that with constant zeal, and courage bold,
After long pains and labours manifold,
He found the means that prisoner up to rear ;
Whose feeble thighs unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could bear.
A rueful spectacle of death and ghastly drear.

XLI.

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sun to view ;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their due,
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue ;
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets hew,
Were clean consum'd, and all his vital powres
Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk up like withered flowres.

XLII.

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty joy : to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho when her Well of tears she wasted had,
 She said, Ah dearest Lord, what evil star
 On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his influence bad,
 That of yourself ye thus berobbed are,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth mar.

XLIII.

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day ;
 And fie on fortune mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathful wreaks themselves do now alay,
 And for these wrongs shall treble penance pay
 Of treble good : good grows of evils prief.
 The cheerless man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grief ;
 His long endured famine needed more relief.

XLIV.

Fair Lady, then said that victorious Knight,
 The things that grievous were to do, or bear,
 Them to renew, I wot, breeds no delight ;
 Best musick breeds dislike in loathing ear :
 But th'only good that grows of passed fear,
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agen.
 This days ensample hath this lesson dear
 Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
 " That blifs may not abide in state of mortal men.

XLV.

I lenceforth sir Knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And master these mishaps with patient might ;
 Lo where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length ;
 And lo that wicked woman in your sight,
 The root of all your care, and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live or dye.
 To do her dye (quoth *Una*) were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weak an enemy ;
 But spoil her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly.

XLVI.

So, as she bade, that Witch they disarray'd,
 And robb'd of royal robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were display'd;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then when they had despoyl'd her tire and call,
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
 That her mishapen parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favour'd, old,
 Whose secret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And (as in hate of honourable eld)
 Was over-grown with scurf and filthy scald;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gums were feld,
 And her sowre breath abominably smeld;
 Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
 Hung down, and filthy matter from them weld;
 Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would have loath'd all woman-kind.

XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster muse for shame doth blush to write:
 But at her rump she growing had behind
 A foxes tail, with dung all fouly dight;
 And eke her feet most monstrous were in fight;
 For one of them was like an eagles claw,
 With griping talons arm'd to greedy fight,
 The other like a bears uneven paw:
 More ugly shape, yet never living creature saw.

XLIX.

Which when the Knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
 And wonderd at so foul deformed wight.
 Such then (said Una) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood, such the fight
 Of foul *Duess*, when her borrowd light
 Is laid away, and counterfeits known.
 Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open shown,
 They let her go at will, and wander ways unknown.

L.

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
 And from the world that her discover'd wide,
 Fled to the wastful wilderness apace,
 From living eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide,
 But that fair crew of Knights, and *Una* fair,
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest themselves, and weary powres repair,
 Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.

C A N T O IX.

*His loves and lineage Arthur tells,
 The Knights knit friendly bands:
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despair,
 Whom Redcross Knight withstands,*

I.

O goodly golden chain, wherewith yfere,
 The vertues linked are in lovely wise;
 And noble minds of yore allied were,
 In brave pursuit of chevalrous emprise,
 That none did others safety despise,
 Nor aid envy to him in need that stands,
 But friendly each did others praise devise
 How to advance with favourable hands,
 As this good Prince redeem'd the *Redcross* Knight from bands.

II.

Who when their powres empair'd through labour long,
 With due repast they had recured well,
 And that weak captive wight now waxed strong,
 Them list no longer there at leisure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
 But ere they parted, *Una* fair besought
 That stranger Knight his name and nation tell;
 Lest so great good as he for her had wrought,
 Should die unknown, and buried be in thankless thought.

III.

Fair Virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
 A thing without the compass of my wit:
 For both the lineage and the certain Sire
 From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.
 For all so soon as life did me admit
 Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
 And straight deliver'd to a Fairy Knight,
 To be upbrought in gentle chews and martial might.

IV.

Unto old *Timon* he me brought bylive,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthful years hath been
 In warlike feats th' expertest man alive,
 And is the wisest now on earth I ween;
 His dwelling is low in a valley green,
 Under the foot of *Rauran* mossie hore,
 From whence the river *Dee* as silver clean
 His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore:
 There all my days he train'd me up in vertuous lore.

V.

Thither the great magician *Merlin* came,
 As was his use, oft-times to visit me:
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And tutors nouriture to oversee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
 Of what loyns and what lineage I did spring:
 Whose answer bade me still assured be,
 That I was son and heir unto a King.
 As time in her just term the truth to light should bring.

VI.

Well worthy imp, said then the Lady gent,
 And pupil fit for such a tutors hand,
 But what adventure, or what high intent
 Hath brought you higher into Fairy land,
 Aread, Prince *Arthur*, crown of martial band?
 Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th' eternal might,
 That rules mens ways, and rules th' thoughts of living wight.

VII.

For whether he through fatal deep foresight
 Me hither sent, for cause to me unghost,
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whitome doth rankle in my riven breast,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by ways yet never found,
 You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.
 Ah courteous Knight (quoth she) what secret wound
 Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest heart on ground?

VIII.

Dear Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparks awake,
 Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
 Ne never will their fervent fury flake,
 Till living moisture into smoak do flow,
 And wasted life do lie in ashes low.
 Yet sithence silence lesseneth not my fire
 (But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glow)
 I will reveal what ye so much desire:
 Ah Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX.

It was in freshest flowre of youthful years,
 When courage first does creep in manly chest,
 Then first the coal of kindly heat appears
 To kindle love in every living breast;
 But me had warn'd old *Timon's* wife behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
 Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 As miserable lovers use to rue,
 Which still wex old in woe, while woe still wexeth new.

X.

That idle name of love, and lovers life,
 As loss of time, and virtues enemy
 I ever scorn'd, and joy'd to stir up strife,
 In midst of their mournful tragedy,
 Ay wot to laugh, when them I heard to cry;
 And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
 Their God himself griev'd at my liberty,
 Shot many a dart at me with fierce intent,
 But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

But all in vain : no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly breast can armed be so sound,
But will at last be won with battery long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found ;
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground :
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauties chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disadvantageous fight,
And yield his captive neck to victors most despight.

XII.

Ensamble make of him your hapless joy,
And of my self now mated, as ye see :
Whose prouder vaunt, that proud avenging boy
Did soon pluck down, and curb'd my liberty,
For on a day, prickt forth with jollity
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

For wearied with my sports, I did alight
From lofty steed, and down to sleep me laid ;
The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fair display'd :
While every sense the humour sweet embay'd,
And slumbring soft my heart did steal away,
Me seemed by my side a royal maid
Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay :
So fair a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bade me love her dear ;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appear.
But whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never heart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever hear,
As she to me deliver'd all that night ;
And at her parting said, she Queen of Faeries hight.

XV.

When I awoke, and found her place devold,
 And nought but pressed grass where she had lye,
 I sorrow'd all so much, as earst I joy'd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 From that day forth, I lov'd that face divine;
 From that day forth I cast in careful mind,
 To seek her out with labour and long time,
 And never vow to rest, till her I find,
 Nine months I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

XVI.

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
 And change of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yet still he strove to cloak his inward bale,
 And hide the smoak that did his fire display,
 Till gentle *Una* thus to him 'gan say,
 O happy Queen of Faries, that hast found
 Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound;
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

XVII.

Thine, O then said the gentle *Redcrosse* Knight,
 Next to that Ladies love shall be the place,
 O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in mine extreamest case.
 And you my Lord, the patron of my life,
 Of that great Queen may well gain worthy grace:
 For, only worthy you, through prowess prief
 If living man mote worthy be, to be her lief.

XVIII.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden sun his glistring head 'gan shew,
 And sad remembrance now the Prince amoves,
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
 Als *Una* earn'd her travel to renew.
 Then those two Knights, fast friendship for to bind,
 And love establish each to other true,
 Gave goodly gifts, the signs of grateful mind,
 And eke the pledges firm, right hands together joya'd.

XIX.

Prince *Arthur* gave a box of diamond fure,
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wound could heal incontinent:
 Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* Knight him gave
 A book wherein his Saviour's testament
 Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
 A work of wondrous grace, and able souls to save.

XX.

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seek his love, and th'other for to fight
 With *Una's* foe, that all her realm did prey.
 But she now weighing the decayed plight,
 And shrunken sinews of her chosen Knight,
 Would not awhile her forward course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
 Till he recover'd had his former hew:
 For him to be yet weak and weary well she knew.

XXI.

So as they travell'd, lo they 'gan espie
 An armed Knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to flie,
 Or other grievly thing that him aghast.
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his fear still follow'd him behind;
 Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
 And with his winged heels did tread the wind,
 As he had been a foal of *Pegasus* his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
 To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombed hairs
 Upstaring stiff, dismay'd with uncouth dread;
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
 Nor life in limb: and to increase his fears,
 In foul reproach of Knighthoods fair degree,
 About his neck a hempen rope he wears,
 That with his gliftring arms does ill agree;
 But he of rope or arms has now no memory.

XXIII.

The *Redcross* Knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismay'd :
 There him he finds all senseless and aghast,
 That of himself he seem'd to be afraid ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward staid,
 Till he these words to him deliver might :
 Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight :
 For never Knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

XXIV.

He answer'd nought at all ; but adding new
 Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and heartless hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had espy'd,
 Internal furies, with their chains unty'd.
 Him yet again, and yet again bespake
 The gentle Knight ; who nought to him reply'd,
 But trembling every joynt did inly quake, [shake.
 And foltring tongue at last these words seem'd forth to

XXV.

For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay ;
 For lo, he comes, he comes fast after me.
 Eft looking back, would fain have run away ;
 But he him forct to stay, and tellen free
 The secret cause of his perplexity :
 Yet nathemore by his bold hearty speech,
 Could his blood-frozen heart emboldned be :
 But through his boldness rather fear did reach :
 Yet forct, at last he made through silence suddain breach.

XXVI.

And am I now in safety sure (quoth he)
 From him that would have forced me to dye ?
 And is the point of death now turn'd from me,
 That I may tell this hapless history ?
 Fear nought (quoth he) no danger now is nigh,
 Then shall I you recount a rueful case
 (Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace
 Me rest from it, had been partaker of the place.

XXVII.

I lately chaunc't (would I had never chaunc't)
 With a fair Knight to keepe compace,
 Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himself advaunc't
 In all affairs, and was both bold and free,
 But not so happy as mote happy be:
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
 That him again lov'd in the least degree:
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joy'd to see her Lover languish and lament.

XXVIII.

From whom returning sad and comfortless,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villain (God from him me bless)
 That curst wight, from whom I scapt whylear,
 A man of hell, that calls himself *Despair*:
 Who first us greets, and after fair areeds
 Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weeds,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our Knightly deeds.

XXIX.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting grief,
 Which love had launced with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words and terms of foul reproof,
 He pluckt from us all hope of due relief,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life;
 Then hopeless, heartless, 'gan the cunning thief
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

XXX.

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That woeful Lover, loathing longer light,
 A wide way made to let forth living breath.
 But I more fearful, or more lucky wight,
 Dismay'd with that deformed dismal sight,
 Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear:
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may bear:
 But God you never let his charmed speeches hear.

XXXI.

How may a man (said he) with idle speech
 Be won to spoyle the castle of his health?
 I wote (quoth he) whom tryal late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth,
 His subtile tongue, like dropping honey, melt'ch
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vein.
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is rest, and weakness doth remain;
 O! never sir desire to try his guileful train.

XXXII.

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
 Till I that treachours art have heard and tride;
 And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
 I that hight *Trevisan* (quoth he) will ride
 (Against my liking) back to do you grace;
 But not for gold nor gles will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
 For liefer had I dye, than see his deadly face.

XXXIII.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
 On top whereof ay dwelt the gastly Owl,
 Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
 Far from that haust all other chearful fowl;
 And all about it wandring ghosts did wail and howl.

XXXIV.

And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
 On which had many wretches hanged been,
 Whose carcases were scattred on the green,
 And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there,
 That bare-head Knight, for dread and doleful teen,
 Would fain have fled, ne durst approchen near:
 But th' other forct him stay, and comforted in fear.

XXXV.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his fullen mind;
 His grievous locks, long grown, and unbound,
 Disordred hung about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face; through which his hollow eyes
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
 His rawbone cheeks, through penury and pine,
 Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

XXXVI.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
 And him beside there lay upon the grass
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
 All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII.

Which pitious spectacle, approving true
 The woeful tale that *Trevisan* had told,
 Whenas the gentle *Redcross* Knight did view,
 With fire zeal he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
 And to the villain said, thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in fight.

XXXVIII.

What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
 What justice ever other judgment taught,
 But he should dye, who merits not to live?
 None else to death this man despairing drive,
 But his own guilty mind deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his due to give?
 Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
 Or let him dye at ease, that liveth here unceath?

XXXIX.

Who travels by the weary wandering way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to help him overpast,
 Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
 Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

XL.

He there does now enjoy eternal rest
 And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 What if some little pain the passage have,
 That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
 Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
 And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
 Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
 Ease after war, death after life does greatly please.

XLI.

The Knight much wondred at his suddain wit,
 And said, the term of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
 The Souldier may not move from watchful sted,
 Nor leave his stand, until his Captain bed.
 Who life did limit by almighty doom
 (Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
 And he that points the Centinel his room,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

XLII.

Is not his deed, what ever thing is done,
 In heaven and earth? did not he all create
 To dye again? all ends that was begun.
 Their times in his eternal book of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certain date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessity,
 That holds the world in his still changing state,
 Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
 When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

XLIII.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin ;
 The greater sin, the greater punishment :
 All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
 Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent :
 For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
 Is not enough thy evil life forespent ?
 For he that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

XLIV.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
 But here lye down, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
 For what hath life, that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake ;
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
 All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

XLV.

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state :
 For never Knight that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless disaventures did amate :
 Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
 Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call ;
 And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen fall.

XLVI.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
 To draw thy days forth to their last degree ?
 Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquity,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee ?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury,
 And sold thyself to serve *Duess*a vild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy self defil'd ?

XLVII.

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impiety?
 Is not his law, let every sinner dye:
 Dye shall all flesh? what then must needs be done,
 Is it not better to die willingly,
 Than linger till the glass be all out-run?
 Death is the end of woes: dye soon, O Fairies son.

XLVIII.

The Knight was much enmowed with his speech,
 That as a sword's point through his heart did pierce,
 And in his conscience made a secret breach,
 Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
 And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
 The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with enchanted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement, when the miscreant
 Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
 And hellish anguish did his soul assail;
 To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
 He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
 The damned ghosts that do in torments wail,
 And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

L.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismay'd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
 Than 'gan the villain him to overcrow,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw;
 And bade him chuse what death he would desire:
 For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

LI.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
 And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leaf of Aspin green,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
 To come and go with tydings from the heart,
 As it a running messenger had been.
 At last, resolv'd to work his final smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

LII.

Which whenas *Una* saw, through every vein
 The crudled cold ran to her Well of life,
 As in a swoon : but soon reliev'd again,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,
 And to him said, fie, fie faint hearted Knight,
 What meanest thou by this reproachful strife ?
 Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

LIII.

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
 Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art ?
 Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface :
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the carl beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not work himself thereby ;
 For thousand times he so himself had drest,
 Yet natheless it could not do him dye,
 Till he should dye his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

*Her faithful Knight fair Una brings
To house of Holiness;
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to Heavenly blest.*

I.

WHat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned, *Una* saw
That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weak and raw,
Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

There was an ancient house not far away,
Renown'd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well they say
It govern'd was, and guided evermore
Through wisdom of a matron grave and hore;
Whose only joy was to relieve the needs
Of wretched souls, and help the helpless poor;
All night she spent in bidding of her beads,
And all the day in doing good and godly deeds.

IV.

Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
 The mother of three daughters well up-brought
 In goodly thews, and godly exercise:
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
 Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But fair *Charissa* to a lovely fere
 Was linked, and by him had many pledges dear.

V.

Arrived there, the door they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For fear of many foes: but when they knockt,
 The porter open'd unto them straightway:
 He was an aged Sire all hory gray,
 With looks full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Wont on a staff his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight *Humilta*. They pass in stooping low;
 For straight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
 But entred in a spacious court they see,
 Both plain, and pleasant to be walked in,
 Where them does meet a Franklin fair and free,
 And entertains with comely courteous glee,
 His name was *Zeale*, that him right well became;
 For in his speeches and behaviour he
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

VII.

There fairly them receives a gentle Squire,
 Of mild demeanure, and rare courtesie,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
 In word and deed that shew'd great modesty,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight *Reverence*. He them with speeches meet
 Does fair intreat; no courting nicety,
 But simple true, and eke unfeigned sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leads,
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place :
 Who all this while was busie at her beads :
 Which doen, she up arose with seemly grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest *Una* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

IX.

And her embracing said, O happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread,
 Most virtuous virgin, born of heavenly birth,
 That to redeem thy woeful parents head,
 From tyrants rage, and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day ;
 Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way ?
 Or doest thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X.

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other wight,
 That hither turns his steps. So few there be
 That chuse the narrow path, or seek the right :
 All keep the broad high-way, and take delight
 With many rather for to go astray,
 And be partakers of their evil plight,
 Than with a few to walk the rightest way ;
 O foolish men ! why haste ye to your own decay ?

XI.

Thyself to see, and tired limbs to rest,
 O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
 And this good Knight his way with me addrest,
 Led with thy praises and broad blazed fame,
 That up to heaven is blown. The ancient Dame,
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
 And entertaind them both, as best became,
 With all the court'ies that she could devise,
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII.

Thus as they 'gan of sundry things devise,
 Lo two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise,
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps, and equal pace:
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
 Like sunny beams threw from her chrystel face,
 That could have daz'd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

XIII.

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild up to the height,
 In which a Serpent did himself enfold,
 That horror made to all that did behold;
 But she no whit did change her constant mood:
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A book, that was both sign'd and seald with blood,
 Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV.

Her younger sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well;
 Not all so chearful seemed she of sight,
 As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell.
 Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
 And ever up to heaven as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV.

They seeing *Una*, towards her 'gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courtesie:
 Many kind speeches they between them spend,
 And greatly joy each other for to see:
 Then to the Knight with shamesact modesty
 They turn themselves, at *Una's* meek request,
 And him salute with well beseeming glee;
 Who fair them quites, as him beseemed best,
 And goodly 'gan discourse of many a noble guest.

XVI.

Then *Una* thus: but she your sister dear,
 The dear *Charissa*, where is she become?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:
 For she of late is lightned of her womb,
 And hath encreast the world with one son more,
 That her to see should be but troublesome.
 Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore:
 But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore.

XVII.

Then said the aged *Celia*, dear Dame,
 And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyl,
 And labours long, through which ye hither came,
 Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while
 I read you rest, and to your bowtes recoyl.
 Then called she a Groom, that forth him led
 Into a goodly lodge, and 'gan despoyl
 Of puissant arms, and laid in easie bed;
 His name was meek *Obedience* rightfully-ared.

XVIII.

Now when their weary limbs with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with due-repast,
 Fair *Una* 'gan *Fidelia* fair request
 To have her Knight into her school-house plact,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And hear the wisdom of her words divine.
 She granted, and that Knight so much agract,
 That she him taught celestial discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX.

And that her sacred book, with blood ywrit,
 That none could read, except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whit,
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker wit of man could never reach,
 Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,
 That wonder was to hear her goodly speech:
 For she was able with her words to kill,
 And raise again to life the heart, that she did thrill.

XX.

And when she list pour out her larger spright,
 She would command the hasty sun to stay,
 Or backward turn his course from heavens height;
 Sometimes great hosts of men she could dismay:
 Dry-shod to pass, she parts the floods in tway;
 And eke huge mountains from their native seat
 She would command, themselves to bear away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
 Almighty God her gave such powre, and puissance great.

XXI.

The faithful Knight now grew in little space,
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he 'gan for to abhor,
 And mortal life 'gan loath, as thing forlore,
 Griev'd with remembrance of his wicked ways,
 And prickt with anguish of his sins so fore,
 That he desir'd to end his wretched days:
 So much the dart of sinful guilt the soul dismays.

XXII.

But wise *Speranza* gave him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
 Else had his sins so great and manifold,
 Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
 In this distressed doubtful agony,
 When him his dearest *Una* did behold,
 Disdaining life, desiring leave to dye,
 She found her self assaild with great perplexity;

XXIII.

And came to *Celia* to declare her smart:
 Who well acquainted with that common plight,
 Which sinful horror works in wounded heart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsel and advisement right:
 And straightway sent with careful diligence
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same; his name was *Patience*.

XXIV.

Who coming to that foul-diseased Knight,
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
 Which known, and all that noyd his heavy spright,
 Well searcht, estsoons he 'gan apply relief
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief,
 And thereto added words of wondrous might:
 By which, to ease he him recured brief,
 And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his pain endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption, and infected sin,
 Not purg'd nor heal'd, behind remained still,
 And festring sore did rankle yet within,
 Close creeping 'twixt the marrow and the skin.
 Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Down in a darksome lowly place, far in,
 Whereas he meant his corrosives t' apply,
 And with strict diet tame his stubborn malady.

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His dainty corse, proud humours to abate,
 And dieted with fasting every day,
 The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
 And made him pray both early and eke late:
 And ever as superfluous flesh did rot,
Amendment ready still at hand did wait,
 To pluck it out with pincers fiery hot,
 That soon in him was left no one corrupted jot.

XXVII.

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
 Was wont him once to disple every day:
 And sharp *Remorse* his heart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a Well did play;
 And sad *Repentance* used to embay
 His smarting body in salt water fore,
 The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at deaths dore.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so great,
 That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
 And rend his flesh and his own sinews eat,
 His own dear *Una* hearing evermore
 His rueful shrieks and groanings, often tore
 Her guiltless garments, and her golden hair,
 For pity of his pain and anguish fore,
 Yet all with patience wisely she did bear;
 For well she wist, his crime could else be never clear.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wise *Patience*,
 And true *Repentance*, they to *Una* brought:
 Who joyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearly kist, and fairly eke besought
 Himself to cherish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his careful breast.
 By this, *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitful nest;
 To her fair *Una* brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare;
 Full of great love: but *Cupid's* wanton snare
 As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;
 Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
 That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hung,
 Playing their sports that joyd her to behold;
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and young,
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemms and owches wondrous fair,
 Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
 And by her side there sate a gentle pair
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.

XXXII.

The Knight and *Una* entring, fair her greet,
 And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
 Who them requites with court'ies seeming meet,
 And entertains with friendly chearful mood.
 Then *Una* her besought to be so good,
 As in her vertuous rules to school her Knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood,
 In that sad house of *Penance*, where his spright
 Had past the pains of hell, and long enduring night.

XXXIII.

She was right joyous of her just request;
 And taking by the hand that Fairies son,
 Gan him instruct in every good behest
 Of love and righteousness, and well to done,
 And wrath and hatred warily to shun,
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
 And many souls in dolours had fordone:
 In which, when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
 An ancient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober looks her wisdom well discride:
 Her name was *Mercy*, well known over all,
 To be both gracious, and eke liberal:
 To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
 To lead aright, that he should never fall
 In all his ways through this wide world's wave,
 That mercy in the end his righteous soul might save.

XXXV.

The godly matrone by the hand him bears
 Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
 Scattered with bushy thorns, and ragged brears,
 Which still before him she remov'd away,
 That nothing might his ready passage stay;
 And ever when his feet encombred were,
 Or 'gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbear,
 As careful nurse her child from falling oft does rear.

XXXVI.

Eftsoons unto an holy hospital,

That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their days in doing godly thing :
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were traveling,
And one fate waiting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and poor.

XXXVII.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and government
As guardian and steward of the rest :
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging, unto all that came, and went :
Not unto such as could him feast again,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constrain :
Those for Gods sake his duty was to entertain.

XXXVIII.

The second was an Almner of the place :
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drink, a work of grace :
He feared not once himself to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoard for those, whom he did breed :
The grace of God he laid up still in store,
Which as a stock he left unto his feed ;
He had enough, what need him care for more ?
And had he less ; yet some he would give to the poor,

XXXIX.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity,
But cloathes meet to keep keen cold away,
And naked nature seemly to array,
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay ;
And if that no spare cloaths to give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
 Poor prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd.
 And captives to redeem with price of brasse,
 From Turks and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more than that, why they in bands were laid,
 And he that harrow'd hell with heavy stowre,
 The faulty souls from thence brought to his heavenly

XLI.

[bowre.

The fifth had charge, sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
 The feeble soul departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemly sort their corpes to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bridal bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appear, when he their souls shall save,
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods own mould,
 Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and burial done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
 And widows ayd, least they should be undone:
 In face of judgment he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be won their rightful causes down to tread:
 And when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrivèd was,
 The first and chieftest of the seven, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass:
 Where seeing *Mercy* that his steps up-bare,
 And always led; to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted in meek lowliness,
 And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
 For of their order she was patroness,
Albe Charissa were their chieftest foundereſs.

XLV.

There she awhile him stays, himself to rest,
 That to the rest more able he might be:
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly work of alms and charity,
 She him instructed with great industry;
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That from the first unto the last degree,
 His mortal Life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thenceforward, by that painful way they pass,
 Forth to an hill that was both steep and high;
 On-top whereof a sacred chapel was,
 And eke a little hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 No other worldly business did apply;
 His name was heavenly *Contemplation*:
 Of God and goodness was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
 For God he often saw from heavens height.
 All were his earthly eyes both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and pierceant was his spright,
 As Eagles eye, that can behold the sun.
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might;
 That his frail thighs nigh weary and fordone
 Gan fail; but by her help the top at last he wone.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed,
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an Oak half dead.
 Each bone might through his body well be read,
 And every sinew seen through his long fast:
 For nought he car'd his carcass long unfast,
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh, to keep his body low and chaste.

XLIX.

Who when these two approaching he espide,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forc't him lay his heavenly thoughts aside:
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the Knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore;
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

L.

What end (quoth she) should cause us take such pain,
 But that same end, which every living wight
 Should make his mark? high heaven to attain.
 Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glisteth bright
 With burning stars, and ever-living fire,
 Whereof the keys are to thy hand beight.
 By wise *Fidelia*? she doth thee require,
 To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

LI.

Thrice happy man, said then the father grave,
 Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shews the way, his sinful soul to save:
 Who better can the way to heaven ahead,
 Than thou thyself, that was both born and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
 Thou dost the prayers of the righteous feed
 Present before the majesty divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way
 That never yet was seen of Fairies son,
 That never leads the traveller astray;
 But after labours long, and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest, and endless bliss.
 But first, thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoyled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from frail infirmities.

LIII.

That done, he leads him to the highest mount,
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billows like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty days upon; where writ in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doom of death and baleful mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

LIV.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,
 Adorn'd with fruitful Olives all around,
 Is, as it were for endless memory
 Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,
 For ever with a flowry girlond crown'd:
 Or like that pleasant mount, that is for ay
 Through famous Poets verse each where renown'd,
 On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
 A little path that was both steep and long,
 Which to a goodly city led his view,
 Whose walls and towres were builded high and strong
 Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song:
 The city of the great King hight it well,
 Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
 And with great joy into that city wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his friend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and 'gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend,
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

LVII.

Fair Knight (quoth he) *Jerusalem* that is,
 The new *Jerusalem* that God has built,
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
 His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt,
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
 That for the sins of all the world was kilt:
 Now are they saints all in that city sam,
 More dear unto their God, than younglings to their dam.

LVIII.

Till now, said then the Knight, I weened well,
 That great *Cleopolis*, where I have been,
 In which that fairest *Fairy Queen* doth dwell
 The fairest city was, that might be seen;
 And that bright towre all built of chrystal clean,
Pantbea, seem'd the brightest thing that was:
 But now by proof all otherwise I ween;
 For, this great city, that does far surpass,
 And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of glass.

LIX.

Most true, then said the holy aged Man;
 Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly frame,
 The fairest piece, that eye beholden can:
 And well befits all Knights of noble name,
 That covet in th' immortal book of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraine Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon grant:
 For she is heavenly born, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX.

And thou fair imp, sprung out from *English* race,
 However now accounted Elfin's son,
 Well worthy dost thy service for her grace,
 To aid a virgin desolate foredone.
 But when thou famous victory hast wone,
 And high emongst all Knights hast hung thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

LXI.

Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
 To yonder same *Jerusalem* do bend,
 Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end:
 For thou emongst those saints, whom thou dost see,
 Shalt be a saint, and thine own nations friend
 And patron: thou *Saint George* shalt called be,
Saint George of merry *England*, the sign of victory.

LXII.

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
 How dare I think such glory to attain?
 These that have it attain'd, were in like case
 (Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like pain,
 But deeds of arms must I at last be fain,
 And Ladies love to leave, so dearly bought?
 What need of arms, where peace doth aye remain
 (Said he) and battles none are to be fought?
 As for loose Loves they're vain, and vanish into nought.

LXIII.

O! let me not (quoth he) then turn again
 Back to the world, whose joys so fruitless are;
 But let me here for aye in peace remain,
 Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.
 That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit
 Forgo that royal maids bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.

LXIV.

Then shall I soon (quoth he) so God me grace,
 Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
 And shortly back return unto this place,
 To walk this way in Pilgrims poor estate.
 But now areed, old father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me born of *English* blood,
 Whom all a Fairies son doen nominate?
 That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
 Sith to thee is unknown the cradle of thy brood.

LXV.

For well I wot, thou springst from ancient race
 Of *Saxon* Kings that have with mighty hand
 And many bloody battles fought in place,
 High rear'd their royal throne in *Britane* land,
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
 From thence a Fairy thee unweeting rest,
 There as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
 Such, men do changelings call, so chang'd by Fairies theft.

LXVI.

Thence she thee brought into this Fairy land,
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hide:
 Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond
 As he his toilsome team that way did guide,
 And brought thee up in Ploughmans state to bide,
 Wereof *Georgos* he thee gave to name;
 Till prick't with courage, and thy forces pride,
 To fairy court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
 And prove thy puissant arms, as seems thee best became.

LXVII.

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
 The many favours I with thee have found,
 That hast my name and nation read aright,
 And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
 This said, adown he looked to the ground,
 To have return'd: but dazed were his eyne
 Through passing brightness, which did quite confound
 His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.
 So dark are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

LXVIII.

At last, when~~as~~ himself he 'gan to find,
 To Una back he cast him to retire :
 Who him awaited still with pensive mind,
 Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good fire,
 He thence departing gave for his pains hire.
 So came to Una, who him joy'd to see;
 And after little rest, 'gan him desire,
 Of her adventure mindful for to be.
 So leave they take of Galia, and her daughters three.

C A N T O XI.

*The Knight with that old Dragon fights
 Two days incessantly :
 The third, him overbrows, and gains
 Most glorious Victory.*

I.

High time now 'gan it wex for Una fair,
 To think of those her captive parents dear,
 And their forwaisted kingdom to repair :
 Where~~to~~ when~~as~~ they now approached near,
 With harty words her Knight she 'gan to chear,
 And in her modest manner thus bespake ;
 Dear Knight, as dear as ever Knight was dear,
 That all these sorrows suffer for my sake,
 High heaven behold the tedious toyl ye for me take.

II.

Now are we come unto my native soil,
 And to the place where all our perils dwell ;
 Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoil :
 Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
 And ever ready for your foeman fell.
 The spark of noble courage now awake,
 And strive your excellent self to excel ;
 That shall ye evermore renowned make
 Above all Knights on earth, that battle undertake.

III.

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said she)
 The brazen towre, in which my parents dear
 For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be,
 Whom I from far, see on the walls appear,
 Whose sight my feeble soul doth greatly chear:
 And on the top of all, I do espy
 The watchman waiting, tydings glad to hear,
 That (O my parents) might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

IV.

With that, they heard a roaring hideous sound,
 That all the air with terroure filled wide,
 And seem'd uneth to shake the stedfast ground,
 Eftsoons that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himself like a great hill.
 But all so soon as he from far descride
 Those glistring arms that heaven with light did fill,
 He rous'd himself full blith, and hastened them until.

V.

Then bade the Knight his Lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill herself withdraw aside,
 From whence she might behold that battles proof,
 And eke be safe from danger far descride:
 She him obey'd and turn'd a little wide.
 Now, O thou sacred muse, most learned Dame,
 Fair imp of *Phabus*, and his aged bride,
 The nurse of time, and everlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal name.

VI.

O gently come into my feeble breast,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martial troops thou dost intest,
 And hearts of great Heroës dost inrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may assuage;
 Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to sound,
 The God of war with his fierce equipage
 Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound,
 And scared nations dost with horroure stern astound.

VII.

Fair Goddess lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of wars and bloody *Mars* do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedide,
Twixt that great Fairy Queen and Paynim King,
That with their horror heaven and earth did ring,
A work of labour long, and endless praise:
But, now a while let down that haughty string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this Man of God his godly arms may blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying, and half footing in his haste
That with his largeness measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast,
Which (to increase his wondrous greatness more)
Was swoln with wrath, and poison, and with bloody gore.

IX.

And over all with brazen scales was arm'd,
Like plated coat of steel, so couched near,
That nought mote pierce, ne might his corse be harm'd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed spear;
Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appear,
His airy plumes doth rouse, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to hear:
For as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noise his roused scales did send unto the Knight,

X.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Where like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, whenas him list the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred folds,
 Does over-spread his long brass scaly back:
 Whose wreathed tangles when ever he unfolds,
 And thick intangled knots adown does slack
 Bespotted all with shields of red and black,
 It sweepeth all the land behind him far,
 And of three furlongs does but little lack;
 And at the point two stings in-fixed are,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel exceeden far.

XII.

But stings and sharpest steel did far exceed
 The sharpness of his cruel rending claws;
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
 Whatever thing does touch his ravenous paws,
 Or what within his reach he ever draws.
 But his most hideous head, my tongue to tell
 Does tremble: for his deep devouring jaws
 Wide gaped, like the grisly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his dark abyſſe all fath fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
 Three ranks of iron teeth enanged were,
 In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
 Of late devoured bodies did appear,
 That sight thereof bred cold congealed fear:
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoak and sulphur fear
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the air about with smoak and stench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
 Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire:
 As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
 Send forth their flames far off to every shire,
 And warning give, that enemies conspire,
 With fire and sword the region to invade;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
 But far within, as in a hollow glade,
 Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadful shade:

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled breast,
And often bounding on the bruised grass,
As for great joyance of his new come guest.
Eftsoons he 'gan advance his haughty crest,
As chafed Bore his bristles doth uprear,
And shook his scales to battle ready drest
(That made the *Redcross* Knight nigh quake for fear)
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

XVI.

The Knight 'gan fairly couch his steady spear,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :
The pointed steel arriving rudely there,
His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,
But glancing by forth passed forward right ;
Yet sore amoved with so puissant push,
The wrathful beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by did brush
With his long tail, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose again,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest :
But th' idle stroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
And found no place his deadly point to rest,
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight ;
For, never felt his impierceable breast
So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant Knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings displayed wide,
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To bear so great a weight : he cutting way
With his broad sails, about him soared round :
At last low stooping with unwieldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man to bear them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plain
 So far as eughen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong, did him at last constrain,
 To let them down before his flight's end :
 As haggard Hawk, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowl, above his able might,
 His weary pounces all in vain doth spend,
 To trust the prey too heavy for his flight,
 Which coming down to ground does free itself by fight.

XX.

He so disseized of his griping grofs,
 The Knight his thrillant spear again assay'd
 In his brass-plated body to emboss,
 And three mens strength unto the stroke he laid :
 Wherewith the stiff beam quaked, as afraid,
 And glancing from his scaly neck did glide
 Close under his left wing, then broad display'd.
 The piercing steel there wrought a wound full wide,
 That with the uncouth smart the monster loudly cry'd.

XXI.

He cry'd, as raging seas are wont to roar,
 When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does threat,
 The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
 And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge :
 Then 'gin the blustering brethren boldly threat,
 To move the world from off his steadfast henge,
 And boyst'rous battle make, each other to avenge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
 Till with his cruel claws he snatcht the wood,
 And quite asunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of black gory blood,
 That drowned all the land whereon he stood :
 The stream thereof would drive a water-mill.
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sense of his deep-rooted ill.
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noſethril:

XXIII.

His hideous tail then hurled he about,
And therewithal enwrapt the nimble thighs
Of his froth-foamy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himself in straiter bands to rash implies,
That to the ground he is perforce constrain'd
To throw his rider: who 'gan quickly rise
From off the earth with dirty blood distain'd;
For that reproachful fall right foully he disdain'd.

XXIV.

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
With which he strook so furious and so fell,
That nothing seem'd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned iron fell,
But his more hardned crest was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buff him quell,
That from thenceforth he shun'd the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

XXV.

The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguild,
And smote again with more outrageous might:
But back again the sparkling steel recoil'd,
And left not any mark where it did light.
As if on adamant rock it had been pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to flye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement,
He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame sore swunged all his face,
And through his armour all his body fear'd,
That he could not endure so cruel case,
But thought his arms to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous Poets verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extoll'd,
 So many furies and sharp firs did haunt,
 When him the poyson'd garment did enchant
 With Centaurs blood, and bloody verses charm'd,
 As did this Knight twelve thousand colours daunt.
 Whom fiery steel now burnt, that erst him arm'd.
 That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

XXVIII.

Faint, weary, sore, emboyled, grieved, bront
 With heat, toyl, wounds, arms, smart, and inward fire.
 That never man such mischiefs did torment:
 Death better were, death did he oft desire:
 But death will never come when needs require.
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But 'gan his sturdy stern about to weld,
 And him so strongly strook, that so the ground him feld.

XXIX.

It fortun'd (as fair it then befel)
 Behind his back (unsweeting) where he stood,
 Of ancient time there was a springing Well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great virtues, and for medeine good.
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got,
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood,
 Defil'd those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; he yet his virtues had forgot.

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
 And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;
 Those that with sickness were infected sore,
 It could recure, and aged long decay
 Renew, as one were born that very day.
 Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excell,
 And th' *Englisch Bath*, and eke the *German Span*.
 Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well.
 Into the same, the Knight (back overthrown) fell.

XXXI.

Now 'gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steep,
 His fiery face in billows of the west;
 And his faint steeds waded in ocean deep,
 Whiles from their journal labours they did rest;
 When that infernal Monster, having kest
 His weary foe into that living Well,
 Gan high advance his broad discoloured breast
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his iron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from far,
 Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay;
 As weening that, the sad end of the war,
 And 'gan to highest God entirely pray,
 That feared chance from her to turn away;
 With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
 All night she watcht, no once adown would lay
 Her dainty limbs in her sad drement,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lamente.

XXXIII.

The morrow next 'gan early to appear,
 That *Titan* rose to run his daily race;
 But early ere the morrow next 'gan near
 Out of the Sea fair *Titan's* dewy face,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about if she might spy
 Her loved Knight to move his manly pace:
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw, where he upstart, brave
 Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;
 As Eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he had left his plumes all hoary gray,
 And deckt himself with feathers youthly gay,
 Like *Eyas Hawk* up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly budded pineons to assay,
 And marvels at himself, still as he flies:
 So now, this new-born Knight to battle new did rise.

XXXV.

Whom, when the damned fiend so fresh did spy,
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted, whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied Knight.
 He now to prove his late renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright dew burning blade,
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
 The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

XXXVI.

I wote not, whether the revenging steel
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feel,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
 Or other secret vertue did ensue;
 Else never could the force of fleshly arm,
 Ne molten metal in his blood embrew:
 For till that stound, could never wight him harm,
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charm.

XXXVII.

The cruel wound enraged him so sore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding pain;
 As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constrain:
 Then 'gan he tosse aloft his stretched train,
 And therewith scourge the buxome air so sore,
 That to his force to yelden it was fain;
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in pieces tore.

XXXVIII.

The same advancing high above his head,
 With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
 Ne living wight would have him life behot:
 The mortal sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seas'd,
 Where fast it stuck, ne would thereout be got:
 The grief thereof him wondrous sore diseas'd,
 Ne might his rankling pain with patience be appeas'd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindful of his honour dear,
 Than of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathed soil he 'gan him lightly rear,
 And strove to loose the far infix'd sting :
 Which when in vain he tride with strugeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
 And strook so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge tail he quite asunder cleft,
 Five joynts thereof he hew'd, and but the stump him left.

XL.

Heart cannot think, what outrage, and what cries,
 With foul enfouldred smoak and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skyes,
 That all was covered with darkness dire :
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
 He cast atonce him to avenge for all,
 And gathering up himself out of the mire,
 With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
 Upon his sun-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

XLI.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
 In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet how his talons to unfold :
 For harder was from *Cerberus* greedy jaw
 To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away.
 Thrice he assaid it from his foot to draw,
 And thrice in vain to draw it did assay,
 It booted nought to think, to rob him of his prey.

XLII.

Tho' when he saw no power might prevail,
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assail,
 And double blows about him stoutly laid,
 That glancing fire out of the iron plaid ;
 As sparkles from the anvile use to fly,
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid ;
 Therewith at last he forc'd him to untie
 One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

The other foot fast fixed on his shield,
 Whenas no strength nor strokes mote him constrain
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smote thereat with all his might and main,
 That nought so wondrous puissance might sustain;
 Upon the joint the lucky steel did light,
 And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twain;
 The paw yet missed not his minisht might,
 But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

For grief thereof, and diuelish despight,
 From his infernal fornance forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
 Enrold in duskyish smoak and brimstone blue;
 As burning *Ætna* from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
 Enwrapt in coal black clouds and filthy smoke,
 That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
 So sore him noyd, that forct him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrails did expire.
 It chanet (eternal God that chance did guide)
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
 And down he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure vermillion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over all were read:
 For happy life to all which thereon fed,
 And life eke everlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of Life; the crime of our first fathers fall:

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be found,
 Save in that soil, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprung out of the fruitful ground,
 As incorrupted nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof who so did eat, eftsoons did know
 Both good and evil : O mournful memory !
 That tree through one mans fault, hath done us all to dye.

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
 A trickling stream of balm most sovereign
 And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertile plain,
 As it had dewed been with timely rain :
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly wounds could heal, and rear again
 The senseless corse appointed for the grave.
 Into that same he felke, which did from death him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preserved, did detest :
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
 By this the drooping day-light 'gan to fade,
 And yield his room to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle 'gan to shade
 The face of earth, and ways of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L.

When gentle *Una* saw the second fall
 Of her dear Knight, who weary of long fight,
 And faint through loss of blood, mov'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dream of deep delight,
 Besmeard with precious balm, whose vertuous might
 Did heal his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
 Again she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safety 'gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

L. 2

LI.

The joyous day 'gan early to appear,
 And fair *Aurora* from the dewy bed
 Of aged *Tithone* 'gan herself to rear,
 With rosie cheeks, for shame as blushing red;
 Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
 About her ears; when *Uua* her did mark
 Climb to her charret, all with flowers spread;
 From heaven high to chase the chearless dark,
 With merry note her loud salutes the mountain lark.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himself to battle ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To have devout'd, so soon as day he spide;
 When now he saw himself so freshly rear,
 As if late fight had nought him damnside,
 He woxe dismaid, and 'gan his fate to fear;
 Nathless, with wonted rage he him advanced near.

LIII.

And in his first encounters, gaping wide,
 He thought atonce him to have swallowt quight,
 And rusht upon him with outrageous pride;
 Who him rencountring fierce, as Hawk in flight,
 Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open jaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deep empierct his darksome hollow maw;
 And back retr'y'd, his life blood forth withal did draw.

LIV.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breath;
 That vanisht into smoeak and cloudes swift:
 So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
 Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift;
 Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
 With dreadful poyle is from the main land rift,
 And rolling down, great *Nephtus* doth dismay;
 So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

LIV

The Knight himself ev'n trembled at his fall,
 So huge, and horrible a masse it seem'd;
 And his dear Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeem'd:
 But yet at last, whenas the direful feend
 She saw not stir, off shaking vain affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
 Then God she prais'd, and thank't her faithful Knight,
 That had atchiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

C A N T O XII.

*Fair Una to the Redcross Knight
 Betrothed is with joy:
 Though false Dueffa it to bar
 Her false sleights doth employ.*

I.

BEhold, I see the haven nigh at hand,
 To which I mean my weary course to bend;
 Vere the main sheet, and bear up with the land,
 The which afore is fairly to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
 There this fair virgin weary of her way
 Must landed be, now at her journeys end:
 There eke my feeble bark awhile may stay,
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

II.

Scarcely had *Phæbus* in the glooming east
 Yet harnessed his fire-footed team,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoak aloft did steem,
 That sign of last outbreathed life did seem,
 Unto the watchman on the castle wall;
 Who thereby dead that baleful beast did deem,
 And to his Lord and Lady loud 'gan call,
 To tell how he had seen the Dragons fatal fall.

III.

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
 Those tydings were, as he did understand:
 Which whenas true by tryal he out fand,
 He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
 Which long time had been shut, and out of hand
 Proclaimed joy and peace through all his state;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayd late.

IV.

Then 'gan triumphant trumpets sound on high,
 That sent to heaven the echoed report
 Of their new joy, and happy victory
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemn feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternal bondage now they were releast.

V.

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queen,
 Arraid in antique robes down to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well beseen;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peers, all gravely gownd;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all able arms to sound,
 But now they laurel branches bore in hand;
 Glad sign of victory and peace in all their land.

VI.

Unto that doughty conqueror they came,
 And him before, themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and patron loud did him proclaim,
 And at his feet their laurel boughs did throw.
 Soon after them, all dancing on a row
 The comely virgins came, with girlonds dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow green do grow,
 When morning dew upon their leaves doth light:
 And in their hands sweet tymbrels all upheld on height.

VII.

And them before the fry of children young
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
 And to the maidens sounding tymbrels sung,
 In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
 And made delightful musick all the way,
 Until they came where that fair virgin stood;
 As fair *Diana* in fresh summers day:
 Beholds her nymphs, enrang'd in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bath in chrystal flood.

VIII.

So she beheld those maidens meriment
 With chearful view; who when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humbles bent,
 And her ador'd by honourable name,
 Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they set a girland green,
 And crowned her 'twixt earnest and 'twixt game;
 Who in her self-resemblance well beseen,
 Did seem such as she was, a goodly maiden Queen.

IX.

And after all the rascal many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man:
 Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
 And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with idle fear did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once assay.

X.

Some feard and fled: some feard and well it feignd:
 One that would wiser seem than all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch; for yet perhaps remaind
 Some lingring life within his hollow breast,
 Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitful seed;
 Another said, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, whenas her fool-hardy child
 Did come too near, and with his talons play,
 Half dead through fear, her little babe revild,
 And to her gossips 'gan in counsel say;
 How can I tell, but that his talons may
 Yet scratch my son, or rend his tender hand?
 So diversly themselves in vain they fray;
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
 To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

XII.

Thus flocked all the folk him round about,
 The whiles that hoary King, with all his train,
 Being arrived, where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasance did remain,
 Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain,
 With princely gifts of ivory and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yields for all his pain.
 Then when his Daughter dear he does behold,
 Her dearly doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his palace he them brings,
 With shaumes, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet;
 And all the way the joyous people sings,
 And with their garments strow the paved street;
 Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
 Of all that Royal Princes court became,
 And all the floor was underneath their feet
 Bespred with costly scarlet of great name,
 On which they lowly sit, and sitting purpose fame.

XIV.

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guise,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vain?
 What needs of dainty dishes to devise,
 Of comely services, or courtly train?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them contain
 The large discourse of Royal Princes state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and plain:
 For th' antique world excess and pride did hate;
 Such proud luxurious pomp is swollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meats and drinks of every kind
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That ancient Lord 'gan fit occasion find
 Of strange adventures, and of perils sad,
 Which in his travel him befallen had,
 For to demand of his renowned guest:
 Who then with utterance grave, and count'nance sad,
 From point to point, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI.

Great pleasures mixt with pitiful regard,
 That godly King and Queen did passionate,
 Whyles they his pitiful adventures heard,
 That oft they did lament his luckless state,
 And often blame the too importune fate,
 That heapt on him so many wrathful wrecks:
 For never gentle Knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruel freaks;
 And all the while salt tears bedew'd the hearers cheeks.

XVII.

Then said that Royal Peer in sober wise,
 Dear son, great been the evils, which ye bore
 From first to last, in your late enterprise,
 That I note, whether praise, or pity more:
 For never living man (I ween) so sore
 In sea of deadly dangers was distrest:
 But sith now safe ye seized have the shore,
 And well arrived are (high God be blest)
 Let us devise of ease, and everlasting rest.

XVIII.

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,
 Of ease or rest I may not yet devise;
 For by the faith which I to arms have plight,
 I bounden am, straight after this emprise
 (As that your daughter can ye well advise)
 Back to return to that great Fairy Queen,
 And her to serve six years in warlike wise,
 Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her teen:
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have been.

XIX.

Unhappy falls that hard necessity
 (Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace;
 And vowed foe of my felicity;
 Ne I against the same can justly preace:
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo; (for vows may not be vain),
 Soon as the term of those six years shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither back return again,
 The marriage to accomplish vow'd betwixt you twain.

XX.

Which for my part, I covet to perform,
 In sort as through the world I did proclaim,
 That who so kill'd that monster (most deform),
 And him in hardy battle overcame,
 Should have mine only daughter to his Dame,
 And of my Kingdom heir apparent be:
 Therefore, since now to thee pertains the same,
 By due desert of noble chivalry,
 Both daughter, and eke kingdom, lo, I yield to thee.

XXI.

Then forth he called that his daughter fair,
 The fairest Un' his only Daughter dear,
 His only daughter, and his only heir;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober chear,
 As bright as doth the morning star appear
 Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,
 To tell the dawning day is drawing near,
 And to the world does bring long wished light;
 So fair and fresh that Lady shew'd herself in light.

XXII.

So fair and fresh, as freshest flowre in May,
 For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beauty she did hide:
 Whiles on her weary journey she did ride;
 And on her now a garment she did wear,
 All lilly white, withouten spot or pride,
 That seem'd like silk and silver woven near;
 But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

XXIII.

The blazing brightness of her beauties beam,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face
To tell were as to strive against the stream.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and base,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
No wonder; for her own dear loved Knight,
All were she daily with himself in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seen her fair, but never so fair dight.

XXIV.

So fairly dight, when she in presence came,
She to her sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence,
Thus 'gan to say. But ere he thus had said,
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismay'd,
A messenger with letters, which his message said.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddainness of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathless hasty mood:
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbles he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake:
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake.

XXVI.

To thee, most mighty King of *Eden* fair,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The woeful daughter and forsaken heir
Of that great Emperour of all the west;
And bids thee be advised for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter link in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new unknown guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,
 He was affianced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave and had,
 False errant Knight, infamous, and forswore:
 Witnesses the burning altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgment just do fly,
 And them conjure t'avenge this shameful injury,

XXVIII.

Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or true, or living or else dead,
 Withhold O Sovereine Prince, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread;
 Ne ween my right with strength adown to tread,
 Through weakness of my Widow-hed; or woe:
 For truth is strong, her rightful cause to plead,
 And shall find friends, if need requireth so:
 So bidsthee well to fare, thy neither friend, nor foe,

XXIX.

Fidessa,

When he these bitter biting words had red,
 The tydings strange did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake;
 At last, his solemn silence thus he brake,
 With doubtful eyes fast fixed on his guest;
 Redoubted Knight, that for mine only sake
 Thy life and honour late adventurest,
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

XXX.

What mean these bloody vows, and idle threats;
 Thrown out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heavens? what altars, what enraged heats
 Here heaped up with terms of love unkind,
 My conscience clear with guilty bands would bind?
 High God be witness, that I guiltless am.
 But, if your self, Sir Knight, ye faulty find,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
 With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI.

To whom the *Redcross* Knight this answer sent,
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismay'd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love, and loyalty betray'd.
 It was in my mishaps as hithorward
 I lately travell'd; that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils strange and hard:
 That day should fail me, ere I had them all declar'd.

XXXII.

There did I find or rather I was found
 Of this false Woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
 Most false *Duessa*; royal richly dight,
 That ease was t' inveigle weaker sight:
 Who by her wicked arts; and wily skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betray'd, when least I feared ill.

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royal maid,
 And on the ground her self prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him said;
 O pardon me, my Sovereine Lord, to show
 The secret treasons which of late I know
 To have been wrought by that false sorceress,
 She only, she it is; that erst did throw
 This gentle Knight into so great distress,
 That death him did await in daily wretchedness.

XXXIV.

And now it seems that she suborned hath
 This crafty messenger with letters vain,
 To work new woes and unprovided scath,
 By breaking off the band betwixt us twain;
 Wherein she used hath the practick pain
 Of this false footman, cloakt with simpleness,
 Whom if ye please for to discover plain,
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I guess,
 The falsest man alive; who tries shall find no less.

XXXV.

The King was greatly moved at her speech;
 And all with suddain indignation fraught,
 Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoons the guard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that traitor false, and bound him strait:
 Who seeming sorely chaffed at his band,
 As chained Bear, whom cruel dogs do bait,
 With idle force did fain them to withstand,
 And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI.

But they him laid full low in dungeon deep,
 And bound him hand and foot with iron chains;
 And with continual watch did warely keep;
 Who then would think, that by his subtle trains
 He could escape foul death or deadly pains?
 Thus when that Prince's wrath was pacify'd,
 He 'gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the Knight his daughter dear he ty'd,
 With sacred rites and vows for ever to abide.

XXXVII.

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,
 That none but death for ever can divide,
 His own two hands, for such a turn most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide:
 At which the bushy tead a groom did light;
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then 'gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine;
 And made great feast, to solemnize that day;
 They all perfum'd with frankincense divine;
 And precious odours fetcht from far away.
 That all the house did sweat with great array:
 And all the while sweet musick did apply
 Her curious skill; the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melancholy;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX.

During the which, there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sound through all the palace pleasantly,
 Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th' eternal Majesty,
 In their trinal triplicities on high ;
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded ; yet each one felt secretly
 Himself thereby rest of his senses meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemn feast proclaim'd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told :
 Suffice it, here by signs to understand
 The usual joys at knitting of loves band,
 Thrice happy man the Knight himself did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies heart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI.

Her joyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enjoy,
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile jealousie
 His dear delights were able to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisful joy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworn,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Unto his Fairy Queen back to return :
 The which he shortly did, and *Una* left to mourn.

XLII.

Now strike your sails ye jolly mariners :
 For we be come unto a quiet roade,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessel of her lode.
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplyde. And then again abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
 Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent.

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THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

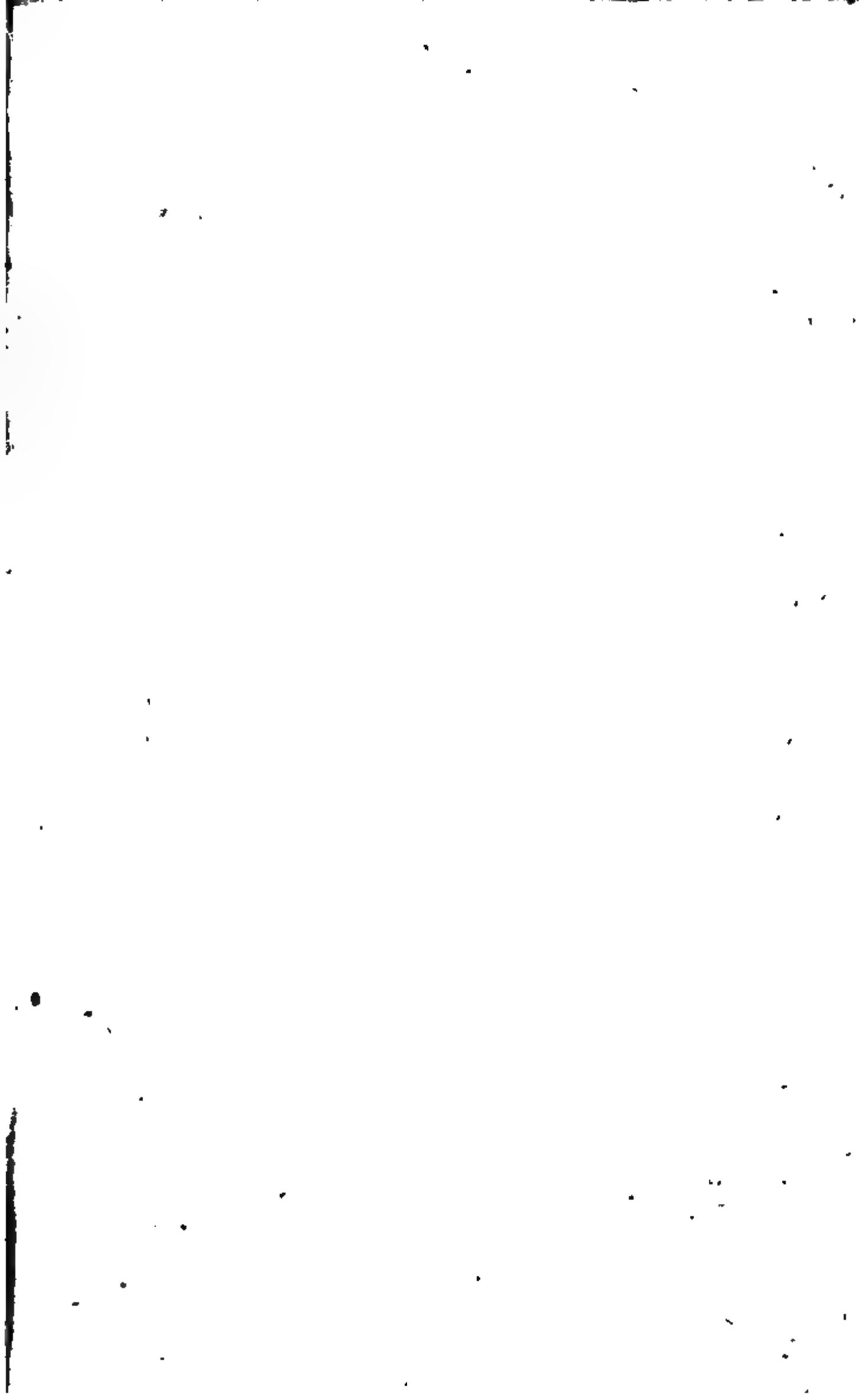
The legend of Sir GUYON, or of temperance.

I.

Right well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some, th'abundance of an idle brain
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of just memory;
Sith none that breatheth living air does know,
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to us is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' *Indian Peru*?
Or who in venturous vessel measured
The *Amazons* huge river now found true?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever view.



III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know ;
Yet have from wisest ages hidden been :
And later times things more unknown shall show.
Why then should witless man so much misween
That nothing is, but that which he hath seen ?
What if within the moon's fair shining sphear,
What if in every other star unseen
Of other worlds he happily should hear ?
He wonder would much more, yet such to some appear.

IV.

Of Fairy land yet if he more inquire,
By certain signs here set in sundry place
He may it find ; ne let him then admire,
But yield his sense to be too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hounds fine footing trace.
And thou, O fairest Princess under sky,
In this fair mirror may'st behold thy face,
And thine own realms in land of Fairy,
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.

V.

The which, O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert veil, and wrap in shadows light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those beams bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient ear
The brave adventures of this Fairy Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to hear,
In whom great rule of temp'rance goodly doth appear.

C A N T O I.

*Guyon by Archimage abus'd,
The Redcross Knight awaits,
Finds Mordant and Amavia slain
With pleasures poisoned baits.*

I.

THat cunning architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wile,
Soon as the *Redcross* Knight he understands,
To been departed out of *Eden* lands,
To serve again his Soveraine Elfin Queen,
His arts he moves, and out of caytives hands
Himself he frees by secret means unseen ;
His shackles empty left, himself escaped clean.

II.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
To worken mischief and avenging woe,
Whereever he that godly Knight may find,
His only heart-fore, and his only foe,
Sith *Una* now he algates must forgo,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To native crown and kingdom late ygo:
Where she enjoys sure peace for evermore.
As weather-beaten ship arriv'd on happy shore.

III.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly feud he makes : him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seeks, of all his drift the aimed end :
Thereto his subtile engines he does bend,
His practick wit, and his fair filed tongue,
With thousand other sleights : for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtful ballance hung;
For hardly could be hurt, who was already stung.

IV.

Still as he went, he crafty stales did lay,
 With cunning trains him to entrap unwares,
 And privy spials plact in all his way,
 To weet what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To catch him at advantage in his snares;
 But now so wise and wary was the Knight,
 By tryal of his former harms and cares,
 That he descry'd, and shunned still his sight:
 The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

V.

Nath'less, th'Enchanter would not spare his pain,
 In hope to win occasion to his will:
 Which when he long awaited had in vain,
 He chang'd his mind from one to other ill.
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet
 (Fair marching underneath a shady hill)
 A goodly Knight, all arm'd in harness meet,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright;
 His countenance demure, and temperate;
 But yet so stern and terrible in sight,
 That cheer'd his friends, and did his foes amate:
 He was an Elfin born of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his native land,
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
 And Knighthood took of good Sir *Huons* hand,
 When with King *Oberon* he came to Fairy land.

VII.

Him als accompany'd upon the way,
 A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
 Of ripest years, and hairs all hoary gray,
 That with a staff his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbs should tire:
 And if by looks one may the mind aread,
 He seem'd to be a sage and sober sire,
 And ever with slow pace the Knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to work some uncouth wile;
 Eftsoons untwisting his deceitful clew,
 He 'gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
 And with fair countenance and flatt'ring stile
 To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake:
 Fair Son of *Mars*, that seek with warlike spoil,
 And great atchievements, great your self to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

IX.

He staid his steed for humble misers sake,
 And bade tell on the tenour of his plaint:
 Who feigning then in every limb to quake,
 Through inward fear, and seeming pale and faint,
 With piteous moan his piercing speech 'gan paint;
 Dear Lady, how shall I declare thy case,
 Whom late I left in languorous constraint!
 Would God thyself now present were in place,
 To tell this rueful tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

X.

Or rather would, O would it so had chanced,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present been,
 When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust advanc't)
 Laid first his filthy hands on virgin clean,
 To spoil her dainty corse so fair and sheen,
 As on the earth (great mother of us all)
 With living eye more fair was never seen,
 Of chastity and honour virginall:
 Witness ye heavens, whom she in vain to help did call.

XI.

How may it be (said then the Knight half wroth)
 That Knight should Knighthood ever so have shent?
 None but that saw (quoth he) would ween for troth
 How shamefully that maid he did torment.
 Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword,
 Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloody word;
 Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhor'd.

XII.

Therewith, amoved from his sober mood,
And lives he yet (saide he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heavens afford him vital food?
He lives (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (saide he) be found,
Or by what means may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (saide he) as sure as hound
The stricken dear doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

XIII.

He staid not longer talk, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haste, away is quickly gone
To seek that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone.
With garments rent and hair discheveled,
Wringing her hands, and making pitious mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her fair face with tears was foully blubbered.

XIV.

The Knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Fair Lady, through foul sorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to see you thus dismay'd,
And marr the blossom of your beauty bright:
Forthy, appease your grief and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived pain,
For if he live that hath you doen despight;
He shall you do due recompence again,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintain.

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightful wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise;
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;
Ne would she speak, ne see, ne yet be seen,
But hid her visage, and her head down bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teen,
As if her heart with sorrow had transtixed been;

XVI.

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my lief,
 For Gods dear love be not so wilful bent,
 But do vouchsafe now to receive relief,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what boots it to weep and to wayment
 When ill is chaunct, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weak mind with double woe torment?
 When she her Squire heard speak, she 'gan appease
 Her voluntary pain, and feel some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoon she said, ah gentle trusty Squire,
 What comfort can I woeful wretch conceive,
 Or why should ever I henceforth desire
 To see fair heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that false traytor did my honour reave?
 False traytor certes (said the Fairy Knight)
 I read the man, that ever would deceive
 A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too little pain for such a foul delpight.

XVIII.

But now, fair Lady, comfort to you make,
 And read who hath ye wrought this shameful plight;
 That short revenge the man may overtake,
 Whereso he be, and soon upon him light,
 Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight,
 But under him a gray steed he did wield,
 Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
 Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
 He bore a bloody Cross, that quartred all the field.

XIX.

Now by my head (said Guyon) much I muse
 How that same Knight should do so foul amiss,
 Or ever gentle Damzel so abuse:
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
 I present was, and can it witness well,
 When arms he swore, and streight did enterpris
 Th'adventure of the errant Damozel,
 In which he hath great glory won, as I hear tell.

XX.

Nathlels he shortly shall again be tride,
And fairly quite him of th' imputed blame:
Else be ye sure, he dearly shall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mends, but no amends of shame.
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your pain,
And see the salving of your blotting name.
Full loth she seem'd thereto, but yet did fain;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gain.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did fain,
Ne yet her person such as it was seen;
But under simple shew and semblant plain
Lurkt false *Duess*a, secretly unseen,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged been:
So had false *Archimago* her disguis'd,
To cloak her guile with sorrow and sad teen;
And eke himself had craftily devis'd
To be her Squire, and do her service well aguis'd.

XXII.

Her late forlorn and naked, he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rocks and caves far under ground,
And with green moss cov'ring her nakedness,
To hide her shame and loathly filthiness;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty spoyld. Her natheless
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reveest, and deckt with due habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good Knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in sloth and sensual delights,
And end their days with irrenowned shame.
And now exceeding grief him overcame
To see the *Redcross* thus advanced high;
Therefore this crafty engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stir up enmity
Of such as vertues like mote unto him allie.

XXIV.

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way,
 Through woods and mountains, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overplact,
 The valley did with cool shade overcast;
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,
 By which there sate a Knight with helm unlact,
 Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travel long, and labours manifold.

XXV.

Lo yonder hé (cryd *Archimage* aloud)
 That wrought the shameful fact, which I did shew;
 And now he doth himself in secret shroud,
 To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew;
 But vain: for ye shall dearly do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and send you good success;
 Which we far off will here abide to view.
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulness,
 That streight against that Knight his spear he did address.

XXVI.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to prick,
 His warlike arms about him 'gan embrace,
 And in the rest his ready spear did stick;
 Tho' whenas still he saw him towards pace,
 He 'gan rencounter him in equal race.
 They been ymet, both ready to affrap,
 When suddainly that warriour 'gan abace
 His threatned spear, as if some new mishap
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

XXVII.

And cryd, mercy Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
 For mine offence and heedless hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochful shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed steel against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my redeemers death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament:
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneathe,
 Who (prickt with courage keen) did cruel battle breathe.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speak, streight way he knew
 His error, and (himself inclining) said,
 Ah! dear Sir *Guyon*, well becometh you;
 But me behoveth rather to upbraid,
 Whose hasty hand so far from reason straid,
 That almost it did hainous violence
 On that fair image of that heavenly maid,
 That decks and arms your shield with fair defence:
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

XXIX.

So been they both attone, and doen uprear
 Their bevers bright, each other for to greet;
 Goodly comportance each to other bear,
 And entertain themselves with court'sies meet.
 Then said the *Redcross* Knight, now mote I weet,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliance,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
 For sith I know your goodly governaunce,
 Great cause (I ween) you guided, or some uncouth chaunce.

XXX.

Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
 The fond encheason that me hither led.
 A false infamous faitour late befell
 Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
 And plained of grievous outrage, which he red
 A Knight had wrought against a Lady gent:
 Which to avenge he to this place me led,
 Where you he made the mark of his intent,
 And now is fled; foul shame him follow where he went.

XXXI.

So 'gan he turn his earnest unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
 By this his aged guide in presence came;
 Who soon as on that Knight his eye did glaunce,
 Eftsoons of him had perfect cognizaunce,
 Sith him in Fairy Court he late aviz'd;
 And said, fair Son, God give you happy chaunce,
 And that dear cross upon your shield deviz'd,
 Wherewith above all Knights ye goodly seem agviz'd.

XXXII.

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you done,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name
 In heavenly registers above the sun,
 Where you a Saint, with Saints your seat have won :
 But wretched we, where ye have left your mark,
 Must now anew begin, like race to run,
 God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy wark,
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary bark.

XXXIII.

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcross* Knight)
 His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of his might;
 More than good-will to me attribute nought :
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, fair Sir, whose pageant next ensues,
 Well mote ye thee, as well can wish your thought,
 That home ye may report thrice happy news ;
 For well ye worthy been for worth and gentle thews.

XXXIV.

So courteous conge both did give and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
 Then *Guyon* forward 'gan his voyage make,
 With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,
 And with his steady staff did point his way :
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From foul intemperance he oft did stay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

XXXV.

In this fair wize they traveld long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes, which did betide ;
 Of which he honour still away did bear,
 And spred his glory through all countries wide.
 At last, as chauncd them by a forest side
 To pass (for succour from the scorching ray)
 They heard a rueful voice, that dearnly cride.
 With piercing shrieks, and many a doleful lay ;
 Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI.

But if that careless heavens (quoth she) despise
The doom of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warn death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soon, come sweetest death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharp be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines be,
That long captived souls from weary thraldome free.

XXXVII.

But thou, sweet babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witness of thy fathers fall,
Sith heaven thee deigns to hold in living state,
Long mayst thou live, and better thrive withall,
Than to thy luckless parents did befall:
Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That clear she dy'd from blemish criminal;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding breast,
Lo I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.

XXXVIII.

With that, a deadly shriek she forth did throw,
That through the wood re-echoed again:
And after, gave a grone so deep and low,
That seem'd her tender heart was rent in twain,
Or thrild with point of thorough piercing pain;
As gentle hind, whose sides with cruel steel
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does rain,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feel,
Brayes out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth feel.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soon arrived, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, half dead, half quick,
In whose white alablaster breast did stick
A cruel knife that made a grievous wound,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deep sanguine dide the grassy ground.

XL.

Pitiful spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountain low she lay,
 Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
 And the clean waves with purple gore did ray;
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruel sport, instead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His little hands, and tender joynts embrew;
 Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did view.

XLI.

Beside them both upon the soiled grasse,
 The dead corse of an armed Knight was spred,
 Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was;
 His ruddy lips did smile, and rosie red
 Did paint his chearful cheeks, yet being dead:
 Seem'd to have been a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lusty head,
 Fit to enflame fair Lady with loves rage,
 But that fierce fate did crop the blossom of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
 His heart 'gan wax as stark as marble stone,
 And his fresh blood did frieze with fearful cold,
 That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
 At last his mighty Ghost 'gan deep to grone,
 As *Lyon* (grudging in his deep disdain);
 Mourns inwardly, and makes to himself mone;
 Till ruth and frail affection did constrain
 His courage stout to stoop, and shew his inward pain.

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruel steel,
 He lightly snatcht, and did the flood-gate stop
 With his fair garment: then 'gan softly feel
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her veins did hop;
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped fair
 To call back life to her forsaken shop;
 So well he did her deadly wounds repair,
 That at the last she 'gan to breathe out living air.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving, greatly 'gan rejoice,
And goodly counsel (that for wounded heart
Is meetest med'cine) tempered with sweet voice;
Ay me! dear Lady, which the image art
Of rueful pity, and impatient smart,
What direful chance, arm'd with avenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruel part,
Thus foul to hasten your untimely date?
Speak, O dear Lady speak: help never comes too late.

XLV.

Therewith her dim eye-lids she up 'gan rear,
On which the drery death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead, and made dark clouds appear;
But whenas him (all in bright armour clad)
Before her standing she espied had,
As one but of a deadly dream affright,
She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight down again her self in great despight,
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI.

The gentle Knight, her soon with careful pain
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrice she sunk again,
Till he his arms about her sides 'gan fold,
And to her said; yet if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen heart,
Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the secret of your mortal smart;
He oft finds present help, who does his grief impart.

XLVII.

Then casting up a deadly look, full low
She sigh't from bottom of her wounded breast;
And after many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale, and foltring tongue oppress'd,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
Leave, ah leave off, what ever wight thou be,
To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
And trouble dying souls tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

XLVIII.

Ah ! far be it (said he) dear Dame from me,
 To hinder soul from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee :
 For all I seek, is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatal prief
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest ?
 That I may cast to compass your relief,
 Or dye with you in sorrow, and partake your grief.

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on high,
 As heaven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent her utmost breath :
 Hear then (O man) the sorrows that unceasing
 My tongue can tell, so far all sense they pass :
 Lo this dead corpse, that lyes here underneath,
 The gentlest Knight, that ever on green grass
 Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir *Moredant* was.

L.

Was (ay the while, that he is not so now !)
 My Lord, my love : my dear Lord, my dear love,
 So long as heavens just with equal brow
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above,
 One day when him high courage did emmove
 (As wont ye Knights to seek adventures wild)
 He pricked forth his puissant force to prove,
 Me then he left enwombed of this child,
 This luckless child, whom thus ye see with blood defil'd.

LI.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may guess)
 To come where vile *Acraſia* does wonne,
Acraſia, a false Enchanteress,
 That many errant Knights hath foul fordon :
 Within a wandring Island, that doth run,
 And stray in perilous gulf, her dwelling is ;
 Fair Sir, if ever there ye travel, shun
 The cursed land where many wend amiss,
 And know it by the name ; it hight the *Bowre of bliss*.

LII.

Her blifs is all in pleasure and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad;
 And then with words and weeds of wondrous might,
 On them she works her will to uses bad:
 My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailty breed.)
 Whom when I heard to been so ill bestad,
 (Weak wretch) I wrapt myself in Palmers weed,
 And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dread.

LIII.

Now had fair *Cynthia* by even turns
 Full measured three quarters of her year,
 And thrice three times had fill'd her crooked horns,
 Whenas my womb her burden would forbear,
 And bade me call *Lucina* to me near.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought:
 The woods, the nymphs, my bowres, my midwives were;
 Hard help at need. So dear thee babe I bought;
 Yet nought too dear I deem'd, while so my dear I sought.

LIV.

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
 Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her will,
 In chains of lust, and lewd desires ybound,
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, neither his own ill;
 Till through wise handling, and fair governance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of foul intemperance:
 Then means I 'gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

Which when the vile Enchanteress perceiv'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would reprieve,
 With cup thus charm'd, him parting she deceiv'd;
Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And loss of Love, to her that loves to live,
So soon as Bacchus with the Nymph does link:
 So parted we, and on our Journey drive,
 Till coming to this Well, he stoopt to drink,
 The charm fulfill'd, dead suddainly he down did sink.

LVI.

Which when I wretch. Not one word more she said :
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And sliding soft, as down to sleep her laid ;
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing, good Sir *Guyon*, could unceasing
 From tears abstain ; for grief his heart did grate :
 And from so heavy sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing Fortune and too cruel Fate,
 Which plunged had fair Lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old fire,
 Behold the image of mortality,
 And feeble nature cloath'd with fleshly tire,
 When raging passion with fierce tyranny
 Robs reason of her due regality,
 And makes it servant to her basest part :
 The strong it weakens with infirmity,
 And with bold fury arms the weakest heart ; [smart.
 The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weak through

LVIII.

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a mean,
 Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
 Nor fry in heartless grief and doleful teen.
 Thrice happy man, who fares them both atween :
 But sith this wretched woman overcome
 Of anguish, rather than of crime hath been,
 Reserve her cause to her eternal doom :
 And in the mean, vouchsafe her honourable toomb.

LIX.

Palmer, (quoth he) death is an equal doom
 To good and bad, the common Inn of rest ;
 But after death, the tryal is to come,
 When best shall be to them that lived best :
 But, both alike, when death hath both suppress,
 Religious reverence doth burial teen,
 Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest :
 For all so great shame after death I ween,
 As self to dyen bad, unburied bad to been.

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave ;
 The great earth's womb they open to the sky,
 And with sad Cypress seemly it embrace ;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corpes tenderly,
 And bid them sleep in everlasting peace,
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increase,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye release.

LXI.

The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a lock of all their hair,
 Which medling with their blood, and earth, he threw
 Into the grave, and 'gan devoutly swear :
 Such and such evil God on *Guyon* rear,
 And worse and worse young Orphan be thy pain,
 If I, or thou, due vengeance do forbear,
 Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain :
 So, shedding many tears, they clos'd the earth again.

C A N T O II.

*Babes bloody bands may not be cleans'd.
 The Face of golden Mean :
 Her Sisters two Extremities.
 Strive her to banish clean.*

I.

THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithful guide
 Had with due rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad tragedy uptide,
 The little babe up in his arms he bent ;
 Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandishment
 'Gan smile on them that rather ought to weep,
 As careless of his wee or innocent
 Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep
 In that Knights heart, and words with bitter tears did steep.

II.

Ah ! luckless babe, born under cruel star,
 And in dead parents baleful ashes bred,
 Full little weeneſt thou, what sorrows are
 Left thee for portion of thy livelihood,
 Poor orphan, in the wide world ſcattered,
 As budding branch rent from the native tree,
 And throwen forth, till it be withered :
 Such is the ſtate of men : thus enter we
 Into this life with woe, and end with miſery.

III.

Then ſoft himſelf inclining on his knee
 Down to that Well, did in the water ween
 (So love does loath diſdainful nicety)
 His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean.
 He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they been
 (For all his waſhing) cleaner. Still he ſtrove,
 Yet ſtill the little hands were bloody ſeen :
 The which him into great amazement drove,
 And into divers doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wiſt not whether blot of foul offence
 Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath ;
 Or that high God in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To ſhew how ſore blood-guiltineſs he hat'th ;
 Or that the charm and venom, which they drunk,
 Their blood with ſecret filth infected hath,
 Being diffuſed through the ſenſeleſs trunk,
 That through the great contagion direful deadly ſtunk.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer 'gan to bord
 With goodly reaſon and thus fair beſpake :
 Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great marvel make,
 Whiles cauſe not well conceived ye miſtake.
 But know, that ſecret vertues are infus'd
 In every fountain, and in every lake,
 Which who hath ſkill them rightly to have chus'd,
 To proof of paſſing wonders hath full often us'd.

VI.

Of those, some were so from their source indew'd
 By great dame nature, from whose fruitful pap
 Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture dewd;
 Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
 And fills with flowres fair *Floras* painted lap:
 But other some by gift of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pour'd into their waters bace, [place.
 And thenceforth were renown'd, and sought from place to

VII.

Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,
 Which to her nymph beset. Upon a day,
 As she the woods with bow and shafts did range,
 The heartless Hind, and Roebuck to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunt to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her fair burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chaced her that fast from him did flye;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII.

At last when failing breath began to faint,
 And saw no means to scape, of shame afraid,
 She sate her down to weep for sore constraint,
 And to *Diana* calling loud for aid,
 Her dear besought, to let her die a maid.
 The Goddess heard, and suddain where she sate,
 Welling out streams of tears, and quite dismay'd
 With stony fear of that rude rustick mate,
 Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

IX.

Lo now she is that stone; from whose two heads
 (As from two weeping eyes) fresh streams do flow,
 Yet cold through fear, and old conceived dreads:
 And yet the stone her semblance seems to show,
 Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water bide:
 For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dy'd,
 But ever (like her self) unstained hath been try'd.

X.

From thence it comes that this babes bloody hand
 May not be cleans'd with water of this Well:
 Ne certes Sir, strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeath'd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred symbol it may dwell
 In her sons flesh, to mind revengement,
 And be for all chaste Dames an endless monument.

XI.

He harkned to his reason, and the child
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to bear:
 But his sad fathers arms with blood defil'd,
 An heavy load himself did lightly rear,
 And turning to that place, in which whytear
 He left his lofty steed with golden fell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbs, him found not there,
 By other accident that earst befel,
 He is convey'd; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he soft himself appease,
 And fairly fare on foot, how ever loth;
 His double burden did him sore disease.
 So long they travelled with little ease,
 Till that at last they to a castle came,
 Built on a rock adjoyning to the seas;
 It was an ancient work of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilful frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one fire by mothers three;
 Who dying whylome did divide this fort
 To them by equal shares in equal fee:
 But strifeful mind, and diverse qualitee
 Drew them in parts, and each made others fee:
 Still did they strive, and daily disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where, when the Knight arriv'd, he was right well
'Receiv'd, as Knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fair marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modesty;
Ne in her speech, ne in her 'haviour,
Was lightness seen or looser vanity,
But gracious womanhood, and gravity,
Above the reason of her youthful years:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In breaded tramels, that no looser hairs
Did out of order stray about her dainty ears.

XVI.

Whil'st she her self thus busily did frame,
Seemly to entertain her new-come guest,
News hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her friend with lavish feast:
They were two Knights of peerless puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest
Which to these Ladies love did countenance,
And to his mistress each himself strove to advance.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir *Hudibras*, an hardy man:
Yet not so good of deeds, as great of name.
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant arms to few he first began;
More huge in strength, than wise in works he was,
And reason with fool-hardize over-ran;
Stern melancholy did his courage pass,
And was (for terroure more) all arm'd in shining brass.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was *Sans-loy*
 He that fair *Una* late foul outraged,
 The most unruly, and the boldest boy
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawless lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchless might :
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right
 He now this Ladies champion chose for love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay Knights, vow'd to so divers loves,
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,
 And daily war against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th'others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his own. But when they heard,
 How in that place strange Knight arrived late,
 Both Knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely unto battle stern themselves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceed unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruel combat joynd in middle space :
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,
 They heapt huge stroakes, the scorned life to quell,
 That all on uprore from her settled seat,
 The house was raiz'd, and all that in did dwell ;
 Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

XXI.

The noyse thereof call'd forth that stranger Knight,
 To weet what dreadful thing was there in hond ;
 Where whenas two brave Knights in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrist he bond,
 And shining blade unsheath'd, with which he ran.
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand :
 And at his first arrival, them began
 With goodly means to pacifie, well as he can.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy force
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With stroakes of mortal steel without remorse,
And on his shield like iron sledges bet;
As when a Bear and Tyger, being met
In cruel fight on Lybick Ocean wide,
Espy a traveller with feet furbet,
Whom they in equal prey hope to divide,
They stint their strife, and him assail on every side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary traveller,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blows to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffs them back did put:
Whose grieved minds, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathful spight,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heavy load on him they freshly 'gan to smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging winds threatening to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do fore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and fair her self doth save.

XXV.

So boldly he him bears, and rusheth forth
Between them both, by conduct of his blade,
Wondrous great prowess, and heroick worth
He shew'd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriors he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and pays.
Now forct to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him lays:
So double was his pains, so double be his praise.

XXVI.

Strange sort of fight, three valiant Knights to see
 Three combats joyn in one, and to darraigne
 A triple war with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward love to gain,
 Which gotten was but hate. So love does reign
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous war;
 He maketh war, he maketh peace again,
 And yet his peace is but continual jar:
 O miserable men, that to him subject are!

XXVII.

While thus they mingled were in furious arms,
 The fair *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked breast (in pity of their harms)
 Emongst them ran, and falling them before,
 Besought them by the womb which them had borne,
 And by the loves which were to them most dear,
 And by the Knighthood, which they sure had sworn,
 Their dealy cruel discórd to forbear,
 And to her just conditions of fair peace to hear.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters, standing by,
 Her loud gainsaid, and both their champion bade
 Pursue the end of their strong enemy,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad.
 Yet she, with pithy words and counsel sad,
 Still strove their stubborn rages to revoke;
 That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
 They 'gan abstain from dint of direful stroke,
 And harken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

XXIX.

Ah! puissant Lords, what cursed evil spright,
 Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble hearts
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you up to work your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the joy of arms? be these the parts
 Of glorious Knighthood, after blood to thirst,
 And not regard due right and just desarts?
 Vain is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
 That more to mighty hands, than rightful cause doth trust,

XXX.

And were there rightful cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, fair it to accord,
 Than with blood-guiltiness to heap offence,
 And mortal vengeance joyn to crime abhord?
 O! fly from wrath: fly, O my liefest Lord.
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of war,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathful swords;
 Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth mar,
 Than foul revenging rage, and base contentious jar."

XXXI.

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 Weak she makes strong, and strong thing does increase,
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
 Brave be her wars, and honourable deeds,
 By which she triumphs over ire and pride,
 And wins an Olive girland for her meeds:
 Be therefore, O my dear Lords, pacifide,
 And this ~~misbecoming~~ discord meekly lay aside.

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And sunk so deep into their boyling breasts,
 That down they let their cruel weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her fair presence, and discreet behests.
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe, in word of Knights they did assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirm, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toil,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repair a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soon consent: so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receiv'd, and made to spoil
 Themselves of soiled arms, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare;

XXXIV.

And those two froward sisters (their fair loves)
 Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
 And fained chear, as for the time behoves;
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeared in both:
 For both did at their second sister grutch,
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch; [much.
 One thought their chear too little, the other thought too

XXXV.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deem
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speak, but evermore did seem
 As discontent for want of mirth or meat;
 No solace could her Paramour intreat
 Her once to shew, ne court, nor dalliance:
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
 Unworthy of fair Ladies comely governance.

XXXVI.

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;
 In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
 And in excess exceeded her own might;
 In sumptuous tire she joy'd her self to prank:
 But of her love too lavish (little have she thank.)

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy*,
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her looseness took exceeding joy;
 Might not be found a franker franion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion;
 But *Hudibras*, more like a Malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yet still he sat, and inly did himself torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the fair *Medina* fate,
With sober grace and goodly carriage :
With equal measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage ;
That froward pair she ever would assuage ;
When they would strive due reason to exceed ;
But that same froward twain would accourage,
And of her plenty add unto their need :
So kept she them in order, and herself in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairly she attempered her feast,
And pleas'd them all with meet satiety.
At last, when lust of meat and drink was ceast,
She *Guyon* dear besought of courtesie,
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound ;

XL.

This thy demand, O Lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queen,
Great and most glorious virgin Queen alive,
That with her soveraine powre, and scepter sheen,
All Fairy lond does peaceable susteen.
In widest Ocean she her throne does rear,
That over all the earth it may be seen ;
As morning sun her beams dispredden clear :
And in her face, fair peace and mercy doth appear.

XLI.

In her the riches of all heavenly grace
In chief degrees are heaped up on high :
And all, that else this worlds enclosure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye,
Adorns the person of her Majesty ;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortality,
Do her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' Idol of her makers great magnificence.

XLII.

To her, I homage and my service owe,
 In number of the noblest Knights on ground,
 Mongst whom, on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maydenbead*, the most renown'd,
 That may this day in all the world be found :
 A yearly solemn feast she wons to make
 The day that first doth lead the year around ;
 To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort to hear of strange adventures to be told.

XLIII.

There this old Palmer shew'd himself that day,
 And to that mighty Princess did complain
 Of grievous mischiefs, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelm'd in deadly pain,
 Whereof he crav'd redress. My Soveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joys
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintain,
 Eftsoons devis'd redress for such annoys ;
 Me (all unfit for so great purpose) she employs.

XLIV.

Now hath fair *Phæbe* with her silver face
 Thrice seen the shadows of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honourable place,
 In which her royal presence is inrold ;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acraſia* have won ;
 Of whose foul deeds (too hideous to be told)
 I witness am, and this their wretched son.
 Whose woeful parents she hath wickedly fordon.

XLV.

Tell on, fair Sir, said she, that doleful tale,
 From which sad ruth does seem you to restrain,
 That we may pity such unhappy bale,
 And learn from pleasures poyson to abstain ;
 Ill, by ensample, good doth often gain.
 Then forward he his purpose 'gan purfew,
 And told the story of the mortal pain,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew ;
 As with lamenting eyes himself did lately view.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitious tale he end did make;
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
 Those guests beguiled, did beguile their eyes
 Of kindly sleep, that did them overtake.
 At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,
 They wist their hour was spent; then each to rest him hies.

CANTO III.

*Vain Braggadochio, getting Guyons
 Horse, is made the scorn
 Of Knighthood true, and is of fair
 Belphoebe foul forlorn.*

I.

SOON as the morrow fair with purple beams
 Disperst the shadows of the misty night,
 And *Titan* playing on the Eastern streams,
 Can clear the dewy air with springing light,
 Sir *Guyon*, mindful of his vow yplight,
 Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
 Unto the journey which he had behight:
 His puissant arms about his noble breast,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

II.

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
 Did earnestly commit, and her conjure,
 In vertuous lore to train his tender youth,
 And all that gentle nouriture ensu'th:
 And that so soon as riper years he raught,
 He might for memory of that days ruth,
 Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
 T'avenge his parents death, on them that had it wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone:
 Patience perforce; helpless what may it boot
 To fret for anger, or for grief to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
 So fortune wrought, as under green woods side
 He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and spear beside,
 And rushed in on foot, to ayd her ere she dide.

IV.

The whiles, a losell wandring by the way,
 One that to bounty never cast his mind,
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay
 His baser breast, but in his kestrell kind
 A pleasing vein of glory he did find,
 To which his flowing tongue, and troublous spright
 Gave him great aid, and made him more inclin'd:
 He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and spear, and ran away full light.

V.

Now 'gan his heart all swell in jollity,
 And of himself great hope and help conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoak of vanity,
 And with self-loved personage deceiv'd,
 He 'gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd
 For such, as he him thought, or fain would be:
 But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoons to court he cast t'advance his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting idle on a sunny bank,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth prank,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his heart-thrilling spear:
 The feely man, seeing him ride so rank,
 And aym at him, fell flat to ground for fear,
 And crying mercy, loud, his pitious hands 'gan rear.

VII.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fair,
 And with big thundring voyce revil'd him loud;
 Vile caitive, vassal of dread and despair,
 Unworthy of the common breathed air,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a longer day,
 And dost not unto death thy self prepare?
 Die, or thy self my captive yield for ay;
 Great favour I thee grant, for answer thus to stay.

VIII.

Hold, O dear Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
 Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
 My wrathful will, and do for mercy call.
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kiss my stirrup; that, thy homage be.
 The miser threw himself as an offall,
 Straight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and fair accord:
 Eftsoons this liege-man 'gan to wex more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his own kind he 'gan himself unfold:
 For he was wylie witted, and grown old
 In cunning sleights and practick knavery.
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadocchio*,
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye.
 Vain-glorious man, when fluttering, wind does blow
 In his light wings, is lifted up to sky:
 The scorn of Knighthood and true chevalry,
 To think without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth, to be advaunced high:
 Such praise is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
 Doth bear the fairest flowre in honourable seed.

XI.

So forth they pass (a well consoorted pair)
 Till at the length with *Archimage* they meet
 Who seeing one that shone in armour fair,
 On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
 Eftsoons supposed him a person meet,
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:
 For since the *Redcross* Knight he erst did weete,
 To been with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
 The ill which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

XII.

And coming close to *Trompart*, 'gan inquire
 Of him, what mighty warriour that mote be,
 That rode in golden sell with single spear,
 But wanted sword to wreak his enmittee.
 He is a great adventurer (said he)
 That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged be
 Of that despight, never to wearen one;
 That spear is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

XIII.

Th'enchauter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equal foyl to daunt,
 Tho to him louting lowly, did begin,
 To plain of wrongs, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcross* Knight;
 Which two through treason and deceitful gin,
 Had slain Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreak so foul despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddainly he seem'd enrag'd,
 And threatned death with dreadful countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand been gag'd;
 And with stiff force shaking his mortal launce
 To let him weete his doughty valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old man, great sure shall be thy meed,
 If where those Knights for fear of due vengeance
 Do lurk, thou certainly to me areed,
 That I may wreak on them their hainous hateful deed.

XV.

Certes my Lord (said he) that shall I soon,
 And give you eke good help to their decay :
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon ;
 Give no ods to your foes, but do purvay
 Your self of sword before that bloody day :
 For they be two the prowest Knights on ground,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay ;
 And eke of surest steel, that may be found,
 Do arm your self against that day, them to confound.

XVI.

Dotard (said he) let be thy deep advise ;
 Seems that through many years thy wits thee fail,
 And that weak eld hath left thee nothing wise ;
 Else never should thy judgment be so frail,
 To measure manhood by the sword or mail.
 Is not enough four quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail ?
 Thou little wotest what this right hand can :
 Speak they, which have beheld the battles which it waned

XVII.

The man was much abashed at his boast ;
 Yet well he wist, that whoso would contend
 With either of those Knights on even coast,
 Should need of all his arms him to defend,
 Yet feared least his boldness should offend ;
 When *Braggadocio* said, once I did swear,
 When with one sword seven Knights I brought to end,
 Thenceforth in battle never sword to bear,
 But it were that, which noblest Knight on earth doth wear.

XVIII.

Perdie, Sir Knight, said then th'enchauter blive,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond :
 For now the best and noblest Knight alive
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wonns in Fairy lond ;
 He hath a sword that flames like burning brond ;
 The same (by my advise) I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
 At which bold word that boaster 'gan to quake,
 And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

XIX.

He staid not for more bidding, but away:
 Was suddain vanished out of his sight:
 The northern wind his wings did broad display
 At his command, and reared him up light
 From off the earth to take his airy flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espy
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bade other fly:
 Both fled at once, ne ever back returned eye.

XX.

Till that they come unto a forest green,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causeless fear;
 Yet fear them follows still, whereso they been.
 Each trembling leaf, and whistling wind they hear,
 As ghastly bug their hair on end does rear:
 Yet both do strive their fearfulness to faine.
 At last they heard a horn, that shrilled clear
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed again,
 And made the forest ring, as it would rive in twain.

XXI.

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely rush;
 With noyse whereof he from his lofty steed
 Down fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dread.
 But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoon there stepped forth
 A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance, born of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
 And in her cheeks the vermeild red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

XXIII.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th'heavenly makers light,
 And darted firy beams out of the same,
 So passing pierceant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight :
 In them the blinded god his lustful fire
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;
 For with dreed majesty, and awful ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

XXIV.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did it self dispread.
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead.
 All good and honour might therein be read :
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping hony she did shed,
 And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musick seem'd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eye-lids many Graces fate,
 Under the shadow of her even brows,
 Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
 And every one her with a grace endows :
 And every one with meekness to her bow .
 So glorious mirrour of celestial grace,
 And soveraine monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
 For fear through want of skill her beauty to disgrace?

XXVI.

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair
 She seem'd, when she presented was to fight,
 And was yclad (for heat of scorching air)
 All in a filken camus, lilly white,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout,
 With golden aygulets, that gliftred bright,
 Like twinkling stars, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat train;
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwain,
 All bard with golden bends, which were entaild
 With curious anticks, and full fair aumaild :
 Before, they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich jewel, and therein entraild
 The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped be.

XXVIII.

Like two fair marble pillors they were seen,
 Which do the temple of the Gods support,
 Whom all the people deck with girlonds green,
 And honour in their festival resort ;
 Those same with stately grace, and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herself would grace :
 But with the woody Nymphs when she did play,
 Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharp Bore-spear she held,
 And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she queld
 The salvage beasts in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
 Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in *May*
 Now little 'gan to swell, and being tide,
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

XXX.

Her yellow locks crisped, like golden wire,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
 They waved like a penon wide dispred,
 And low behind her back were scattered :
 And whether art it were, or heedless hap,
 As through the flowering forest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairs sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

XXXI.

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
 Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* green,
 Where all the Nymphs have her unwares forlore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrows keen,
 To seek her game: or as that famous Queen
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
 The day that first of *Priam* she was seen,
 Did shew herself in great triumphant joy,
 To succour the weak state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

XXXII.

Such whenas heartles *Trompart* her did view,
 He was dismayed in his coward mind,
 And doubted, whether he himself should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
 Both fear and hope he in her face did find,
 When she at last him spying, thus bespake;
 Hail Groom; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answer forth he threw,
 O Goddess (for such I thee take to be)
 For neither doth thy face terrestrial shew,
 Nor voice sound mortal; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith earst into this forest wild I came.
 But mote thy goodly-hed forgive it me,
 To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

XXXIV.

To whom she thus; but ere her words enslew'd,
 Unto the bush her eye did suddain glaunce,
 In which vain *Braggadocchio* was mew'd,
 And saw it stir: she left her piercing launce,
 And towards 'gan a deadly shaft advaunce,
 In mind to mark the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortal chaunce,
 Out-crying, o whatever heavenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be withhold this deadly howre.

XXXV.

O stay thy hand: for yonder is no game
 For thy fierce arrows, them to exercise;
 But lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name
 Is far renown'd through many bold emprise;
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
 She staid: with that he crawld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thighs,
 And standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
 Did fiercely shake and rowze, as coming late from rest.

XXXVI.

As fearful fowl, that long in secret cave,
 For dread of soaring Hawk herself hath hid,
 Not caring how her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disordered,
 Seeing at last herself from danger rid,
 Peeps forth, and soon renews her native pride;
 She 'gins her feathers foul disfigured
 Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

XXXVII.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He 'gan himself to vaunt: but when he view'd
 Those deadly tools which in her hand she held,
 Soon into other fits he was transmew'd,
 Till she to him her gracious speech renew'd;
 All hail, Sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
 As all the like, which honour have pursuw'd
 Through deeds of arms and prowess martial;
 All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus; o fairest under skye,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats dost highest glorifie.
 Therein have I spent all my youthly days,
 And many battles fought, and many frays
 Throughout the world, whereso they might be found,
 Endeavouring my dreaded name to raise
 Above the moon, that fame may it resound
 In her eternal trump, with laurel girlond croud.

Canto III. THE FAIRY QUEEN.

XXXIX.

But what art thou (O Lady, which dost range
In this wild forest, where no pleasure is,
And dost not it for joyous court exchange,
Emongst thine equal peers, where happy bliss
And all delight does reign, much more than this?
There thou mayst love, and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here dost miss;
There mayst thou best be seen, and best mayst see:
The wood is best for beasts; the court is fit for thee.

XL.

Whoso in pomp of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does waste his days in dark obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where ease abounds, it's eath to do amiss;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie miss.
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind
Who seeks with painful toil, shall honour soonest find.

XLI.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wents to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide:
But easie is the way, and passage plain
To pleasures palace; it may soon be spide,
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

XLII.

In Princes court: The rest she would have said,
But that the foolish man (filld with delight
Of her sweet words, that all his sense dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight)
'Gan burn in filthy lust; and leaping light,
Thought in his bastard arms her to embrace.
With that, she swarving back, her javelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Pursue her steps, through wild unknownen wood;
Besides he fear'd her wrath, and threatned shot
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vain;
But turning said to *Trompart*, what foul blot
Is this to Knight, that Lady should again
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdain.

XLIV.

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her pass at will,
Least by her presence danger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I fear it ill)
But that she is some powre celestial?
For whiles she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my heart oppress,
That yet I quake and tremble over all.
And I said *Braggadocchio*) thought no less,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastrlines.

XLV.

For from my mothers womb this grace I have
Me given by eternal destiny,
That earthly thing may not my courage brave
Dismay with fear, or cause one foot to fly,
But either hellish fiends, or powres on high:
Which was the cause, when earst that horn I heard,
Weening it had been thunder in the sky,
I hid my self from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, myself I boldly reard.

XLVI.

But now for fear of worse that may betide,
Let us soon hence depart. They soon agree.
So to his steed he got, and 'gan to ride
As one unfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trained been in chevalree.
Which well that valiant courser did discern;
For he dispis'd to tread in due degree,
But chaufft and foam'd, with courage fierce and stern
And to be eas'd of that base burden still did yern.

C A N T O IV.

*Guyon does Furor bind in chains,
And stops Occasion :
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By strife is rayl'd upon.*

I.

IN brave pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seems to be borne by native influence ;
As feats of arms, and love to entertain :
But chiefly skill to ride, seems a science
Proper to gentle blood ; some others fain
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter ; but in vain.

II.

But he (the rightful owner of that steed)
Who well could menage and subdue his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his most trusty guide ;
Who suffered not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weak fleshliness
Would from the right way seek to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastness,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppress.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seem'd for to see
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad-man, or that feign'd mad to be,
Drew by the hair along upon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great cruelty,
Whom sore he beat, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with tears, and sides with blood did all abound.

IV.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalk,
 In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
 But on a staff her feeble steps did stay;
 Her locks that loathly were, and hoary gray,
 Grew all afore, and loosely hung unrold,
 But all behind was bald, and worn away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold,
 And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

V.

And ever as she went, her tongue did walk
 In foul reproach, and terms of vile despight,
 Provoking him by her outrageous talk,
 To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite,
 Sometimes her staff, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not go upright;
 Ne any evil means she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation rear.

VI.

The noble *Guyon* mov'd with great remorse,
 Approaching, first the Hag did thrust away;
 And after adding more impetuous force,
 His mighty hands did on the mad-man lay,
 And pluckt him back, who all on fire straitway,
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage 'gan him assay,
 And smote, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governance, it well to guide:
 But when the frantick fit inflam'd his spright,
 His force was vain, and strook more often wide,
 Than at the aimed mark, which he had eyde:
 And oft himself he chanct to hurt unwares,
 Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descryde,
 As a blindfold Bull at random fares, [nought cares.
 And where he hits, nought knows, and whom he hurts,

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handling,
 Strange seemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
 In fair defence and goodly menaging
 Of arms was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so;
 But more enforced through his currish play,
 Him sternly gript, and haling to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himself unwares, and lower lay.

IX.

And being down, the villain sore did beat,
 And bruise with clownish fists his manly face:
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
 Still call'd upon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproach and odious menace
 The Knight emboyling in his haughty heart,
 Knit all his forces, and 'gan soon unbrace
 His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintain his part.

X.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cry'd,
 Not so, O *Gayon*, never think that so
 That monster can be master'd or destroy'd:
 He is not, ah he is not such a foe,
 As steel can wound, or strength can overthrow.
 That same is *Furor* cursed cruel wight,
 That unto Knighthood works much shame and woe;
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

XI.

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:
 First her restrain from her reproachful blame,
 And evil means with which she doth enrage.
 Her frantick son, and kindles his courage:
 Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withstood,
 It's oath his idle fury to assuage,
 And calm the tempest of his passion wood;
 The banks are overflown, when stopped is the flood.

XII.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
 And turning to that woman fast her hent
 By the hoar locks that hung before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
 Her bitter railing and foul revilement,
 But still provokt her son to wreak her wrong;
 But natheless he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her ungracious tong,
 Thereon an iron lock did fasten firm and strong.

XIII.

Then whenas use of speech was from her rest,
 With her two crooked hands she signs did make,
 And beckned him, the last help she had left,
 But he that last left help away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound unto a stake,
 That she no'te stir. Then 'gan her son to fly
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hye,
 And soon him overtook in sad perplexity.

XIV.

In his strong arms he stifly him embract,
 Who him gain-striving, nought at all prevail'd;
 For all his powre was utterly defact,
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quail'd:
 Oft he renforc't, and oft his forces fail'd,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hail'd,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his back,
 And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

XV.

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him sore constrain:
 Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
 And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain:
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did stain,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
 And more for rank despight, than for great pain,
 Shakt his long locks, colour'd like copper-wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon, Furor had captiv'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad-man of life nigh late depriv'd,
Lying on ground, all soyl'd with blood and mire:
Whom whenas he perceived to respire,
He 'gan to comfort, and his wounds to dress,
Being at last recur'd he 'gan enquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distress,
And made that caitives thrall, the thrall of wretchedness.

XVII.

With heart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Fair Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lies unwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waits advantage to entrap
The man most wary, in her whelming lap.
So me weak wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
She brought to mischief through occasion,
Where this same wicked villain did me light upon.

XVIII.

It was a faithless Squire, that was the source
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad tears,
With whom from tender dug of common nurse,
Attonce I was upbrought; and est when years
More ripe as reason lent to chuse our peers.
Ourselves in league of vowed love we knit:
In which we long time without jealous fears,
Or faulty thoughts continu'd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

XIX.

It was my fortune (common to that age)
To love a Lady fair of great degree,
The which was born of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignity,
Yet seem'd no less to love, than lov'd to be:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love that two hearts makes one, makes eke one will;
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfil.

XX.

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
 Of all my love, and all my privity :
 Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
 And gracious to that Lady, as to me :
 Ne ever wight that mote so welcome be,
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
 Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
 But unto him she would impart the same ;
 O wretched man ! that would abuse so gentle Dame.

XXI.

At last, such grace I found, and means I wrought,
 That I that Lady to my spouse had won ;
 Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
 Affiance made, my happiness begun,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be done,
 Which marriage make ; that day too far did seem :
 Most joyous man, on whom the shining sun
 Did shew his face, myself I did esteem,
 And that my falser friend did no less joyous deem.

XXII.

But ere that wished day his beam disclos'd,
 He, either envying my toward good,
 Or of himself to treason ill dispos'd,
 One day unto me came in friendly mood,
 And told (for secret) how he understood,
 That Lady whom I had to me assign'd,
 Had both distain'd her honourable blood,
 And eke the faith which she to me did bind ;
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should find.

XXIII.

The gnawing anguish and sharp jealousie,
 Which his sad speech infix'd in my breast,
 Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
 That my engrieved mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
 And him besought by that same sacred band
 Betwixt us both, to counsel me the best.
 He then with solemn oath and plighted hand
 Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

Ere long, with like again he boarded me,
Saying he now had boulded all the flour,
And that it was a groom of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramour:
Who used in a darksome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that houre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV.

This graceless man, for furtherance of his guile;
Did court the handmaid of my Lady dear,
Who glad t'embofom his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appear.
One day to work her to his will more near,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI.

But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T'adorn thy form according thy desert,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soon have blent,
And stain'd their praises with thy least good part;
Ne should fair *Claribell* with all her art
(Though she thy Lady be) approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this evening as thou art,
Array thy self in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement dear.

XXVII.

The maiden proud through praise, and mad through love
Him hearkened to, and soon herself arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His crafty engin, and as he had said,
Me leading in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my tragedy;
Where left, he went, and his own false part plaid,
Disguised like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th'abuser of my love to be.

XXVIII.

Eftsoons he came unto th' appointed place,
 And with him brought *Pryene* rich array'd,
 In *Claribella's* clothes. Her proper face
 I not discerned in that darksome shade,
 But ween'd it was my love, with whom he playd.
 Ah God! what horreur and tormenting grief,
 My heart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assay'd!
 Me lieber were ten thousand deathes prief,
 Than wound of jealous worm, and shame of such reprief.

XXIX.

I home returning, fraught with foul despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soon as my loathed Love appear'd in sight,
 With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
 That after soon I dearly did lament:
 For when the cause of that outrageous deed
 Demanded, I made plain and evident,
 Her faulty handmaid, which that bale did breed,
 Confest how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

XXX.

Which when I heard with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enrag'd, I fought
 Upon my self that vengeable despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought
 To wreak my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*,
 I cast to pay that I so dearly bought:
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drink anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grief on grief,
 To los of Love adjoyning los of friend,
 I meant to purge both, with a third mischief,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:
 That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
 She last should smart: with which cruel intent,
 When I at her my murd'rous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dremment,
 And I pursuing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII.

Fear gave her wings, and rage enforct my flight;
 Through woods and plains so long I did her chace,
 Till this mad-man (whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space;
 As I her, so he me pursued apace,
 And shortly overtook: I breathing ire,
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a case,
 And with my heat kindled his cruel fire:
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

XXXIII.

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
 Through wounds and strokes and stubborn handeling;
 That death were better than such agony,
 As grief and fury unto me did bring;
 Of which in me yet sticks the mortal sting,
 That during life will never be appeas'd.
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore have ye been diseas'd;
 But all your hurts may soon through temperance be eas'd.

XXXIV.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend:
 In their beginning they are weak and wan,
 But soon through suff'rance grow to fearful end;
 Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend;
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong wars they make, and cruel battry bend
 Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow:
 Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this Squire have laid thus low.

XXXV.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expel:
 Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed,
 Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell;
 The fire of sparks, the weed of little seed,
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
 The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away:
 So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love; die and decay.

XXXVI.

Unlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast
 Faln into mischief through intemperance,
 Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast past,
 And guide thy ways with wary governance,
 Lest worst betide thee by some later chance.
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Pbedon I hight (quoth he) and do advance
 Mine ancestry from famous *Coradin*,
 Who first to raise our house to honour did begin.

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spide
 A varlet running towards hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applide,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweat did dim his eye.
 He soon approached, panting, breathless, hot,
 And all so soyl'd, that none could him descry;
 His countenance was bold, and bashed not
 For *Guyons* looks, but scornful eye-glance at him shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his back he bore a brazen shield,
 On which was drawn fair, in colours fit;
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath these words were writ,
Burnt I do burn. Right well beseemed it,
 To be the shield of some redoubted Knight;
 And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
 And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir Knight, if Knight thou be,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 For fear of further harm I counsel thee;
 Or bide the chance at thine own jeopardy.
 The Knight at his great boldness wondered,
 And though he scorn'd his idle vanity,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
 For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL.

Varlet, this place most due to me I deem,
 Yielded by him that held it forcibly.
 But whence should come that harm, which thou dost seem
 To threat to him, that minds his chance t'aby?
 Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
 A Knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
 That never yet encountred enemy
 But did him deadly daunt, or foul dismay;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

XLI.

How hight he then (said Guyon) and from whence?
Pyrocles is his name, renowned far
 For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approv'd in many a cruel war,
 The brother of *Cymockles*, both which are
 The sons of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;
Acrates son of *Pblegeton* and *Jar*:
 But *Pblegeton* is son of *Herebus* and *Night*:
 But *Herebus* son of *Eternity* is hight.

XLII.

So from immortal race he does proceed,
 That mortal hands may not withstand his might;
 Drad for his derring doe, and bloody deed;
 For all in blood and spoil is his delight.
 His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right.
 That matter make for him to work upon,
 And stir him up to strife and cruel fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearful stead anon,
 Lest thy fool-hardize work thy sad confusion.

XLIII.

His be that care, whom most it doth concern
 (Said he): but whither with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bound? for well mote I discern
 Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
 My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight behight
 To seek *Occasion*, whereso she be:
 For he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous cruelty:
 Hard is his hap, that first falls in his jeopardy.

XLIV.

Mad-man (said then the Palmer) that does seek
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;

She comes unsought, and shunned follows eke:
 Happy who can abstain, when rancour rife
 Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife;
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes unquiet life.

Then lo, where bound she sits, whom thou hast sought,
 (Said *Guyon*) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

XLV.

That when the varlet heard and saw, straightway
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, vile Knight,
 That Knights and Knighthood dost with shame upbray,
 And shew'st th'ensample of thy childish might,
 With silly weak old woman thus to fight;
 Great glory and gay spoil sure hast thou got,
 And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in sight;
 That shall *Pyrocles* well requite, I wot,
 And with thy blood abolish so reproachful blot.

XLVI.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with ire and vengeable despight.
 The quivering steel his aimed end well knew,
 And to his breast itself intended right:
 But he was wary, and ere it empight
 In the meant mark, advanc't his shield atween;
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,
 But back rebounding, left the forkhead keen;
 Eftsoons he fled away, and might no where be seen.

C A N T O V.

*Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chain unbinds :
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Atin Cymochles finds.*

I.

WHoever doth to temperance apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me shall find no greater enemy,
Than stubborn perturbation to the same ;
To which right well the wise do give that name,
For it the goodly peace of stayed minds
Does overthrow, and troublous war proclaim :
His own woes authour, who so bound it finds,
As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully unbinds.

II.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plain fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright Arms embattailed full strong,
That as the sunny beams do glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seem'd him to enflame on every side :
His steed was bloody red and foamed ire,
When with the mastring spur he did him roughly fire.

III.

Approaching nigh, he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke ;
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke ;
And fairly couching his steel-headed-spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke ;
It bootéd nought Sir *Guyon* coming near
To think such hideous puissance on foot to bear.

IV.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharp steel arriving forcibly
 On his broad shield bit not, but glancing fell
 On his horse neck before the quilted fell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight:
 So him dismounted low, he did compel
 On foot with him to matchen equal fight,
 The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him foully dight,

V.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow uprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disleal Knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreak it self on beast all innocent,
 And shun'd the mark, at which it should be meant,
 Thereby thine arms seem strong, but manhood frail.
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But little may such guile thee now avail,
 If wonted force and fortune do not much me fail.

VI.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strook
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his sevenfolded shield away it took,
 And glancing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soul from thence it would discharge;
 Natheless, so sore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reel, and to his breast his bever bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
 And much asham'd that stroke of living arm
 Should him dismay, and make him stoop so low,
 Though otherwise it did him little harm:
 Tho hurling high his iron braced arm,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarm;
 Yet there the steel staid not but inly bate
 Deep in his flesh, and open'd wide a red flood-gate;

VIII.

Deadly dismaid with horreur of that dint,
Pyrocles was, and grieved eke entire ;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame unto his former fire,
 That well nigh molt his heart in raging ire :
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his safeguard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel Tygre far'd :

IX.

He hew'd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blows,
 And every way did seek into his life :
 Ne plate, ne mail could ward so mighty throws,
 But yielded passage to his cruel knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was wary-wise, and closely did await
 Advantage, whilst his foe, did rage most rife :
 Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
 And falsed oft his blows, t'illude him with such bait.

X.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperial powre
 A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,
 T'avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
 Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside : the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horn sought of his enemies,
 Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

With such fair sleight him *Guyon* often fail'd,
 Till at the last, all breathless, weary, faint,
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assail'd,
 And kindling new his courage (seeming queint)
 Strook him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him stoop perforce unto his knee,
 And do unwilling worship to the saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see ;
 Such homage till that instant never learned he :

XII.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoop, pursued fast
 The present offer of fair victory,
 And soon his dreadful blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so high,
 That strait on ground made him full low to lie;
 Then on his breast his victor foot he thrust:
 With that he cry'd, mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deem thy force by fortunes doom unjust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust;

XIII.

Eftsoons his cruel hand Sir *Guyon* staid,
 Tempring the passion with advisement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismaid:
 For th' equal dye of war he well did know:
 Then to him said, live, and allegiance owe
 To him that gives thee life and liberty:
 And henceforth, by this days ensample trow,
 That hasty wrath and heedless hazardry,
 Do breed repentance late, and lasting infamy.

XIV.

So up he let him rise: who with grim look
 And count'nance stern upstanding, 'gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdain, and shook
 His sandy locks, long hanging down behind,
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind,
 That he in odds of arms was conquered;
 Yet in himself some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble Knight had mastered,
 Whose bounty more than might, yet both he wondered.

XV.

Which *Guyon* marking, said, be nought agriev'd,
 Sir Knight, that thus you now subdued are:
 Was never man, who most conquests atchiev'd
 But sometimes had the worse and lost by war,
 Yet shortly gain'd, that loss exceeded far:
 Loss is no shame, nor to be less than foe;
 But to be lesser than himself doth mar
 Both losers lot, and victors praise also.
 Vain others overthrow, who self doth overthrow;

XVI.

Fly, O *Pyrocles*; fly the dreadful war,
 That in thyself, thy lesser parts do move:
 Outrageous anger and woe-working jar,
 Direful impatience, and heart-murdring love;
 Those, those thy foes, those warriors far remove;
 Which thee to endless bale captived lead.
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 Of courtesie to me the cause aread,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

XVII.

Dreadless, said he, that shall I soon declare:
 It was complain'd, that thou hadst done great tort
 Unto an aged woman, poor and bare;
 And thrall'd her in chains with strong effort,
 Void of all succour and needful comfort:
 That ill beseems thee, such as I thee see,
 To work such shame. Therefore I thee exhort
 To change thy will, and set *Occasion* free,
 And to her captive son yield his first liberty.

XVIII.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smil'd: and is that all
 Said he, that thee so sore displeased hath?
 Great mercy sure for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turn to greatest scath.
 Nath'less now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
 Lo there they be; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leap, where he them bound did see,
 And 'gan to break the bands of their captivity.

XIX.

Soon as *Occasion* felt herself unty'd,
 Before her Son could well affoiled be,
 She to her use return'd, and strait defy'd
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrocles*: th'one (said she)
 Because he won; the other, because he
 Was won: so matter did she make of nought,
 To stir up strife, and garre them disagree.
 But soon as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she fought
 To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrocles* fight;
 And his redeemer challeng'd for his foe,
 Because he had not well maintain'd his right,
 But yielded had to that same stranger Knight:
 Now 'gan *Pyrocles* wax as wood as he,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fierce engrasped be,
 While *Guyon* standing by their uncouth strife does see.

XXI.

Him all that while *Occasion* did provoke
 Against *Pyrocles*, and new matter fram'd
 Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
 For suffering such abuse as Knighthood sham'd,
 And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
 Ne would with vain occasions be inflam'd;
 Yet others she more urgent did devise:
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still encreased more,
 And more thereby encreased *Furor's* might;
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and dirt deformed quight.
 His Mother eke (more to augment his spight)
 Now brought to him a flaming fier-brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
 Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
 That arm'd with fire more hardly he mote him withstond.

XXIII.

Tho gan that villain wax so fierce and strong,
 That nothing might sustain his furious force;
 He cast him down to ground, and all along
 Drew him through dirt and mire without remorse,
 And foully battered his comely corse;
 That *Guyon* much disdain'd so loathly sight.
 At last he was compell'd to cry perforce,
 Help (O Sir *Guyon*) help most noble Knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight;

XXIV.

The Knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
 And 'gan him dight to succour his distress,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraint,
 Him staid from yielding pitiful redress;
 And said, dear Son, thy causeless ruth repress,
 Ne let thy stout heart melt in pity vain:
 He that his sorrow fought through wilfulness,
 And his foe fettred would release again,
 Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented pain.

XXV.

Guyon obey'd; So him away he drew
 From needless trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rash *Pyrocles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heavy plight,
 Under Sir *Guyon*'s puissant stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funeral
 Unto his brother, whom *Cymockles* men did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
 And glorious spoils, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughty Knights he in his days
 Had done to death, subdu'd in equal frays;
 Whose carcases, for terrour of his name,
 Of fowls and beasts he made the pitious preys,
 And hung their conquer'd arms for more defame
 On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

XXVII.

His dearest Dame is that Enchanteress,
 The vile *Acrasia* that with vain delights,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of bliss*,
 Does charm her Lovers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of frail wights:
 Whom then she does transform to monstrous hews,
 And horrible mishapes with ugly sights,
 Captiv'd eternally in iron mews;
 And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face never shows.

XXVIII.

There *Atin* found *Cymockles* sojourning,
 To serve his Lemans love: for he by kind,
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 Whenever his fierce hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pour'd out his idle mind
 In dainty delices, and lavish joys,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And flows in pleasures, and vain!pleasing toys.
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious boys.

XXIX.

And over him, art striving to compare
 With nature, did an arbour green dispreed,
 Framed of wanton Ivy, flowring fair,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread
 His pricking arms, entrail'd with Roses red,
 Which dainty odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
 Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted colours shew.

XXX.

And fast beside, there trickled softly down
 A gentle stream, whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a soun',
 To lull him soft asleep, that by it lay;
 The weary traveller, wandring that way.
 Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
 And then by it his weary limbs display,
 Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
 His former pain, and wipt away his toilsome sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other side a pleasant grove
 Was shot up high full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is t'*Olympick Jove*,
 And to his Son *Alcides*, whenas he
 Gain'd in *Nemæa* goodly victory;
 Therein the merry birds, of every sort,
 Chaunted aloud their chearful harmony:
 And made emongst themselves a sweet consort
 That quickned the dull spright with musical comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelessly display'd,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light merriment;
Every of which did loosely disarray
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And shew'd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew.
Some fram'd fair looks, glancing like evening lights;
Others sweet words, dropping like honey dew;
Some, bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred liquor through his melting lips:
One boasts her beauty, and does yield to view
Her dainty limbs above her tender hips:
Another her out-boasts, and all for tryal strips.

XXXIV.

He like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deep desire does steep;
And his frail eye with spoil of beauty feeds;
Sometimes he falsly feigns himself to sleep,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do peep,
To steal a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creep:
So them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunk with drugs of dear voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spy'd,
Thus in still waves of deep delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cry'd,
Cymockles; O no, but *Cymockles* shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* Son?
Or where hath he hung up his mortal blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests won?
Is all his force forlorn, and all his glory done?

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp pointed dart,
 He said; Up, up, thou womanish weak Knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
 Unmindful of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetless eke of lately wrought despight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrocles* lies on senseless ground,
 And groaneth out his utmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroke, and many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy help in vain, that here in joys art drown'd.

XXXVII.

Suddenly out of his delightful dream
 The man awoke, and would have question'd m,
 But he would not endure that woeful theam
 For to dilate at large, but urged fore
 With piercing words, and pitiful implore.
 Him hasty to arise. As one affright
 With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
 He then uprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his arms; for he would algates fight.

XXXVIII.

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way:
 Ne Ladies loves, ne sweet entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hasty passage stay;
 For he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day.
 (That day itself him seemed all too long:)
 On him, that did *Pyrocles* dear dismay:
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

C A N T O VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Mirth
Led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his Bro-
ther burns in furious fire.*

I.

A harder lesson, to learn continence
In joyous pleasure, than in grievous pain,
For sweetness doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that uneaths it can refrain
From that, which feeble nature covets fain:
But grief and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can restrain;
Yet vertue vaunts in both her victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shews goodly maysteries.

II.

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling to find,
With cruel purpose bent to wreak on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Waiting to pass, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

III.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fair,
Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Sometimes she sung, as loud as Lark in air,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her move cause of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could devise, and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

IV.

Which when far off *Cymockles* heard and saw,
 He loudly call'd to such as were aboard,
 The little bark unto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferry over that deep ford:
 The merry mariner unto his word
 Soon hearkned, and her painted boat straightway
 Turn'd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
 She in receiv'd; but *Atin* by no way
 She would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray;

V.

Eftsoons her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift than swallow sheres the liquid sky,
 Withou'ten oar or Pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly;
 Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away upon the yielding wave,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply:
 For it was taught the way, which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save;

VI.

And all the way, the wanton Damsel found
 New mirth, her passenger to entertain:
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
 And greatly joyed merry tales to fain,
 Of which a store-house did with her remain,
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
 For all her words she drown'd with laughing vain,
 And wanting grace in utt'ring of the same;
 That turn'd all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other wkiles vain toys she would devise,
 As her fantastick wit did most delight:
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her neck, or rings of rushes plight;
 Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leav'es light,
 Or to behold the water work, and play
 About her little frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruel fight,
 But to weak wench did yield his martial might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of sensual delight;
 So easie is, t'appease the stormy wind
 Of malice in the calm of pleasant woman-kind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymockles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that usage meant,
 Which in her cot she daily practiced.
 Vain man, said she, that wouldst be reckoned
 A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
 Of *Phadria* (for so my name is read)
 Of *Phadria* thine own fellow servaunt;
 For thou to serve *Acraſia* thyself doſt vaunt.

X.

In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,
 Ne care, ne fear I, how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 Both slow and swift alike to serve my tourn,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
 Can change my chear, or make me ever mourn;
 My little boat can safely pass this perlous bourn.

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toy'd,
 They were far past the passage which he spake,
 And come unto an Island waste and void,
 That floated in the midst of that great lake:
 There her small gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay pair issuing on the shore
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land that lay them fair before,
 Whose pleasure she him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

XII.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
 Emongst wide waves set like a little nest,
 As if it had by natures cunning hand,
 Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:
 No dainty flowre or herb that grows on ground,
 No arboret with painted blossoms drest,
 And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
 To bud out fair, and her sweet smells throw all around.

XIII.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
 No song but did contain a lovely dit:
 Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fit
 For to allure frail men to careless ease.
 Careless the man soon wox, and his weak wit
 Was overcome of thing, that did him please;
 So pleased, did his wrathful purpose fair appeale.

XIV.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and fill'd with pleasures vain,
 Into a shady dale she soft him led,
 And laid him down upon a grassy plain;
 And her sweet self, without dread or disdain
 She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustain,
 Where soon he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

XV.

Behold O man, that toylsome pains dost take,
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
 How they themselves do thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throws
 Out of her fruitful lap, how no man knows,
 They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous shows:
 Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
 Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

XVI.

The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
 The flowre-delice, her lovely paramour,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
 And soon leave off this toylsome weary stoure;
 Lo, lo, how brave she decks her bounteous bowre,
 With silken curtains, and gold coverlets,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
 Yet neither spins, nor cards, ne cares, nor frets,
 But to her mother nature all her care she lets.

XVII.

Why then dost thou, O man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
 Wilfully make thy self a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy joyous hours in needles pain,
 Seeking for danger and adventures vain?
 What boots it all to have, and nothing use?
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the main,
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitless toyl, and present pleasures chuse.

XVIII.

By this, she had him lulled fast asleep,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steep,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him left, and did herself betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
 The slothful waves of that great 'griessly lake;
 Soon she that Island far behind her left,
 And now is come to that same place, where first she west.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing; and for passage sought:
 Him needed not long call, she soon to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide; himself she took aboard,
 But the *Black Palmer* suffered still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,
 To ferry that old man over that perleous fo'rd.

XX.

Guyon was loth to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not back retire;
 For the fit bark, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged Sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billows thick as troubled mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their seat could force,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her merry fit she freshly 'gan to rear,
 And did of joy and jollity devise,
 Her self to cherish, and her guest to chear:
 The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest mirth and pleasance to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and gear,
 And pass the bounds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former stile,
 And said and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
 Where sleeping late she left her other Knight.
 But whenas *Guyon* of that land had sight,
 He wist himself amiss, and angry said;
 Ah Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obeyd:
 Me little needed from my right way to have strayd.

XXIII.

Fair Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all;
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
 The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
 But here awhile ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serve new passage to assay;
 Better safe port than be in seas distrest.
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

XXIV.

But he half discontent, mote natheless
Himself appease, and issued forth on shore :
The joys whereof and happy fruitfulness,
Such as he saw she 'gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more :
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing.
And told that gardens pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And she more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them bare a part,
And strive to pass (as she could well enough)
Their native musick by her skilful art :
So did she all, that might his constant heart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprise,
And drown in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyle of arms, or view of martial guise,
Might not revive desire of Knightly exercise.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his heart :
Yet would not seem so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart ;
But fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not hear, but her disports pursewd,
And ever bade him stay, till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this, *Cymockles* hour was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dream,
And shaking off his drowsie dreriment,
Gan him avise, how ill did him beseem,
In slothful sleep his molten heart to steem,
And quench the brand of his conceived ire.
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreem,
Ne stayed for his Damsel to inquire,
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompany'd with *Phædria* the fair:
 Eftsoons he 'gan to rage, and inly fret.
 Crying, let be that Lady *Debonaire*,
 Thou recreant Knight, and soon thy self prepare
 To battle, if thou mean her love to gain:
 Lo, lo already, how the fowls in air
 Do flock, awaiting shortly to obtain
 Thy carcass for their prey, the guerdon of thy pain.

XXIX.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld;
 Who soon prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equal valour countervayld:
 Their mighty stroaks their harberjeons dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalls;
 The mortal steel dispiteously entayld
 Deep in their flesh, quite through the iron walls,
 That a large purple stream adown their giambeux falls.

XXX.

Cymobles, that had never met before
 So puissant foe, with envious despight
 His proud presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknightly raylings which he spoke,
 With wrathful fire his courage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blows down did sway;
Cymobles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunct,
 And thereof nigh one quarter shear'd away;
 But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone;
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as senseless stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fair *Phaëdra*, that beheld
 That deadly danger, seen atween them ran;
 And at their feet her self most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitious voice, and count'nance wan;
 Ah weal-away! most noble Lords, how can
 Your cruel eyes endure so pitious sight,
 To shed your lives on ground? woe worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steel to bite
 In his own flesh, and make way to the living sprite.

XXXIII.

If ever love of Lady did pierce
 Your iron breasts, or pity could find place,
 Withhold your bloody hands from battle fierce,
 And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yield, to stay your deadly strife a space.
 They stayd a while: and forth she 'gan proceed:
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 That am the author of this heinous deed,
 And cause of death between two doughty Knights do breed.

XXXIV.

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 Not this rude-kind of battle, nor these arms
 Are meet, the which do men in bale to serve,
 And doleful sorrow heap with deadly harms:
 Such cruel game my scarmoges disarm:
 Another war, and other weapons I
 Do love, where Love does give his sweet alarms,
 Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
 Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

XXXV.

Debateful strife, and cruel enmity
 The famous name of Knighthood foully shend;
 But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
 And in amours the passing hours to spend,
 The mighty martial hands do most commend;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Than of their arms: *Mars* is *Cupid's* friend,
 And is for *Venus* loves renowned more
 Than all his wars and spoils, the which he did of yore.

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smil'd. They though full bent
 To prove extremities of bloody fight,
 Yet at her speech their rages 'gan relent,
 And calm the sea of their tempestuous spight;
 Such powre have pleasing words: such is the might
 Of courteous clemency in gentle heart.
 Now after all was ceast, the Fairy Knight
 Besought that Damzel suffer him depart,
 And yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no less glad, than he desirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her joy
 And vain delight she saw he light did passe,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemn sad, or still disdainful coy,
 Delighting all in arms and cruel war,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and unquiet jar,
 That she well pleased was thence to amove him far.

XXXVIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift boat
 Forthwith directed to that further strand,
 The which on the dull waves did lightly float,
 And soon arrived on the shallow sand,
 Where gladsome *Gayon* fallied forth to land,
 And to that Damzel thanks gave for reward.
 Upon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
 There by his master left, when late he far'd
 In *Phædrias* flit bark over that perlous shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrochles* sharp debatement made,
 Streight 'gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
 As shepherds cur, that in dark evenings shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beasts treading;
 Vile miscreant (said he) whither dost thou fly
 The shame and death, which will thee soon invade?
 What coward hand shall do thee next to dye,
 That art thus foully fled from famous enemy?

XL.

With that, he flily shook his steel-head dart.
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rail,
 Though somewhat moved in his mighty heart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion frail,
 And passed fairly forth. He turning tail,
 Back to the strond retyr'd, and there still staid,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did fail;
 The whiles *Cymachles* with that wanton maid
 The hasty heat of his avow'd revenge delayd.

XLI.

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from far
 An armed Knight, that towards him fast ran:
 He ran on foot, as if in luckless war
 His forlorn steed from him the victour won;
 He seemed breathless, heartless, faint, and wan,
 And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
 And soyld with dirty gore, that no man can
 Discern the bew thereof. He never stood,
 But bent his hasty course towards the idle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,
 And deep himself beducked in the same.
 That in the lake his lofty crest was sleapt,
 Ne of his safety seemed care he kept;
 But with his raging arms he rudely flast
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the blood and filth away was washt,
 Yet still he beat the water, and the billows dasht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote be;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth fight;
 Whom should he, but his own dear Lord, there see?
 His own dear Lord *Pyrochles*, in sad plight,
 Ready to drown himself for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
 What dismal day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifide?
Pyrochles! O *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde?

XLIV.

I burn, I burn, I burn; then loud he cryde :
 O how I burn with implacable fire !
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming side, I
 Nor sea of liquor cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can do me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrochles* far
 After pursewing death once to require;
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may mar:
 Death is for wretches born under unhappy star,

XLV.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
 That am, I ween, most wretched man alive :
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet revive :
 O *Am*, help to me last death to give.
 The warlet at his plaint was griev'd so sore,
 That his deep wounded heart in two did rive,
 And his own health remembering now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,
 (So love the dread of danger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happy he, than wise,
 Of that seas nature did him not advise.
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them foul agrise;
 That every weighty thing they did upbear,
 Ne ought mote ever sink down to the bottom there.

XLVII.

Whiles thus they struggled in that idle wave,
 And strove in vain, the one himself to drown;
 The other both from drowning for to save;
 Lo to that shore one in an ancient gown,
 Whose hoary locks great gravity did crown,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sown:
 Where drenched deep he found in that dull ford
 The careful servant, striving with his raging Lord.

XLVIII.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly calld, Help help, O *Archimage*,
 To save my Lord; in wretched plight forlore;
 Help with thy hand, or with thy counsel sage:
 Weak hands, but counsel is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred fore,
 To see *Pyrocles* there so rudely rage:
 Yet sithens help, he saw, he needed more
 Than pity, he in haste approached to the shore.

XLIX.

And call'd: *Pyrocles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious ever I thee knew to be,
 Yet never in this strange astonishment.
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
 In danger rather to be drent, than brent?
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said he)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels be.

L.

That cursed man, that cruel fiend of hell;
Furor, O *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly wounds within my liver swell,
 And his hot fire burns in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernal brand of spight;
 Sith late with him I battle vain would boast;
 That now I ween *Joves* dreaded thunder-light
 Does scorch not half so sore, nor damned ghost
 In flaming *Pblegeton* does not so felly roast.

LI.

Which whenas *Archimago* heard his grief
 He knew right well, and him anonce disarmed:
 Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prief
 Of every place, that was with bruising harmed,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warmed.
 Which done, he balms and herbs thereto apply'd,
 And evermore with mighty spells them charmd,
 That in short space he has them qualifide,
 And him restor'd to health, that would have algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

*Guyon finds Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his treasure bore:
Is by him tempted, and led down
To see his secret store.*

I.

AS Pilot well expert in per'lous wave,
That to a stedfast star his course hath bent,
When foggy mists, or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compass firms his eye,
The masters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady help apply,
Bidding his winged vessel fairly forward fly:

II.

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that *Idle lake*, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And evermore himself with comfort feeds,
Of his own vertues, and praise-worthy deeds.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reads:
For still he traveld through wide wasteful ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughs, and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill favour'd sight;
His face with smock was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been seard
In smiths fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws appeard.

IV.

His Iron coat all overgrown with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well it appeared to have been of old
 A work of rich entail, and curious mold,
 Woven with anticks and wild Imagery:
 And in his lap a mass of coin he told,
 And turned upside down, to feed his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

V.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heaps of gold that never could be spent:
 Of which, some were rude ore, not purifide
 Of *Mulcibers* devouring element;
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten monument;
 But most were stamp't, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapes of Kings and Kesar's strange and rare.

VI.

Soon as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose, for to remove aside
 Those pretious hills from strangers envious sight,
 And down them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled as one terrifide;
 And though himself were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtful said.

VII.

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitanee,
 And these rich heaps of wealth dost hide apart
 From the worlds eye, and from her right usance?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed ascaunce,
 In great disdain he answerd; Hardy Elf,
 That darest view my direful countenance,
 I read thee rash, and heedless of thyself,
 To trouble my still seat, and heaps of pretious self.

VIII.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greatest God below the sky,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envy :
Riches, renown, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this world's good,
For which men swink and sweat incessantly,
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

IX.

Wherefore if me thou deign to serve and sew,
At thy command lo all these mountains be ;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be numbred frank and free.
Mammon, said he, thy Godheads vaunt is vain,
And idle offers of thy golden fee ;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gain,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter servants entertain.

X.

Me ill befits, that in der-doing arms,
And honours suit my vowed days do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charms,
With which weak men thou witchest, to attend :
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
And low abase the high heroick spright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend ;
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight :
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

XI.

Vain-glorious *Elfe*, said he, dost not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will supply ?
Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things for thee meet
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye ;
And crowns and Kingdoms to thee multiply.
Do not I Kings create, and throw the crown
Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth lye ?
And him that reign'd, into his room thrust down,
And whom I lust, do heap with glory and renown ?

XII.

All otherwise, said he, I riches read,
 And deem them root of all disquietness;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishness,
 Leaving behind them grief and heaviness.
 Infinite mischiefs of them do arise;
 Strife, and debate, bloodshed, and bitterness,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetise,
 That noble heart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

XIII.

Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the scepters thine;
 But realms and rulers thou dost both confound,
 And loyal truth to treason dost incline;
 Witness the guiltless blood pour'd oft on ground;
 The crowned often slain, the slayer crown'd
 The sacred diadem in pieces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;
 Castles surpriz'd, great cities sackt and brent:
 So mak'st thou Kings, and gainest wrongful government.

XIV.

Long were to tell the troublous storms, that tosse
 The private state, and make the life unsweet:
 Who swelling sails in *Caspian* sea doth crosse
 And in frail wood on *Adrian* gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not (I ween) so many evils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortal men so fond and undiscreet,
 So evil thing to seek unto their ayd,
 And having not complain, and having it upbrayd?

XV.

Indeed, quoth he, through foul intemperance,
 Frail men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
 But would they think, with how small allowance
 Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native joys:
 At the Well-head the purest streams arise:
 But mucky filth his branching arms annoys,
 And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloys.

XVI.

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Found no defect in his Creators grace;
 But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,
 The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy case;
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abus'd her plenty, and fat swoln encrease
 To all licentious lust and 'gan exceed
 The measure of her mean, and natural first need.

XVII.

Then 'gan a curfed hand the quiet womb
 Of his great grandmother with steel to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her secret tomb,
 With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
 Fountains of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride estsoons he did compound;
 Then avarice 'gan through his veins inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

XVIII.

Son, said he then, let be thy bitter scorn,
 And leave the rudeness of that antique age
 To them, that liv'd therein in state forlorn;
 Thou that dost live in later times, must wage
 Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
 But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

XIX.

Me list not, said the Elfin Knight, receive
 Thing offred, till I know it well be got:
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereave
 From rightful owner by unrighteous lot,
 Or that blood-guiltiness or guile them blot.
 Perdy, quoth he, yet never eye did view
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew,
 From heavens sight, and powre of all which them pursue.

XX

What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
 So huge a mass, and hide from heavens eye?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. So by and by
 Through that thick covert he him led, and found
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horror compassed around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht itself into an ample plain,
 Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
 That strait did lead to *Plutos* grievously reign:
 By that ways side, there sate infernal Pain,
 And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife:
 The one in hand an iron whip did strain;
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other side, in one consort there sate
 Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate:
 But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite,
 And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye,
 And shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

XXIII.

And over them sad Horrour, with grim hew,
 Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
 And after him, owls and Night-ravens flew,
 The hateful messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tydings;
 Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That heart of flint asunder could have rift:
 Which having ended, after him she flyeth swift.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of *Plato* lay,
 By whom they, passing, spake unto them nought.
 But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
 At last him to a little door he brought,
 That to the gate of hell which gap'd wide,
 Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
 That did the house of riches from hell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For fear least Force or Fraud should unaware
 Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
 Approach, albe his drowsie den were next;
 For next to death is sleep to be compar'd:
 Therefore his house is unto his annex;
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both betwixt.

XXVI.

So soon as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the door
 To him did open and afforded way;
 Him follow'd eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
 Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay.
 Soon as he entred was, the door straightway
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
 An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day,
 The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
 And ever as he went, due watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
 Or lips he laid on thing, that likt him best,
 Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untye,
 Should be his prey. And therefore still on high
 He over him did hold his cruel claws,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to do him die,
 And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
 If ever he transgress the fatal *Stygian* laws.

XXVIII.

That houses form within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge cave, hewn out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metal loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
 And over them *Arachne* high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtle net,
 Enwrapped in fould smoak and clouds more black than Jet.

XXIX.

Both roof, and floor, and walls were all of gold,
 But overgrown with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkness, that none could behold
 The hue thereof: for view of chearful day
 Did never in that house it self display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
 Or as the Moon clothed with cloudy night,
 Does shew to him, that walks in fear and sad affright,

XXX.

In all that room was nothing to be seen,
 But huge great Iron chests and coffers strong,
 All barr'd with double bends, that none could ween
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the ground with sculls was scattered,
 And dead men's bones, which round about were stong,
 Whose lives (it seemed) whilome there were shed,
 And their yile carcases now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward pass, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an iron dore,
 Which to them open'd of its own accord,
 And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
 As eye of man did never see before;
 Ne ever could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gather'd be through all the world around,
 And that above were added to that under ground.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
 Commanded was, who thereby did attend.
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous fiends to defend;
 Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
 Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, said;
 Lo, here the world's blifs: lo, here the end,
 To which all men do aim, rich to be made:
 Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

XXXIII.

Certes, said he, I n'll thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy do intend:
 Another blifs before mine eyes I place,
 Another happiness, another end.
 To them that list, these base regards I lend:
 But I in arms, and in atchievements brave,
 Do rather choose my flitting hours to spend,
 And to be Lord of those that riches have,
 Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave.

XXXIV.

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'd so long to lack his greedy prey:
 For well he weened, that so glorious bait
 Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light than Culver in the Faulcons fist.
 (Eternal God thee save from such decay.)
 But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares anothers way he wist.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
 Unto another room, whose door forthright
 To him did open, as it had been taught:
 Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
 And hundred furnaces all burning bright;
 By every furnace many fiends did bide,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
 And every fiend his busie pains apply'd,
 To melt the golden metal, ready to be try'd.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gather'd filling air,
And with forc'd wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fierce *Vulcan's* rage to tame,
Who maistring them renew'd his former heat;
Some scum'd the dross that from the metal came;
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swink, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII.

But whenas earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for till that day,
They never creature saw that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire,
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their Sovereaine Lord and Sire.

XXXVIII.

Behold, thou Fairies Son with mortal eye,
That living eye before did never see:
The thing which thou didst crave so earnestly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late shew'd by me
Proceeded) lo, now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountain of the world's good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avise thee well and change thy wilful mood,
Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

XXXIX.

Suffice it then, thou Money-god, quoth he,
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth me
To covet more than I have cause to use?
With such vain shews thy worldlings vile abuse:
But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse
But bear the rigour of his bold mesprise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

XL.

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
 To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold :
 The gate was open, but therein did wait
 A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,
 As if the highest God desie he would ;
 In his right hand an iron club he held,
 But he himself was all of golden mold,
 Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he quell'd.

XLI.

Disdain he called was, and did disdain
 To be so call'd, and who so did him call :
 Stern was his look, and full of stomach vain,
 His portance terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th' height of men terrestrial.
 Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race ;
 That made him scorn all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface :
 More fit amongst black fiends, than men to have his place.

XLII.

Soon as those glitterand arms he did espy,
 That with their brightness made that darkness light,
 His harmful club he 'gan to hurtle high
 And threaten battle to the Fairy Knight :
 Who likewise 'gan himself to battle dight,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand with-hold,
 And counsell'd him abstain from per'lous fight :
 For nothing might abash the villain bold,
 Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated mold.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacify'd,
 And the fierce Carle commanding to forbear,
 He brought him in. The room was large and wide,
 As it some guild or solemn temple were :
 Many great golden pillars did upbear
 The massy roof, and riches huge sustain :
 And every pillar decked was full dear
 With crowns and diadems, and titles vain,
 Which mortal Princes wore, whiles they on earth did reign.

XLIV.

A rout of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under sky,
 Which with great uproar preaced to draw near
 To th' upper part, where was advanced high
 A stately siege of soveraine majesty;
 And thereon fate a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royalty,
 That never earthly Prince in such array
 His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her own native hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
 Nath'less, most heavenly fair in deed and view
 She by creation was, till she did fall;
 Thenceforth she sought for helpsto cloak her crime withal.

XLVI.

There as in glistring glory she did sit,
 She held a great gold chain ylinked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
 And all that preace did round about her swell,
 To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
 To climb aloft, and others to excel:
 That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
 And every link thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
 By riches and unrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flattery;
 Others through friends, others for base regard;
 And all by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
 Those that were up themselves, kept others low,
 Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
 But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he 'gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspire.
 Him *Mammon* answered; that goodly one,
 Whom all that folk with such contention
 Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is;
 Honour and dignity from her alone
 Derived are, and all this worldes blifs
 For which ye men do strive, few get, but many mis.

XLIX.

And fair *Philetine* she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth under sky,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth dim with horreur and deformity,
 Worthy of heaven and high felicity,
 From whence the Gods have her for envy thrust:
 But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
 Thy Spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
 That she may thee advance for works and merits just.

L.

Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle Knight,
 For so great grace and offred high estate;
 But I, that am frail flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortal mate
 My self well wote, and mine unequal fate;
 And were I not, yet is my troth yplight
 And love avow'd to other Lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no might:
 To change love causless, is reproach to warlike Knight.

LI.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
 Yet forcing it to feign, him forth thence led
 Through griesly shadows by a beaten path,
 Into a garden goodly garnished
 With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be read:
 Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
 Throws forth to men, sweet and well favoured,
 But direful deadly black both leaf and bloom,
 Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb.

LII.

There mournful *Cypress* grew in greatest store,
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
 Dead sleeping *Poppy*, and black *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortal *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 Which-with th'unjust *Atbenians* made to dye
 Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Pour'd out his life, and last philosophy
 To the fair *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

LIII.

The garden of *Proserpina* this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
 With a thick arbour goodly overdight,
 In which she often us'd from open heat
 Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With branches broad dispred, and body great,
 Clothed with leaves that none the wood mote see,
 And laden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glistering bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
 For those which *Hercules* with conquest bold
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
 And those with which th'*Eubæan* young man wan
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which *Acontius* got his lover true,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit:
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
 The which amongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
 For which th'*Idean* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partial *Paris* dempt it *Venus* due,
 And had of her fair *Helen* for his need,
 That many noble *Greeks* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike Elf much wondred at this tree,
 So fair and great, that shadow'd all the ground;
 And his broad branches laden with rich see,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great garden, compast with a mound,
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steep,
 In a black flood which flow'd about it round;
 That is the river of *Cocytus* deep,
 In which full many souls do endless wail and weep.

LVII.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the bank,
 And looking down, saw many damned wights,
 In those sad waves; which direful deadly stank,
 Plonged continually of cruel sprights,
 That with their pitious cryes, and yelling shrights,
 They made the further shore resounden wide:
 Emongst the rest of those same rueful sights,
 One cursed creature he by chance espide,
 That drenched lay full deep, under the garden side.

LVIII.

Deep was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drink
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in;
 And stretching forth his hand, did often think
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink:
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
 Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink:
 The whiles he starv'd with hunger and with drouth:
 He daily dy'd, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The Knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
 Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
 Who groaning deep, thus answer'd him again;
 Most cursed of all creatures under sky,
 Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Jove* wont whylome feasted be,
 Lo here I now for want of food do dye.
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
 Cf grace I pray thee, give to eat and drink to me.

LX.

Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth he)
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state.
 Then 'gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest *Jove*, and Gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of injustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a little further, and espide
 Another wretch, whose carcase deep was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hide:
 But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And feign'd to wash themselves incessantly;
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fouler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

O

LXII.

The Knight him calling, asked who he was,
 Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus:
 I *Pilate* am, the falsest Judge, alas,
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doom, to Jews despiteous
 Deliver'd up the Lord of life to dye,
 And did acquit a murderer felonous;
 The whiles my hands I washt in purity,
 The whiles my soul was soyld with foul iniquity.

LXIII.

Infinite more tormented in like pain,
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remain,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned souls he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearful fool,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne fittest down on that same silver stool,
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool?

LXIV.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall
 In frail intemperance through sinful bait;
 To which if he enclined had at all,
 That dreadful fiend, which did behind him wait,
 Would him have rent in thousand pieces strait;
 But he was wary-wife in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitful sleight,
 Ne suffered lust his safety to betray;
 So goodly did beguile the guiler of the prey.

LXV.

And now he has so long remained there,
 That vital powres 'gan wax both weak and wan,
 For want of food, and sleep; which two upbear,
 Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man,
 That none without the same endure can.
 For now three days of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprise began:
 Forthy great *Mammon* fairly he besought,
 Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The God, though loth, yet was constrain'd to obey:
 For longer time, than that, no living wight,
 Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
 So back again him brought to living light.
 But all so soon as his enfeebled spright
 Gan suck this vital air into his breast,
 As overcome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress'd.

C A N T O VIII.

*Sir Guyon, laid in swoon, is by
Acrates Sons despoild,
Whom Arthur soon hath rescued
And Paynim brestren foild,*

I.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men, than beasts. But O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave
The sitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's house, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton maid of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And being on his way approached near,
Where Guyon lay in traunce, when suddainly
He heard a voice, that called loud and clear,
Come hither, hither, O come hastily;
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The Palmer lent his ear unto the noise,
 To weet who called so importunately :
 Again he heard a more efforced voice,
 That bade him come in haste. He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry ;
 Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
 Where *Mammon* earst did sun his treasury :
 There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
 In senseless dream ; which sight at first him sore aghast.

V.

Beside his head there sate a fair young man,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest years
 Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
 And flourish fair above his equal peers ;
 His snowy front curled with golden hairs,
 Like *Phæbus* face adorn'd with sunny rays,
 Divinely shone, and two sharp winged shears,
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jays,
 Were fixed at his back, to cut his airy ways.

VI.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
 When having laid his cruel bow away,
 And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murderous spoils and bloody prey,
 With his fair mother he him dights to play,
 And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three ;
 The Goddess pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to be,
 The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

VII.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
 Till him the child bespoke, long lackt, alas,
 Hath been thy faithful aid in hard assay,
 While deadly fit thy pupil doth dismay.
 Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire,
 But dread of death and dolour do away ;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he that breathless seems, shall courage bold respire.

VIII.

The charge which God doth unto me arret,
Of his dear safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgo, ne yet forget
The care thereof (myself) unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For evil is at hand him to offend.
So having said, eftsoons he 'gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanish quite away.

IX.

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowl escapt by flight;
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse 'gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much rejoyct, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim Knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foot page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous enmity;
Those were the two sons of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* fly,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
False *Archimage* provokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborn mind
Coals of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer fate,
Keeping that slumbred corse to him assign'd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody arms they rashly did debate.

XII.

Whom when *Pyrocles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
 That fire he foul bespake; Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy bruteness shendst thy comely age,
 Abandon soon, I read, the caitive spoyle
 Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
 Made itself famous through false treachery,
 And crownd his coward crest with Knightly stile;
 Lo where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To prove he lived ill, that did thus foully dye.

XIII.

To whom the Palmer fearless answered;
 Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
 Thus for to blot the honour of the dead.
 And with foul cowardize his carcass shame,
 Whose living hands immortaliz'd his name.
 Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
 And envy base, to bark at sleeping fame:
 Was never wight, that treason of him told;
 Yourself his prowess prov'd, and found him fierce and bold.

XIV.

Then said *Cymochles*; Palmer thou dost dote,
 Ne canst of prowess, ne of Knighthood deem,
 Save as thou seest or hear'st: But well I wote,
 That of his puissance tryal made extreem;
 Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seem,
 Ne all good Knights, that shake well spear and shield:
 The worth of all men by their end esteem,
 And then due praise, or due reproch them yield;
 Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

XV.

Good or bad ('gan his brother fierce reply)
 What do I reck, sith that he dy'd entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfie
 The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
 Sith wrathful hand wrought not her own desire?
 Yet sith no way is left to wreak my spight,
 I will him reave of arms, the victors hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good Knight;
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

XVI.

Fair Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
 For Knighthoods love do not so foul a deed,
 Ne blame your honour with so shameful vaunt
 Of vile revenge. To spoil the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sins exceed;
 But leave these reliques of his living might,
 To deck his herse, and trap his tomb-black steed.
 What herse or steed (said he) should he have dight,
 But be entombed in the Raven or the Kite?

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
 And th'other brother 'gan his helm unlace;
 Both fiercely bent to have him disarraid;
 Till that they spide, where towards them did pace
 An armed Knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose Squire bore after him an heben lance,
 And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
 Th'enchauter by his arms and amenaunce,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce.

XVIII.

And to those brethren said, Rise, rise bylive,
 And unto battle do your selves address;
 For yonder comes the prowest Knight alive,
 Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobiles,
 That hath to Paynim Knights wrought great distress,
 And thousand Sar'zins foully done to dye.
 That word so deep did in their hearts impress,
 That both eftsoons upstarte furiously,
 And 'gan themselves prepare to battle greedily.

XIX.

But fierce *Pyrochles*, lacking his own sword,
 The want thereof now greatly 'gan to plain,
 And *Archimage* besought him that afford,
 Which he had brought, for *Braggadocio* vain.
 So would I, said th'enchauter, glad and fain
 Beteem to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that else your honour might maintain,
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend,
 To be contrary to the work which ye intend.

XX.

For that same Knights own sword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourling, when he Knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternal smart,
The metal first he mixt with *Medewart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might save ;
Then it in flames of *Ætna* wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden virtue to it gave.

XXI.

The virtue is, that neither steel nor stone,
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend ;
Ne ever may be used by his fone,
Ne forct his rightful owner to offend,
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend.
Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight.
In vain therefore, *Pyrockles*, should I lend
The same to thee, against his Lord to fight,
For sure it would deceive thy labour, and thy might.

XXII.

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneft words or charms may force withftond :
Soon shalt thou see, and then believe for troth,
That I can carve with this enchaunted brond
His Lords own flesh. Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steel he rudely snacht away,
And *Guyons* shield about his wrist he bond ;
So ready dight fierce battle to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailons array.

XXIII.

By this, that stranger Knight in prefence came,
And goodly salved them : who nought again
Him answered, as courtesie became ;
But with stern looks, and stomachous disdain,
Gave signs of grudge and discontentment vain.
Then turning to the Palmer, he 'gan spy,
Where at his feet, with sorrowful demain
And deadly hue, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

XXIV.

Said he then to the Palmer, Reverend fyre,
 What great misfortune hath betid this Knight?
 Or did his life her fatal date expire,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
 However, sure I rew his pitious plight.
 Nor one, nor other, said the Palmer grave,
 Hath him befallen, but clouds of deadly night
 Awhile his heavy eyelids cover'd have,
 And all his senses drowned in deep senseless wave.

XXV.

Which those his cruel foes that stand hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarm, and threaten shamefully;
 (Unworthy usage of redoubted Knight.)
 But you, fair Sir, whose honourable sight
 Doth promise hope of help, and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble case.
 First praise of Knighthood is, foul outrage to deface.

XXVI.

Palmer, said he, no Knight so rude (I ween)
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
 Ne was there ever noble courage seen,
 That in advantage would his puissance boast:
 Honour is least, where odds appeareth most.
 May be, that better reason will assuage
 The rash revengers heat. Words well dispos't
 Have secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
 If not, leave unto me thy Knights last patronage.

XXVII.

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
 Ye warlike pair, whose valorous great might,
 It seems, just wrongs to vengeance do provoke,
 To wreak your wrath on this dead-seeming Knight,
 Mote ought allay the storm of your despight,
 And settle patience in so furious heat;
 Not to debate the challenge of your right,
 But for this carcass pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.

XXVIII.

To whom *Cymockles* said; For what art thou,
 That mak'st thy self his days-man, to prolong
 The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now
 On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 And make his carcasse as the outcast dong?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfy
 The guilt, which if he lived had thus long,
 His life for due revenge should dear aby?
 The trespass still doth live, albe the person dye.

XXIX.

Indeed, then said the Prince, the evil done
 Dies not, when breath the body first doth leave;
 But from the grandsire to the Nephews Son,
 And all his seed the curse doth often cleave,
 Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
 So straightly God doth judge. But gentle Knight,
 That doth against the dead his hand uprear,
 His honour stains with rancour and despight,
 And great disparagement makes to his former might.

XXX.

Pyrocles 'gan reply the second time,
 And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his crime:
 Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
 With that, his hand (more sad than lump of lead)
 Uplifting high, he weened with *Mordure*,
 His own good sword *Mordure* to cleave his head.
 The faithful steel such treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the mark, his Lords life did assure.

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That horse and man it made to reel aside:
 Nath'less the Prince would not forsake his fell
 (For well of yore he learned had to ride)
 But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
 False traitor, miscreant, thou broken hast
 The law of arms to strike foe undefide:
 But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste
 Right sowre, and feel the law, the which thou hast defast.

XXXII.

With that, his baleful spear he fiercely bent
 Against the Pagans breast, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodge have rent :
 But ere the point arrived where it ought,
 That seven-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought,
 He cast between, to ward the bitter stound :
 Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,
 And through his shoulder pierct; wherewith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great grief
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And foully said, By *Maboune*, cursed thief,
 That direful stroke thou dearly shalt aby.
 Then hurling up his harmful blade on high
 Smote him so hugely on his haughty crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly :
 Else mote it needs down to his manly breast
 Have cleft his head in twain, and life thence dispossess.

XXXIV.

Now was the Prince in dangerous distress,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight :
 His single spear could do him small redress,
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any Knight,
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
 Had reard himself again to cruel fight,
 Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
 Unmindful of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both atonce him charge on either side,
 With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to traverse wide,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly flowre,
 For on his shield as thick as stormy showre
 Their strokes did rain: yet did he never quail,
 Ne backward shrink; but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battery doth assail,
 Them on her bulwark bears, and bids them nought avail.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he advantage spide,
 His poinant spear he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud *Cymockles*, whiles his shield was wide :
 That through his thigh the mortal steel did gride :
 He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
 Did break the launce, and let the head abide :
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soon made a purple plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he 'gan to rage, and rail,
 Cursing his Gods, and himself damning deep :
 Als when his brother saw the red blood trail
 Adown so fast, and all his armour steep,
 For very felness loud he 'gan to weep,
 And said, Caytive, curse on thy cruel hond,
 That twice hath sped ; yet shall it not thee keep
 From the third brunt of this my fatal brond :
 Lo where the dreadful Death behind thy back doth stond.

XXXVIII.

With that he strook, and th'other strook withall,
 That nothing seem'd mote bear so monstrous might :
 The one upon his cover'd shield did fall,
 And glauncing down, would not his owner bite :
 But th'other did upon his troncheon smite ;
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seiz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

XXXIX.

Wide was the wound, and a large luke-warm flood,
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously ;
 That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,
 Gave him great heart, and hope of victory.
 On th'other side, in huge perplexity,
 The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke ;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie :
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymockles twice, that twice him forct his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distress,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said; Fair Son, great God thy right hand bless,
 To use that sword so wisely as it ought.
 Glad was the Knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 Whenas again he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a Lyon, which hath long time sought
 His robbed whelps, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepherd swains, then wexed wood and yond:

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows
 On either side, that neither mail could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throws:
 Now to *Pyrocles* many strokes he told;
 Eft to *Cymochles* twice so many fold:
 Then back again turning his busie hond,
 Them both atonce compel'd with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his heart-thrilling brond;
 And though they both stood stiff, yet could not both with-

XLII.

[stood.

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary ward them to await,
 But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,
 That all the forest quakes to hear him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twain,
 That neither could his mighty puissance sustain.

XLIII.

But ever at *Pyrocles* when he smit
 (Who *Guyons* shield cast ever him before,
 Whereon the Fairy Queens pourtraict was writ)
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his dear heart the picture 'gan adore:
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre.
 But him hence-forth the same can save no more;
 For now arrived is his fatal howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV.

For when *Cymochles* saw the foul reproch,
 Which them appeached; prickt with guilty shame,
 And inward grief, he fiercely 'gan approach,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or die with honour and desert of fame :
 And on the hauberk strook the Prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twice to reel, that never mov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierct with wrath and sharp regret,
 He strook so hugely with his borrow'd blade,
 That it empierct the Pagans burganet,
 And cleaving the hard steel, did deep invade
 Into his head, and cruel passage made
 Quite through his brain, He tumbling down on ground,
 Breath'd out his ghost; which to th'infernal shade
 Fast flying, there eternal torment found,
 For all the sins, where-with his leud life did abound,

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony fear
 Ran to his heart, and all his sense dismay'd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appear;
 But as a man whom hellish fiends have fray'd,
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said;
 Traytor what hast thou doen? how ever may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have sway'd
 Against that Knight? harrow and weal-away!
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou longer day!

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soon to die,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his own sword he fierce at him did fly,
 And strook, and foyn'd, and last outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with patience and sufferance fly
 So hasty heat soon cooled to subdue:
 Tho when this breathless wox, that battle 'gan renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth high,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clouds (as things afraid) before him fly ;
 But all so soon as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
 And as in scorn of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure ;
 So did Prince *Arthur* bear himself in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrocles* waste his idle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd,
 How that strange sword refus'd to serve his need,
 But when he strook most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He flung it from him, and devoi'd of dread,
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty arms engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrow, and down him tred :
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

L.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive ;
 For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waits for death with dread and trembling awe ;
 So he now subject to the victors law,
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
 His heart in twain with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to dye.

LI.

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
 The conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life than decay,
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dismal day ;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 And my true liegeman yield thy self for aye,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my sovenaunce.

LII.

Fool said the Pagan, I thy gift desie :
 But use thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not overcome do die,
 But in despite of life, for death do call.
 Wroth was the Prince, and sorry yet withall
 That he so wilfully refused grace ;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he 'gan soon unlace,
 And left his headless body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
 Life having maistered her senseless foe ;
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lackt,
 And sword saw not, he waxed wondrous woe :
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Dear Sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long have lackt, I joy thy face to view ;
 Firm is thy faith, whom danger never from me drew.

LIV.

But read what wicked hand hath robbed me
 Of my good sword and shield. The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hue uprising him to see,
 Him answered ; Fair Son, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons : they shall soon be had,
 So 'gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that strange Knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,
 His heart with great affection was embay'd,
 And to the Prince bowing with reverence due,
 As to the patron of his life, thus said ;
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious aid
 I live this day, and see my foes subdew'd,
 What may suffice, to be for meed repay'd
 Of so great graces, as ye have me shew'd,
 But to be ever bound——

LVI.

To whom the Infant thus; Fair Sir, what need
 Good turns be counted as a servile bond,
 To bind their doers to receive their meed?
 Are not all Knights by oath bound to withstand
 Oppressors powre by arms and puissant hond?
 Suffice, that I have done my due in place.
 So goodly purpose they together fond,
 Of kindness and of courteous aggrace;
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Alia* fled apace.

CANTO IX.

*The house of Temperance, in which
 Doth sober Alma dwell,
 Besieg'd of many foes, whom strang-
 er knights to flight compell.*

I.

OF all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
 There is no one more fair and excellent,
 Than is mans body both for powre and form,
 While it is kept in sober government;
 But none than it more foul and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions base:
 It grows a monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his stoln sword,
 And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
 Forth passed on their way in fair accord,
 Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'sie read,
 To weet why on your shield (so goodly scord)
 Bear ye the picture of that Ladies head?
 Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

III.

Fair Sir, said he, if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vain shew,
 What mote ye ween, if the true lively head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did view?
 But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
 That is her bounty, and imperial powre,
 Thousand times fairer than her mortal hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts devour,
 And infinite desire into your spirit poure.

IV.

She is the mighty Queen of *Faëry*,
 Whose fair retrait I in my shield do bear;
 She is the flowre of grace and chastity,
 Throughout the world renowned far and near,
 My liege, my liege, my soveraine, my dear,
 Whose glory shineth as the morning star,
 And with her light the earth enlumines clear;
 Far reach her mercies, and her praises far,
 As well in state of peace, as puiſſaunce in war.

V.

Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* Knight,
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
 Have made thee souldier of that Princess bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth bless her servants, and them high advaunce.
 How may strange Knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithful service, and meet amenaunce
 Unto such blis? sufficient were that hire
 For los of thousand lives do dye at her desire.

VI.

Said *Guyon*, noble Lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine,
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easily attain?
 But were your will, her sold to entertain,
 And numbred be mongst Knights of *Maydenhead*,
 Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remain,
 And in her favour high be reckoned,
 As *Arbeggall*, and *Sophy* now been honoured.

VII.

Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,
That since I arms and Knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath been, and yet is now,
To serve that Queen with all my powre and might.
Now hath the sun with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no less,
Since of that Goddess I have sought the fight,
Yet no where can her find: such happiness
Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourless.

VIII.

Fortune (the foe of famous chevisaunce)
Seldom (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aid,
But in her way throws mischief and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
But you, fair Sir, be not herewith dismay'd,
But constant keep the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am else delayd
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Fairy land.

IX.

Gramercy Sir, said he; but mote I weete
What strange adventure do ye now pursue?
Perhaps my succour, or advizement meet,
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.
Then 'gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Fairy Court. So talked they, the whiles
They waited had much way, and measur'd many miles.

X.

And now fair *Phœbus* 'gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the western vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plact
Foreby a river in a pleasant dale;
Which choosung for that evenings hospitale,
They thither marcht; but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every toup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened foul reproch
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forfall,
 Till that the Squire 'gan nigher to approch;
 And wind his horn under the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shook as it would fall:
 Eftsoons forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and loud unto the Knights did call,
 To weet what they so rudely did require;
 Who gently answered, they entrance did desire.

XII.

Fly, fly, good Knights, said he, fly fast away,
 If that your lives ye love, as meet you should;
 Fly fast, and save yourselves from near decay,
 Here may ye not have entrance, though we would:
 We would and would again, if that we could;
 But thousand enemies about us rave,
 And with long siege us in this castle hold:
 Seven years this wise they us besieged have,
 And many good Knights slain, that have us fought to save.

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, lo, with outrageous cry
 A thousand villains round about them swarm'd
 Out of the rocks and caves adjoyning nigh,
 Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
 All threatning death, all in strange manner arm'd,
 Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warm'd.
 Stern was their look, like wild amazed steers,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff upstanding hairs.

XIV.

Fiercely at first those Knights they did assail,
 And drove them to recoil: but when again
 They gave fresh charge their forces 'gan to fail,
 Unable their encounter to sustain;
 For with such puissance and impetuous main
 Those champions broke on them, that forct them fly,
 Like scattred sheep, whenas the shepherds swain
 A Lyon and a Tygre doth espy,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nigh.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but soon return'd again
With greater fury than before was found ;
And evermore their cruel Capitain
Sought with his rascal routs t'enclose them round,
And (over-run) to tread them to the ground.
But soon the Knights with their bright burning blades
Broke their rude troops, and orders did confound,
Hewing and flashing at their idle shades ;
For though they bodies seem, yet substance from them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide
Out of the fens of Allan do arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets founden wide,
Whiles in the air their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies ;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharp wounds, and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind with blustering blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come again,
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perious pain,
And combrous conflict which they did sustain,
Came to the Ladies ear which there did dwell,
She forth issued with a goodly train
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairly as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright ;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to link in marriage :
For she was fair, as fair mote ever be,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age ;
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,
That even heaven rejoyced her sweet face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was array'd,
 That from her shoulder to her heel down raught,
 The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
 Branched with gold and pearl, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two fair Damzels, which were taught
 That service well. Her yellow golden hair
 Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tire she on her head did wear,
 But crowned with a girland of sweet rosiere.

XX.

Goodly she entertain'd those noble Knights,
 And brought them up into her castle-hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildness virginal,
 Shewing herself both wise and liberal:
 There when they rested had a season due,
 They her besought of favour special,
 Of that fair castle to afford them view;
 She granted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

XXI.

First she them led up to the castle wall,
 That was so high as foe might not it climb,
 And all so fair, and sensible withall,
 Not built of brick ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that *Egyptian* slime,
 Whereof King *Nine* whilome built *Babel* towre;
 But O great pity, that no longer time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure:
 Soon it must turn to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seem'd partly circulare,
 And part triangulare: O work divine!
 Those two the first and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortal, fæminine;
 Th'other immortal, perfect, masculine;
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the circle set in heavens place,
 All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapase*.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well :
 The one before, by which all in did pass,
 Did th'other far in workmanship excell ;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring brass,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was ;
 Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pass,
 And when it open'd, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,
 Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine,
 Than jet or marble far from *Ireland* brought ;
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton ivy twine.
 And over it a fair portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline,
 With comely compass, and compacture strong,
 Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the *Barbican* a porter fate,
 Day and night duly keeping watch and ward :
 Nor wight, nor word mote pass out of the gate
 But in good order, and with due regard ;
 Utt'ers of secrets he from thence debar'd,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
 His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
 When cause requir'd, but never out of time ;
 Early and late it rung at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And round about the porch on every side
 Twice sixteen warders fate, all armed bright
 In glistering steel, and strongly fortifide :
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enranged ready still for fight.
 By them as *Alma* passed with her guests,
 They did obeysance, as beseemed right,
 And then again returned to their rests :
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gests.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall, ...
 Wherein were many tables fair disspred,
 And ready dight with drapets festival,
 Against the viands should be ministr'd.
 At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
 Down to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged:
 He Steward was hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsel sage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
 A jolly yeoman, marshal of the fame,
 Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
 Both guests and meat, whenever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward bade. They both attone
 Did duty to their Lady, as became;
 Who passing by, forth led her guests anone
 Into the kitchen room, ne spar'd for niceness none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges rear'd along the wall;
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnel thence,
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
 Upon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
 More hot than *Ætn'* or flaming *Mongiball*:
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

XXX.

But to delay the heat, lest by mischance
 It might break out, and set the whole on fire,
 There added was by goodly ordinance,
 An huge great pair of bellows, which did stire
 Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
 About the caudron many cooks accoil'd,
 With hooks and ladles, as need did require;
 The whiles the viands in the vessel boil'd
 They did about their business sweat, and sorely toil'd.

XXXI.

The master Cook was call'd *Concoction*;
 A careful man, and full of comely guise :
 The kitchen clerk, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all th'achates in seemly wise,
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had several offices assign'd :
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise ;
 Others to bear the same away did mind ;
 And others it to use according to his kind.

XXXII.

But all the liquor, which was foul and waste,
 Nor good nor serviceable else for ought,
 They in another great round vessel plaste,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought :
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
 By secret ways that none might it espy,
 Was close convey'd, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
 Whenas those Knights beheld, with rare delight
 And gazing wonder they their minds did fill ;
 For never had they seen so strange a sight,
 Thence back again fair *Alma* led them right,
 And soon into a goodly parlour brought,
 That was with royal arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrayed, nor wrought,
 Not wrought, nor pourtrayed, but easie to be thought.

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the flour,
 A lovely bevy of fair Ladies sate,
 Courted of many a jolly paramour;
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate :
 And eke amongst them little *Cupid* playd
 His wanton sports, being returned late
 From his fierce wars, and having from him lay'd
 His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismay'd.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they found themselves to please ;
 Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for joy,
 Some plaid with straws, some idly sate at ease ;
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasance was to them grief and annoy :
 This frown'd, that fawn'd, the third for shame did blush,
 Another seemed envious, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush :
 But at these strangers presence every one did hush.

XXXVI.

Soon as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
 They all atonce out of their seats arose,
 And to her homage made, with humble grace :
 Whom when the Knights beheld, they 'gan dispose
 Themselves to court, and each a Damsel chose :
 The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
 That was right fair and fresh as morning Rose,
 But some-what sad, and solemn eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrain'd her gentle spright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
 Was fretted all about, she was arraid ;
 And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold ;
 To whom the Prince in courteous manner said ;
 Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismaid,
 And your fair beauty do with sadness spill ?
 Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid ?
 Or doen you love, or do you lack your will ?
 Whatever be the cause, it sure beseems you ill.

XXXVIII.

Fair Sir, said she (half in disdainful wise)
 How is it that this word in me ye blame,
 And in your self do not the same advise ?
 Him ill beseems, anothers fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same :
 Pensive I yield I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame ;
 Ne ought (I ween) are ye therein behind, [find.
 That have twelve months sought one, yet nowhere can her

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speech,
 Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;
 Yet with fair semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
 Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold,
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,
 What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:
 It answer'd was, her name was *Praise-desire*,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

XL.

The whiles the Fairy Knight did entertain
 Another Damsel of that gentle crew,
 That was right fair, and modest of demain,
 But that to oft she chang'd her native hue;
 Strange was her tire, and all her garment blue,
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Upon her fist, the bird which shunneth view,
 And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sit, as yet asham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

XLI.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anon with rosie red
 The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
 That her became, as polisht ivory,
 Which cunning craftsmans hand hath overlaid
 With fair vermilion or pure castory
 Great wonder had the Knight to see the maid
 So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

XLII.

Fair Damsel, seemeth by your troubled chear,
 That either me to bold ye ween, this wise
 You to molest, or other ill to fear
 That in the secret of your heart close lies,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray
 But if ought else that I mote not devise,
 I will (if please you it discoure) assay
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

XLIII.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mar'd her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* mervail'd at her uncouth case:
 Till *Alma* him bespake, why wonder ye
 Fair Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountain of your modesty;
 You shamefac'd are, but *Shamefac'dness* it self is she.

XLIV.

Thereat the Elf did blush in privatee,
 And turn'd his face away: but she the same
 Dissembled fair, and feign'd to oversee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Lady thence away them fought,
 To view her castles other wondrous frame.
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly mass,
 Which it surview'd, as hills doen lower ground;
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
 From which young *Hectors* blood by cruel *Greeks* was spilt.

XLVI.

The roof hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowres and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead;
 Therein gave light, and flam'd continually:
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance Ay,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the praises of that makers might.

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell

This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds work doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre,
That God hath built for his own blessed bowre.
Therein where diverse rooms, and diverse stages,
But three the chieftest, and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable sages,
The wisest men (I ween) that lived in their ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom *Greece* (the nurse of all good arts)
By *Phæbus* doom, the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage *Pylia*n fire, which did survive,
Three ages, such as mortal men contrive,
By whose advise old *Priam*s city fell,
With these in praise of policies mote strive.
These three in these three rooms did sundry dwell,
And counselled fair *Alma*, how to govern well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
The next, could of things present best advise;
The third, things pass could keep in memory:
So that no time, nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy, the first did in the fore-part sit,
That nought mote hinder his quick prejudize:
He had a sharp fore-sight, and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within,
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yet,
Ne can devised be of mortal wit;
Some daily seen, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit:
Infernal Hags, *Centaur*s, Fiends, *Hippodames*,
Apes, *Lyons*, *Eagles*, *Owls*, fools, lovers, children, *Dames*:

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombred all mens ears and eyes,
 Like many swarms of bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honey do abound :
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
 Shews, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies ;
 And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
 That hight *Pbantastes* by his nature true ;
 A man of years yet fresh, as mote appear,
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
 That him full of melancholy did shew ;
 Bent hollow beetle brows, sharp staring eyes
 That mad or foolish seem'd : one by his view
 Mote deem him born with ill disposed skies,
 When oblique *Saturn* sate in th' house of agonies.

LIII.

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her guests,
 Thence brought them to the second room, whose walls
 Were painted fair with memorable gests
 Of famous wifards, and with picturals
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,
 Of laws, of judgments, and of decretals ;
 All arts, all science, all philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

LIV.

Of those that room was full : and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long ;
 That through continual practice and usage,
 He now was grown right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desir'd to be ;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th' hindmost room of three.

LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed far behind,
 Yet were the walls, that did the same uphold,
 Right firm and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;
 And therein sate an old old man, half blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompens't him with a better score:
 Weak body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force;

LVI.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,
 Ne suff'rd them to perish through long eld,
 As all things else, the which this world doth wel'd,
 But laid them up in his immortal scrine,
 Where they for ever incorrupted dwell'd;
 The wars he well remembred of King *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

LVII.

The years of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Metbusalem*, though longest liv'd;
 For he remembred both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of native strength now, that he them surviv'd.
 His chamber all was hang'd about with roles,
 And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scroles,
 That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chair was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was unable them to fet,
 A little boy did on him still attend
 To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and unto him did lend.
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their properties.

LIX.

The Knights, there entring, did him reverence dew,
 And wondred at his endless exercise.
 Then as they 'gan his library to view,
 And antique registers for to avise,
 There chanced to the Princes hand to rise
 An ancient book, hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this lands first conquest did devise,
 And old division into regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

LX.

Sir *Guyon* chanct eke on another book,
 That hight *Antiquity* of Fairy lond.
 In which whenas he greedily did look;
 Th' off-spring of Elves and Faires there he fond,
 As it delivered was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with fervent fire
 Their Countries auncestry to understond,
 Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged sire,
 To read those books; who gladly granted their desire.

C A N T O X.

*A Chronicle of Briton Kings
 From Brute to Uthers reign:
 And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
 Till time of Gloriane.*

I. I

WHO now shall give unto me words and sound,
 Equal unto this haughty enterprise?
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,
 And lift it self unto the highest skies?
 More ample sprite than hitherto was wount,
 Here needs me, whiles the famous auncestries
 Of my most dreaded Soveraine I recount,
 By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.

II.

Ne under Sun, that Thînes so wide and fair,
 Whence all that lives, does borrow life and light,
 Lives ought, that to her lineage may compair,
 Which though from earth it be derived right,
 Yet doth it self stretch forth to heavens height
 And all the world with wonder overspred;
 A labour huge, exceeding far my might:
 How shall frail pen, with fear disparaged,
 Conceive such soveraine glory, and great bountihed?

III.

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
 Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* rote,
 Whereon the ruins of great *Ossa* hill,
 And triumphs of *Pblegræan Jove* he wrote,
 That all the Gods admir'd his lofty note.
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay
 His learned daughter would to me report,
 To deck my song withall, I would assay,
 Thy name, O soveraine Queen, to blazon far away.

IV.

Thy name, O soveraine Queen, thy realm and race,
 From this renowned Prince derived are,
 Who mightily upheld that royal mace,
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far
 From mighty Kings, and Conquerors in war,
 Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,
 Whose noble deeds above the northern star
 Immortal Fame for ever hath enrol'd;
 As in that old mans book they were in order told.

V.

The land, which warlike Britons now possess,
 And therein have their mighty empire rais'd,
 In antique times was salvage wilderness,
 Unpeopled, unmanur'd, unprov'd, unprais'd;
 Ne was it land then, ne was it pais'd
 Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it sought
 Of merchants far, for profits therein prais'd,
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By Sea to have been from the *Celtick* main-land brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
 Till that the vent'rous mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
 Which all along the southern sea-coast lay,
 Threatning unheedy wreck and rash decay,
 For safeties sake that same his sea-mark made,
 And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

VII.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt,
 Of hideous Giants, and half beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt,
 But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
 And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,
 All naked without shame, or care of cold,
 By hunting and by spoiling lived then;
 Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
 That Sons of men amaz'd their sternness to behold.

VIII.

But whence they sprung, or how they were begot,
 Uneath is to assure; uneath to ween
 That monstrous error which doth some assot,
 That *Dioclesians* fifty daughters sheen
 Into this land by chance have driven been,
 Where companing with fiends and filthy sprights,
 Through vain illusion of their lust unclean,
 They brought forth Giants and such dreadful wights,
 As far exceeded men in their immeasur'd might.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthiness
 Polluted this same gentle soil long time:
 That their own mother loath'd their beastliness,
 And 'gan abhor her broods unkindly crime,
 All were they born of her own native slime;
 Untill that *Brutus* anciently deriv'd
 From royal stock of old *Assaracs* line,
 Driven by fatal error, here arriv'd,
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great battles with his salvage fone;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giants left on groning flore;
 That well can witness yet unto this day
 The western Hough, besprinkled with the gore
 Of mighty *Goemot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample pit, yet far renown'd;
 For the large leap, which *Debon* did compel
Caulin to make, being eight lugs of ground;
 Into the which returning back, he fell:
 But those three monstrous stones do most excel,
 Which that huge Son of hideous *Albion*,
 Whose Father, *Hercules* in *France* did quell,
 Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
 At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slain anon.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that province utmost west,
 To him assigned for his worthy lot,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called *Cornwaile*, yet so called best:
 And *Debons* share was, that is *Devonshire*:
 But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
 The which he call'd *Canutium*, for his hire;
 Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

XIII.

Thus *Brute* this realm unto his rule subdew'd
 And reigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschew'd,
 He left three sons (his famous progeny)
 Born of fair *Inogene* of *Italy*;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,
 And *Locrine* left chief Lord of *Britany*.
 At last ripe age bade him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the soveraine Lord of all;
 But *Albanact* had all the northern part,
 Which of himself *Albania* he did call;
 And *Camber* did possess the western quārt,
 Which *Severn* now from *Logris* doth depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,
 That once their quiet government annoy'd,
 But each his pains to others profit still employ'd.

XV.

Until a nation strange, with visage swart,
 And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarm'd in every part,
 And overflow'd all countries far away,
 Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the north display:
 Until that *Locrine* for his realms defence,
 Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

XVI.

He them encountred, (a confused rout)
 Foreby the River, that whilome was hight
 The ancient *Abus*, where with courage stout
 He them defeated in victoripus fight,
 And chast so fiercely after fearful flight,
 That forst their chieftain, for his safeties sake
 (Their chieftain *Humber* named was aright)
 Unto the mighty stream him to betake,
 Where he an end of battle, and of life did make.

XVII.

The King returned proud of victory,
 And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vain voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd fair Lady *Estrild*, leudly lov'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his heart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
 From *Guendolene* his wife, though always faithful prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be so vile disdain'd;
But gath'ring force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battle well ordain'd,
In which him vanquisht she to fly constrain'd:
But she so fast pursew'd, that him she took,
And threw in bands, where he till death remain'd;
Als his fair *Leman*, flying through a brook,
She overhent, nought moved with her pitious look.

XIX.

But both her self, and eke her daughter dear,
Begotten by her Kingly paramour,
The fair *Sabrina* almost dead with fear,
She there attached, far from all succour;
The one she slew in that impatient stour:
But the sad virgin innocent of all,
Adown the rolling river she did pour,
Which of her name now *Severn* men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyal love did fall.

XX.

Then for her son, which she to *Lochrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, unmeet the rule of sway)
In her own hand the crown she kept in store,
Till riper years he raught, and stronger stay:
During which time, her powre she did display
Through all this realm (the glory of her sex)
And first taught men a woman to obey:
But when her son to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendered, ne her self would longer vex.

XXI.

Tho *Madan* reign'd, unworthy of his race:
For with all shame that sacred throne he fil'd:
Next *Memprise*, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consoorted with *Manild*,
For thirst of single Kingdom him he kill'd.
But *Ebrank* salved both their infamies
With noble deeds, and warrey'd on *Bruncbild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remain, which yet that land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first days he was;
 And happy father of fair progeny :
 For all so many weeks as the year has,
 So many children he did multiply ;
 Of which were twenty sons, which did apply
 Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire:
 Those Germans did subdue all *Germany*,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their fire,
 With foul repulse, from *France* was forced to retire.

XXIII.

Which blot, his son succeeding in his seat,
 The second *Brute* (the second both in name
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame.
 He with his victor sword first opened
 The bowels of wide *France*, a forlorn dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered ;
 Since which, with fundry spoils she hath been ransacked.

XXIV.

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Estbambrages* tell,
 What colour were there waters that same day,
 And all the moor twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,
 With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Bruncbildis* see
 The green shield dy'd in dolorous vermill ?
 That not *Scuitb guiridb* it mote seem to be ;
 But rather *yδcuitb gogb*, sign of sad cruelty.

XXV.

His Son King *Leill*, by Fathers labour long,
 Enjoy'd an heritage of lasting peace.
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
 Next *Hudibras* his realm did not encrease,
 But taught the land from weary wars to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 ExcePd at *Athens* all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet science mollified their stubborn hearts.

XXVI.

Ensamble of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boiling baths at *Cairbadon*,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quick brimston,
Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd upon,
That to her people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every foreign nation :
Yet he at last contending to excel
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

XXVII.

Next him King *Leyr* in happy peace long reign'd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three fair daughters, which were well uptrain'd.
In all that seemed fit for Kingly seed :
Mongst whom his realm he equally decreed
To have divided, tho' when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He call'd his daughters ; and with speeches sage
Inquir'd, which of them most did love her parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldest, *Gonorill*, 'gan to protest,
That she much more than her own life him lov'd ;
And *Regan* greater love to him profest,
Than all the world, whenever it were prov'd ;
But *Cordeill* said, she lov'd him, as behov'd :
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no heir,
But twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* King of Scots,
And th'other to the King of *Cambria*,
And twixt them shar'd his realm by equal lots :
But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*
Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Sire, thus eased of his crown,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renown,
Thatnought him griev'd to been from rule deposed down.

XXX.

But true it is, that when the oil is spent,
 The light goes out, and wike is thrown away ;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter 'gan despise his drooping day,
 And weary wax of his continual stay.
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
 Who him at first well used every way ;
 But when of his departure she despair'd,
 Her bounty she abated, and his chear empair'd.

XXXI.

The wretched man 'gan then avise too late,
 That love is not, where most it is profest ;
 Too truly try'd in his extreamest state :
 At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to *Gordelia* himself addrest,
 Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
 As for her Sire and King her seemed best ;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realm bereav'd.

XXXII.

So to his crown she him restor'd again,
 In which he dy'd, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after will'd it should to her remain :
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld :
 And all mens hearts in due obedience held :
 Till that her sisters children woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
 And overcome kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life, her self she hong.

XXXIII.

Then 'gan the bloody brethren both to reign :
 But fierce *Cundab* 'gan shortly to envy
 Her brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdain
 To have a peer in part of soverainty ;
 And kindling coals of cruel enmity,
 Rais'd war, and him in battle overthrew :
 Whence as he to those woody hills did fly,
 Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew ;
 Then did he reign alone, when he none equal knew.

XXXIV.

His Son *Rival* his dead room did supply,
 In whose sad time blood did from heaven rain :
 Next great *Gurgustus*, then fair *Cæcily*,
 In constant peace their kingdoms did contain :
 After them *Lago*, and *Kinmark* did reign,
 And *Gorbogud*, till far in years he grew ;
 When his ambitious sons unto them twain,
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;
 Stout *Ferrex* and stern *Porrex* him in prison threw.

XXXV.

But O! the greedy thirst of royal crown,
 That knows no kindred, nor regards no right,
 Stir'd *Porrex* up to put his brother down ;
 Who unto him assembling foreign might,
 Made war on him, and fell himself in fight :
 Whose death t'avenge, his mother merciless
 (Most merciless of women, *Wyden* hight)
 Her other son fast sleeping did oppress,
 And with most cruel hand him murdered pitiless.

XXXVI.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progeny,
 Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne,
 With high renown, and great felicity.
 The noble branch from th'antique stock was torn
 Through discord, and the royal throne forlorn :
 Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
 Whilst each of *Brutus* boasted to be born,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of *Britons* glory ancient.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchless might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affairs,
 Who stir'd with pity of the stressed plight
 Of this sad realm, cut into sundry shares
 By such as claim'd themselves *Brutes* rightful heirs,
 Gather'd the Princes of the people loose,
 To taken counsel of their common cares ;
 Who with his wisdom won, him straight did choose
 Their King, and swore him fealty to win or lose.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
 And *Ymmer* slew, or *Logris* miscreate;
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* King confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his own valiance;
 Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to civil governance,
 Now one, which earst were many made through variance.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
 Were unto him reveal'd in vision,
 By which he freed the travellers highway,
 The churches part, and ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanny*:
 For till his days, the chief dominion
 By strength was wielded without policy;
 Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity.

XL.

Donwallo dy'd (for what may live for aye?)
 And left two sons, of peerless prowess both;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
 The recompence of their perjured oath,
 And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth;
 Besides subjected *France*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their praises speak, all — be they loth
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of *Britanny*.

XLI.

Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* son,
 In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise;
 He *Easterland* subdu'd, and *Denmark* won,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was due in his dead fathers days:
 He also gave to fugitives of *Spain*
 (Whom he at sea found wandring from their ways)
 A seat in *Ireland* safely to remain,
 Which they should hold of him, as subject to *Britain*.

XLII.

After him reigned *Gutibeline* his heir
 (The justest man and truest in his days)
 Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fair,
 A woman worthy of immortal praise,
 Which for this realm found many goodly lays,
 And wholesome statutes to her husband brought;
 Her many deem'd to have been of the *Fays*,
 As was *Ægerie*, that *Numa* taught;
 Those yet of her be *Mertian* laws both nam'd and thought.

XLIII

Her son *Sifillus* after her did reign,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
 Next whom *Morindus* did the crown sustain:
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruel rancour dimm'd his valorous
 And mighty deeds, should matched have the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the foreign *Morands* he exprest;
 Yet lives his memory, though carcass sleep in rest.

XLIV.

Five sons he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successively by turns did reign:
 First *Gorboman*, a man of virtuous life;
 Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,
 Deposed was from Princedom soverain,
 And pitious *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restor'd again,
 Till by his death he it recovered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him dethronized.

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remain,
 Till they outreigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein reseized was again,
 And ruled long with honorable state,
 Till he surrendered realm and life to fate.
 Then all the sons of these five brethren reign'd
 By due success, and all their nephews late,
 Even thrice elev'n descents the crown retain'd,
 Till aged *Hely* by due heritage it gain'd.

XLVI.

He had two sons, whose eldest called *Lud*
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endless monuments of his great good :
 The ruin'd walls he did re-edify
 Of *Troynovant*, 'gainst force of enemy,
 And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
 By which he lies entombed solemnly.
 He left two sons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantis*, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalan* their Eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him took the royal diadem,
 And goodly well long time it governed,
 Till the proud *Romans* him disquieted,
 And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name
 Of this sweet island never conquered,
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion !) hither came.

XLVIII.

Yet twice they were repulsed back again,
 And twice renforst, back to their ships to fly,
 The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain.
 And the gray ocean into purple dye :
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not *Androgeus*, false to native soil,
 And envious of Uncles soverainty,
 Betray'd his country unto foreign spoil :
 Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foil !

XLIX.

So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
 Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay,
 In which himself was charged heavily
 Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributary made
 T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,
 Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd ;
 Yet oft the Briton Kings against them strongly sway'd.

L.

Next him, *Tenacious* reign'd, then *Kimbeline*,
 What time th' eternal Lord in fleshly slime
 Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adams* line,
 To purge away the guilt of sinful crime :
 O joyous memory of happy time,
 That heavenly grace so plentifully display'd !
 O too high ditty for my simple rime !
 Soon after this, the *Romans* him warray'd ;
 For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

LI.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperor,
 An army brought, and with him battle fought,
 In which the King was by a treachetor
 Disguis'd slain, ere any thereof thought :
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought ;
 For *Arvirage* his brothers place supplide,
 Both in his arms and crown ; and by that draught
 Did drive the *Romans* to the weaker side,
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

LII.

Was never King more highly magnifide,
 Nor drad of *Romans*, than was *Arvirage* ;
 For which the Emperor to him allide
 His Daughter *Genuiss'* in marriage :
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
 Of *Rome* again, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoil and rage
 Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
 Persuaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent,

LIII.

He dy'd ; and him succeeded *Marius*,
 Who joy'd his days in great tranquillity :
 Then *Coyl*, and after him good *Lucius*,
 That first received christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christs evangely :
 Yet true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came *Joseph* of *Arimatby*,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)
 And preacht the truth ; but since it greatly did decay

U 4

LIV.

This good King shortly without issue dy'd,
 Whereof great trouble in the Kingdom grew,
 That did herself in sundry parts divide,
 And with her powre her own self overthrew,
 Whilst *Romans* daily did the weak subdue :
 Which seeing, stout *Bunduca* up arose,
 And taking arms, the *Britons* to her drew ;
 With whom she marched straight against her foes,
 And them unwares besides the *Severn* did enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruel battle tride,
 Not with so good success, as she deserv'd ;
 By reason that the captains on her side,
 Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her swerv'd :
 Yet such as were through former flight preserv'd,
 Gathering again, her host she did renew,
 And with fresh courage on the victor serv'd :
 But being all defeated save a few,
 Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, her self she slew.

LVI.

O famous monument of womens praise,
 Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
 Whom antique history so high doth raise,
 Or to *Hypsibil'*, or to *Thomiris* :
 Her host two hundred thousand numbred is ;
 Who whiles good fortune favoured her might,
 Triumphed oft against her enemies ;
 And yet though overcome in hapless fight,
 She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII.

Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,
 Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew ;
 Yet in the chace was slain of them that fled ;
 So made them victors, whom he did subdue
 Then 'gan *Carausius* tyrannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romans* bent their proper powre,
 And him *Alektus* treacherously slew,
 And took on him the robe of Emperoure :
 Nath'less the same enjoyed but short happy houre :

LVIII.

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquish't plain,
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
 Then afterwards he in his stead did reign;
 But shortly was by *Coyl* in battle slain:
 Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crown'd soverain:
 Then 'gan this realm renew her pass'd prime:
 He of his name *Coylcbeſter* built of ſtone and lime.

LIX.

Which when the *Romans* heard, they hither ſent
Conſtantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whom King *Coyl* made an agreement,
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
 Fair *Helena*, the faireſt living wight;
 Who in all godly thews, and goodly praiſe
 Did far excell, but was moſt famous hight
 For ſkill in muſick of all in her days,
 As well in curious inſtruments, as cunning lays.

LX.

Of whom he did great *Conſtantine* beget,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles abſent he his mind did ſet,
Oſtavius here lept into his room,
 And it uſurped by unrighteous doom:
 But he his title juſtifie by might,
 Slaing *Trabern*, and having overcome
 The *Roman* legion in dreadful fight:
 So ſettled he his Kingdom, and confirm'd his right.

LXI.

But wanting iſſue male, his daughter dear
 He gave in wedlock to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his Kingdom heir,
 Who ſoon by means thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murder'd by the friends of *Gratian*:
 Then 'gan the *Huns* and *Picts* invade this land,
 During the reign of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying, left none heir them to withſtand,
 But that they overran all parts with eaſie hand.

LXII.

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miseries, and woeful ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open prey,
And daily spectacle of sad decay :
Whom *Roman* wars, which now four hundred years,
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay ;
Till by consent of commons and of peers,
They crown'd the second *Constantine* with joyous tears.

LXIII.

Who having oft in battle vanquished
Those spoilful *Picts*, and swarming *Easterlings*,
Long time in peace his realm established,
Yet oft annoy'd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour *Scots*, and foreign scatterlings,
With which the world did in those days abound :
Which to outbar, with painful pionings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from *Alclud* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

LXIV.

Three sons he dying left, all under age :
By means whercof, their uncle *Vortigere*
Usurp the crown, during their pupillage ;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to fear,
Them closely into *Armerick* did bear :
For dread of whom, and for those *Picts* annoys.
He sent to *Germany*, strange aid to rear,
From whence eftsoons arrived here three hoys
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safety employs.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitains, which hight
Hengist and *Horfus*, well approv'd in war,
And both of them men of renowned might ;
Who making vantage of their civil jar,
And of those foreigners, which came from far,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realm ere long they stronger are,
That they which fought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforst the Kingdom to aband.

LXVI.

But by the help of *Vortimere* his son,
 He is again unto his rule restor'd;
 And *Hengist* seeming sad for that was done,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his fair daughters face, and flattering word;
 Soon after which, three hundred Lords he slew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose doleful monuments who list to rew,
 Th' eternal marks of treason may at *Stonbenge* view.

LXVII.

By this the sons of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Utber* did ripe years attain,
 And here arriving, strongly challenged
 The crown, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was slain,
 And *Hengist* eke soon brought to shameful death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did reign,
 Till that through poison stopped was his breath;
 So now entombed lyes at *Stonbenge* by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him *Utber*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding, there abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other cesure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or the author self could not at least attend
 To finish it: that so untimely breach
 The Prince himself half seemeth to offend,
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquity long stopt his spech.

LIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to hear
 The royal offspring of his native land,
 Cried out, dear country, O how dearly dear
 Ought thy remembrance, and perpetual band
 Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand
 Did common breath and nouriture receive!
 How brutish is it, not to understand
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
 That gave unto us all, whatever good we have.

LXX.

But *Guyon* all this while his book did read,
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leisure, so long leaves here to repeat:
 It told how first *Prometheus* did create
 A man, of many parts from beasts derivd,
 And then stole fire from heav'n, to animate
 His work, for which he was by *Jove* deprivd
 Of life himself, and heart-strings of an Eagle rivd.

LXXI.

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet,
 Quick, the first author of all Elfin kind:
 Who wandring through the world with weary feet,
 Did in the gardens of *Adonis* find
 A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
 To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
 Or Angel, th'author of all woman-kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Fairies* spring, and fetch their lineage right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
 And puissant Kings, which all the world warray'd,
 And to themselves all nations did subdew:
 The first and eldest, which that scepter sway'd,
 Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obey'd,
 And all that now *America* men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who lay'd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
 But *Elfiline* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His Son was *Elfinel*, who overcame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
 But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of chrystal did *Panthea* build:
 Then *Elfar*, who two brethren Giants killed,
 The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in magick skilld;
 He built by art upon the glassy sea (to be.
 A bridge of brass, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd

LXXIV.

He left three sons, the which in order reign'd,
And all their offspring, in their due descents,
Ev'n seven hundred Princes, which maintain'd
With mighty deeds their sundry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents;
Here to record, ne much material:
Yet should they be most famous monuments,
And brave ensample both of martial
And civil rule, to Kings and states imperial.

LXXV.

After all these *Elficleos* did reign,
The wise *Elficleos* in great majesty,
Who mightily that scepter did sustain,
And with rich spoils and famous victory,
Did high advance the crown of *Faëry*:
He left two sons, of which fair *Elferon*,
The eldest brother did untimely dye;
Whose empty place the mighty *Obéron*
Doubly supplide, in spousal and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his powre and glory, over all
Which him before that sacred seat did fill,
That yet remains his wide memorial:
He dying, left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this houre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
Long mayst thou *Glorian* live, in glory and great powre.

LXXVII.

Beguil'd thus with delight of novelties,
And natural desire of countries state,
So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate;
Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To think, how supper did them long await:
So half unwilling from their books them brought,
And fairly feasted, as so noble Knights she ought.

C A N T O XI.

The enemies of Temperance

Besiege her dwelling place :

*Prince Arthur them repells, and foul
Maleger doth deface.*

I.

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply,
Against the fort of reason evermore
To bring the soul into captivity !
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the frail flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage ;
No wretchedness is like to sinful villenage.

II.

But in a body, which doth freely yield
His parts to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter wield,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment ;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beauty excellent ;
And to her guests doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early before the morn with crimson ray,
The windows of bright heaven open'd had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd :
With him the Palmer eke, in habit sad,
Himself addrest to that adventure hard :
So to the rivers side they both together far'd.

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferryman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boat: They go aboard,
And he eftsoons 'gan launch his bark forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behind them fled away.
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right
Do serve their turns: here I awhile must stay,
To see a cruel fight doen by the Prince this day.

V.

For all so soon as *Guyon* thence was gone
Upon his voyage with his trusty guide,
That wicked band of villains fresh begun
That castle to assail on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide;
So foul and ugly, that exceeding fear
Their visages imprest, when they approched near.

VI.

Them in twelve troops their captain did dispart,
And round about in fittest steads did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that case.
Seven of the same against the castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endless hate,
They battred day and night, and entrance did await.

VII.

The other five, five sundry ways he set,
Against the five great bulwarks of that pile;
And unto each a bulwark did arret,
T'assail with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoil.
They all that charge did fervently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toil,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadful battery.

VIII.

The first troop was a monstrous rabblement
Of foul mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owls, with beaks uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had claws to tear,
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrows bear ;
All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects, all cruel enemies.

IX.

Those same against the bulwark of the fight
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respite day nor night :
But soon as *Titan* 'gan his head exault,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent :
That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault ;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty, and money, they that bulwark forely rent.

X.

The second bulwark was the *Hearing* sense,
Gainst which the second troop desigment makes ;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
Some like wild Boars late rouz'd out of the brakes ;
Slanderous reproches, and foul infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries,
All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third troop was cruelly assay'd :
Whose hideous shapes were like to fiends of hell,
Some like to Hounds, some like to Apes dismay'd,
Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes array'd :
All shapt according their conditions,
For by those ugly forms weren pourtray'd
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which do that sense besiege with light illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruel battery bent,
 Against the fourth bulwark, that is the *Taste*,
 Was as the rest, a gryfic rabblement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Ostriges, some fast
 Like loathly Toades, some fashion'd in the waist
 Like swine; for, so deform'd is luxury :
 Surfeit, misdiet, and unthrifty waste,
 Vain feasts, and idle superfluity :
 All those this senses fort assail incessantly.

XIII.

But the fifth troop most horrible of hue,
 And fierce of force, was dreadful to report :
 For some like snails, some did like spiders shew
 And some like ugly Urchins thick and short :
 They cruelly assailed that fifth fort,
 Armed with darts of sensual delight,
 With stings of carnal lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fifth bulwark they continued fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troops with dreadful puissance
 Against that castle restless siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous ordinance
 Upon the bulwarks cruelly did play,
 That now it 'gan to threaten near decay :
 And evermore their wicked Capitain
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gain,
 Which by the ransack of that place they should attain.

XV.

On t'other side, th' assieged castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintain,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchievement wrought with peril and with pain,
 That goodly frame from ruin to sustain :
 And those two brethren Giants did defend
 The walls so stoutly with their sturdy main,
 That never entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direful death their groaning ghosts did send.

XVI.

The noble Virgin, Lady of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight
 (For never was she in so evil case)
 Till that the Prince seeing her woeful plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his service, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chief and th'author of that strife:
 She him remerci'd as the patron of her life.

XVII.

Eftsoons himself in glitterand arms he dight,
 And his well proved weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous congé he behight
 Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went,
 Fair mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
 That ever brandished bright steel on high:
 Whom soon as that unruly rabblement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They rear'd a most outrageous dreadful yelling cry.

XVIII.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttring arrows, thick as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flock impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tumbling low
 From the high mountains, threats to overflow
 With suddain fury all the fertile plain,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
 Adown the stream, and all his vows make vain,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruin may sustain.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hail he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the rascal flocks,
 Which fled asunder, and him fell before,
 As wither'd leaves drop from their dried stocks,
 When the wrcth western wind does reave their locks;
 And underneath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them down like docks,
 The fierce *Spumador*, born of heavenly seed:
 Such as *Lacmedon* of *Phabus* race did breed.

XX.

Which suddain horrore and confused cry,
 Whenas their captain heard, in haste he yode
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;
 Upon a Tigre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the wind ran underneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
 Full large he was of limb, and shoulders brode,
 But of such subtil substance and unsound,
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose grave-cloths were un-

XXI.

[bound.

And in his hand a bended bow was seen,
 And many arrows under his right side,
 All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
 Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dy'd,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quivers hide;
 Those could he well direct and strait as line,
 And bid them strike the mark, which he had ey'd;
 Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds: so only they did tyme.

XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
 His body lean and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all wither'd like a dryed rook,
 Theteto as cold and dreery as a Snake,
 That seem'd to tremble evermore and quake:
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light
 Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his name, and after him
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
 With hoary locks all loose, and visage grim;
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
 And yet the one her other leg had lame,
 Which with a staff, all full of little snags
 She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame,

XXIV.

Soon as the Carle from far the Prince espide,
 Glistring in arms, and warlike ornament,
 His beast he felly prickt on either side,
 And his mischievous bow full ready bent,
 With which at him a cruel shaft he sent :
 But he was wary, and it warded well
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrel fell :
 Then he another and another did expell.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortal spear
 Soon to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be avenged of that shot whylear :
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quick aside
 His light-foot beast fled fast away for fear :
 Whom to pursue, the infant after hy'd,
 So fast as his good courser could him bear;
 But labour lost it was, to ween approach him near.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That view of eye could scarce him overtake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seen to tread ;
 Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his ready passage brake,
 And in his flight the villain turn'd his face
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 Whenas the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
 Unto his Tygers tail, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy Knight nigh to him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursue :
 Who when his uncouth manner he did view
 He 'gan avize to follow him no more,
 But keep his standing, and his shafts eschew,
 Until he quite had spent his perlous store,
 And then assail him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

XXVIII.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrows, gathered them again,
 And to him brought, fresh battle to renew:
 Which he espying, cast her to restrain
 From yielding succour to that cursed swain,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
 But soon as him dismounted on the plain,
 That other Hag did far away espy
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as down he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and down him stayd
 With their rude hands, and griesly grapplement,
 Till that the villain coming to their ayd,
 Upon him fell, and load upon him layd,
 Full little wanted; but he had him slain,
 And of the battle baleful end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his pain,
 And comen to his rescue, ere his bitter bane.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the help of weaker hand;
 So feeble is man's state, and life unsound,
 That in assurance it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Proof be thou Prince, the prowest man alive,
 And noblest born of all in *Briton* land;
 Yet thee fierce fortune did so nearly drive,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

XXXI.

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his arms
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other jade,
 His chiefest lets and authors of his harms,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Lest that his Lord they should behind invade;
 The whiles the Prince prickt with reproachful shame,
 As one awakt out of long slumbring shade,
 Reviving thought of glory and of fame,
 United all his powres to purge himself from blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
 Hath long been under kept, and down suppress'd,
 With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breaks forth with furious unrest,
 And strives to mount unto his native seat;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 It now devours with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoak with rage and horreur great.

XXXIII.

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him'rous'd
 Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands,
 And as a Bear whom angry curs have touz'd,
 Having off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads down and overthrows. Now had the Carlo
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
 To seize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turn'd to disadvantage drear;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harm,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood mear,
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarm,
 And of his weapons did himself disarm.
 The Knight yet wrathful for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advanst his valorous right arm,
 And him so sore smote with his iron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fill'd his place.

XXXV.

Well weened he that field was then his own,
 And all his labour brought to happy end,
 When suddain up the villain overthrown,
 Out of his swoun arose, fresh to contend,
 And 'gan himself to second battle bend,
 As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not been removed many a day,
 Some land-mark seem'd to be, or sign of sundry way.

XXXVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shun the engin of his meant decay;
 It booted not to think that throw to bear,
 But ground he gave, and lightly leapt arear:
 Est fierce returning, as a Faulcon fair
 That once hath failed of her souse full near,
 Remounts again into the open air,
 And unto better fortune doth herself prepare:

XXXVII.

So brave returning, with his brandisht blade
 He to the Carle himself again addrest,
 And strook at him so sternly, that he made
 An open passage through his riven breast,
 That half the steel behind his back did rest:
 Which drawing back, he looked evermore
 When the heart blood should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore:

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to be,
 All were the wound so wide and wondrous,
 That through his carcass one might plainly see.
 Half in amaze with horror hideous,
 And half in rage to be deluded thus,
 Again through both the sides he strook him quight,
 That made his spright to groan full pitious:
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groaning spright;
 But freshly as at first, prepar'd himself to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his heart appall:
 Ne wist he what to think of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to do at all:
 He doubted, lest it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funeral,
 Or airy spirit under false pretence,
 Or hellish fiend rais'd up through devilish science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
 And oft of error did himself appeach:
 Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
 That could do harm, yet could not harmed be,
 That could not dye, yet seem'd a mortal wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmity,
 Like did he never hear, like did he never see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment;
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Give over to effect his first intent,
 And th'utmost means of victory assay,
 Or th'utmost issue of his own decay.
 His own good sword *Mordure*, that never fail'd
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield that nought him now avail'd,
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assail'd.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty arms him up he snatcht,
 And crusht his carcass so against his breast,
 That the disdainful soul he thence dispatcht,
 And th'idle breath all utterly exprest:
 Tho when he felt him dead, adown he kest
 The lumpish corse unto the senseless ground:
 Adown he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That back again it did aloft rebound,
 And gave against his mother earth a groanful sound;

XLIII.

As when *Jove's* harness-bearing bird from high
 Stoops at a flying Heron with proud disdain,
 The stone dead quarry falls so forcibly,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plain,
 A second fall redoubling back again.
 Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
 And that he victor only did remain;
 No sooner thought, than that the Carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then wox th'amazed Knight,
And thought his labour lost and travail vain,
Against this lifeless shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw; and felt his mighty main,
That whiles he marveil'd still, did still him pain:
Forthy he 'gan some other ways advise,
How to take life from that dead living swain,
Whom still he marked freshly to arise
From th'earth, and from her womb new spirits to reprise.

XLV.

He then remembred well, that had been said,
How th'earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke, so often as his life decay'd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And rais'd him up much stronger than before,
So soon as he unto her womb did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him commit to grave terrestrial,
But bear him far from hope of succour usual.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And having scruz'd out of his carrion corse
The loathful life, now loos'd from sinful bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stir'd, till hope of life did him forsake;
So end of that Carles days, and his own pains did make.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked Hags from far did spy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands:
And th'one of them with dreadful yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chains and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Headlong her self did cast into that lake;
But *Impotence* with her own wilful hands,
One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conqueror remains;
 Tho coming to his squire, that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted: but his feeble veins
 Him fail'd thereto, and served not his need,
 Through loss of blood, which from his wounds did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay;
 But his good Squire him helping up with speed,
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many groomis and Squires ready were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
 With balm and wine, and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity;
 Eftsoons she caus'd him up to be convey'd,
 And of his arms despoiled easily,
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him staid.

CANTO XII.

*Guyon by Palmers governance,
 Passing through perils great,
 Doth overthrow the Bower of Bliss,
 And Acrasie defeat.*

I.

NOW 'gins that goodly frame of temperance
 Fairly to rise, and her adorned head
 To prick of highest praise forth to advance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
 On firm foundation of true bountied;
 And this brave Knight, that for this vertue fights,
 Now comes to point of that same per'lous sted,
 Where pleasure dwells in sensual delights,
 Mongst thousand dangers, and tenthousand magick nights,

II.

Two days now in that sea he sailed has,
 Ne ever land beheld, no living wight,
 Ne ought save perill, still as he did pass :
 Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright
 Upon the waves to spread her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring far away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And straight they saw the raging surges reard
 Up to the skies; that threat of drowning made affeard.

III.

Said then the *Boatman*, Palmer steer aright,
 And keep an even course; for yonder way
 We needs must pass (God do us well acquight)
 That is the *Gulf of Greediness*; they say,
 That deep engorgeth all this world's prey :
 Which having swallow'd up excessively,
 He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for fear do seem away to fly.

IV.

On th'other side an hideous rock is pight,
 Of mighty *Magnus* stone, whose draggy clift
 Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,
 Over the waves his rugged arms doth lift,
 And threatneth down to throw his ragged rift
 On who so cometh nigh; yet nigh it draws
 All passengers that none from it can shift :
 For whiles they fly that gulfs devouring jaws,
 They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless waws.

V.

Forward they pass, and strongly he them rows,
 Until they nigh unto that gulf arrive,
 Where stream more violent and greedy grows :
 Then he with all his puissance doth strive
 To strike his oars, and mightily doth drive
 The hollow vessel through the threatful wave;
 Which gaping wide to swallow them alive
 In th'huge abyss of his engulging grave,
 Doth roar at them in vain, and with great terroure rave.

VI.

They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
 Sucking the seas into his entrails deep,
 That seem'd more horrible than hell to be,
 Or that dark dreadful hole of *Tartare* steep,
 Through which the damned ghosts doo often creep
 Back to the world, bad livers to torment:
 But nought that falls into this direful deep,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
 May back return, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

On th'other side, they saw that per'ous rocke,
 Threatning it self on them to ruinate,
 On whose sharp cliffs the ribs of vessels broke,
 And shiver'd ships which had been wrecked late,
 Yet stuck with carcasses exanimate
 Of such, as having all their substance spent
 In wanton joys, and lusts intemperate,
 Did afterwards make shipwreck violent
 Both of their life and fame for ever foully blent.

VIII.

Forthy this hight *The Rock of vile Reproach*,
 A dangerous and detestable place,
 To which nor fish nor fowl did once approach,
 But yelling Meaws, with Seagulls hoarse and base,
 And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
 Which still sate waiting on that wasteful clift,
 For spoil of wretches, whose unhappy case,
 After lost credit and consumed thrift,
 At last them driving hath to this despairful drift.

IX.

The Palmer, seeing them in safety past,
 Thus said; Behold th'ensamples in our sights
 Of lustful luxury and thriftless waste:
 What now is left of miserable wights,
 Which spent their loosers days in lew'd delights,
 But shame and sad reproach, here to be read,
 By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
 Let all that live, hereby be counselled,
 To shun *Rock of Reproach*, and it as death to dread.

X.

So forth they rowed: and that *Ferryman*
 With his stiff oars did brush the sea so strong,
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
 And the light bubbles danced all along,
 Whiles the salt brine out of the billows sprong,
 At last far off they many islands spy,
 On every side floating the floods among:
 Then said the Knight, Lo, I the land descry;
 Therefore old Sire, thy course do thereunto apply.

XI.

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*.
 Lest we unweeting hap to be fordome:
 For those same islands, seeming now and then,
 Are not firm land, nor any certain wonne,
 But straggling plots; which to and fro do rone
 In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
 The *Wandering Islands*. Therefore do them shone;
 For they have oft drawn many a wandering wight
 Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

XII.

Yet well they seem to him, that far doth view,
 Both fair and fruitful, and the ground dispreed
 With grassy green of delectable hue,
 And the tall trees with leaves apparelled,
 Are deckt with blossoms dy'd in white and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure;
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may never it recure
 But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

XIII.

As th'Isle of *Delos*, whylome men report
 Amid th' *Ægean* sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certain port,
 Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
 Flying from *Junos* wrath and hard assay,
 Of her fair twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 Thenceforth, it firmly was established,
 And for *Appollo's* honour highly henned.

XIV.

They to him hearken, as besemeth meet,
 And pass on forward: so their way does lie,
 That one of those same islands which do fleet
 In the wide sea, they needs must pass by,
 Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there.
 Upon the bank they sitting did espie
 A dainty Damzel dressing of her hair,
 By whom a little skipper floating did appear.

XV.

She them espying, loud to them 'gan call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore;
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith loudly laught; But nathemore
 Would they once turn, but kept on as afore.
 Which when she saw, she left her locks undight,
 And running to her boat withouten oare,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her powre and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them 'gan to board, and purpose diversly,
 Now feigning dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer 'gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully
 Scoffing at him, that did her justly wite,
 She turn'd her boat about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton *Phædrin*, which late
 Did ferry him over the *Idle Lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vain allurements did forsake,
 When then the wary boatman thus bespake,
 Here now beboveth us well to advise,
 And of our safety good heed ad take;
 For here before a per'lous passage lies,
 Where many Mermaids haunt, making false melodies.

XVIII.

But by the way there is a great quicksand,
 And a whirlpool of hidden jeopardy:
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an even hand;
 For 'twixt them both the narrow way doth lye.
 Scarce had he said, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water covered;
 But by the checked wave they did descry
 It plain, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the quicksand of *Unbristbed*.

XIX.

They passing by, a goodly ship did see,
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And bravely furnished, as ship might be,
 Which through great disaventure, or misprize,
 Her self had run into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toil,
 Labour'd in vain to have recour'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to save from pitious spoil:
 But neither toyl nor travel might her back recoil.

XX.

On th'other side they see that per'ous pool,
 That called was the *Whirlpool of Decay*,
 In which full many had with hapless dool
 Been sunk, of whom no memory did stay:
 Whose circled waters wrapt with whirling sway,
 Like to a restless wheel, still runing round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw their boat within the utmost bound
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to have them drown'd.

XXI.

But th'headful boatman strongly-forth did stretch
 His brawny arms and all his body strain,
 That th'utmost sandy breach, they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dread danger does behind remain,
 Suddain they see, from midst of all the main,
 The surging waters like a mountain rise,
 And the great sea puff up with proud disdain,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatening to devour all that his power could spite;

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar
 Outrageously, as they enraged were;
 Or wrathful *Neptune* did them drive before
 His whirling charet, for exceeding fear:
 For not one puff of wind there did appear,
 That all the three thereat wax much afraid,
 Unweeting what such horror strange did rear.
 Eftsoons they saw an hideous host array'd
 Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sense dismayd.

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature self mote fear to see,
 Or shame, that ever should so foul defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped be;
 All dreadful pourtraicts of deformity:
 Spring-headed *Hydras*, and Sea-shouldring Whales,
 Great whirl-pools, which all fishes make to flee,
 Bright *Scolopendras*, arm'd with silver scales,
 Mighty *Monocerosses*, with immeasur'd tayls.

XXIV.

The dreadful fish that hath deserv'd the name
 Of death, and like him looks in dreadful hue,
 The grievly *Wasserman*, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftness to pursue,
 The horrible Sea-Satyr that doth shew
 His fearful face in time of greatest storm,
 Huge *Ziffius*, whom mariners eschew
 No less than rocks (as travellers inform)
 And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deform.

XXV.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadful noise, and hollow rumbling rore,
 Came rushing in the foamy waves enroll,
 Which seem'd to fly for fear them to behold:
 Ne wonder if these did the Knight appal;
 For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
 Be but as bugs to fearen babes withal,
 Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

XXVI.

Fear nought, then said the Palmer well avis'd ;
 For these same monsters are not these indeed,
 But are into these fearful shapes disguis'd
 By that same wicked Witch, to work us dread,
 And draw from on this journey to proceed.
 Tho lifting up his vertuous staff on high
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
 And all that dreadful army fast 'gan fly
 Into great *Tetbys* bosom, where they hidden lie.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept :
 And as they went they heard a rueful cry
 Of one that wail'd and pitifully wept,
 That through the sea resounding plaints did fly :
 At last they in an island did espy
 A seemly Maiden sitting by the shore,
 That with great sorrow, and sad agony,
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
 And loud to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII.

Which *Guyon* hearing, straight his Palmer bade
 To steer the boat toward that doleful Maid,
 That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad :
 Who him avising better, to him said ;
 Fair Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobey'd :
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry ;
 For she is inly nothing ill appay'd,
 But only womanish fine forgery,
 Your stubborn heart t'affect with frail infirmity.

XXIX.

To which when she your courage hath inclin'd
 Through foolish pity, then her guileful bait,
 She will embosom deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruin at the last await.
 The Knight was ruled, and the *Boatman* strait
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastness,
 Ne never shrunk, ne never sought to bait
 His tired arms for toilsome weariness,
 But with his oars did sweep the watry wilderness.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the sted,
 Whereas those mermaids dwelt : it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the broad shadow of an hoary hill,
 On th'other side an high rock towred still,
 That 'twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
 And did like an half theatre fulfil :
 There those five sisters had continual trade,
 And us'd to bathe themselves in that deceitful shade.

XXXI.

They were fair Ladies till they fondly striv'd
 With th'*Heliconian* maids for mastery ;
 Of whom they overcomen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beauty, and th'one moiety
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry ;
 But th'upper half their hue retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;
 Which ever after they abus'd to ill,
 T'allure weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII.

So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,
 Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus apply'd ;
 O thou fair Son of gentle Faëry,
 That art in mighty arms most magnify'd
 Above all Knights that ever battle try'd,
 O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile :
 Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride :
 This is the port of rest from troublous toils,
 The worlds sweet inn, from pain and wearisome turmoil.

XXXIII.

With that, the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered,
 And on the rock the waves breaking aloft,
 A solemn mean unto them measured,
 The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* loud whistled
 His treble, a strange kind of harmony ;
 Which *Guyon's* senses softly tickled,
 And he the boatman bade row easily,
 And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

XXXIV.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
 With temperate advice discourfelled,
 That they it paſt, and ſhortly 'gan deſcry,
 The land, to which their courſe they levelled;
 When ſuddainly a groſs fog overſpred
 With his dull vapour all that deſert has,
 And heavens chearfull face enveloped;
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great univerſe ſeem'd one confuſed maſs.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were diſmay'd, ne wiſt
 How to direct their way in darkneſs wide,
 But fear'd to wander in that waſteful miſt,
 For tumbling into miſchief unſpy'd.
 Worſe is the danger hidden, than deſcry'd.
 Suddainly an innumerable flight
 Of harmful fowls, about them flutt'ring, cry'd,
 And with their wicked wings them oft did ſmight,
 And ſore annoyed, groping in that grieſly night.

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatal birds about them flock'd were,
 Such as by nature men abhor and hate,
 The ill-fac'd Owl, deaths dreadful meſſenger,
 The hoarſe Night-Raven, trump of doleful drere,
 The leather-winged Bat, days enemy,
 The rueful Strich, ſtill waiting on the bier,
 The Whiſtler ſhrill, that whoſo hears, doth dye.
 The helliſh Harpies, prophets of ſad deſtiny.

XXXVII.

All thoſe, and all that elſe does horreur breed,
 About them flew, and fill'd their ſails with fear:
 Yet ſtaid they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th'one did row, and th'other ſtiſly ſtear;
 Till that at laſt the weather 'gan to clear,
 And the fair land it ſelf did plainly ſhow,
 Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appear
 The ſacred ſoil, where all our perils grow;
 Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you throw;

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his arms about him took,
 The whiles the nimble boat so well her sped,
 That with her crooked keel the land she strook,
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
 And his sage Palmer that him governed;
 But th'other by his boat behind did stay.
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay,
 With constancy and care, 'gainst danger and dismay.

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously,
 As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
 Had them enraged with fell sunquedry;
 Yet nought they fear'd, but past on hardily,
 Until they came in view of those wild beasts:
 Who all atonce gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
 Ran towards to devour those unexpected guests.

XL.

But soon as they approacht with deadly threat
 The Palmer over them his staff upheld,
 His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat:
 Eftsoons their stubborn courages were quell'd,
 And high advanced crests down meekly fell'd:
 Instead of fraying, they themselves did fear,
 And trembled; as them passing they beheld:
 Such wondrous powre did in that staff appear,
 All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear.

XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
 Of which *Caduceus* whylome was made;
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
 With which he wents the *Stygian* realms invade,
 Through ghastly horror, and eternal shade;
 Th'infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
 And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can persuade,
 And rule the *Furies*, when they most do rage:
 Such vertue in his staff had eke this Palmer sage.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive
 Whereas the *Bowre of Bliss* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choice of best alive,
 That natures work by art can imitate:
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may daintest fantasie aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentiful dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 As well their entred guests to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
 Nought fear'd they force, that fortillage to win,
 But wisdoms powre, and temperances might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
 Rather for pleasure, than for battery or fight.

XLIV.

It framed was of precious Ivory,
 That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of *Jason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
 Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
 The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous piece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowre of Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seem'd the waves were into Ivory,
 Or Ivory into the waves were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent,
 With vermeil like the boys blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent:
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,
 It seem'd th'enchanted flame, which did *Creusa* wed.

XLVI.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate.
 Be read; that ever open stood to all,
 Which thither came: but in the porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
 That travellers to him seem'd to entise;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
 Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

XLVII.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
 Not that celestial powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertains, in charge particular,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And strange phantoms doth let us oft foresee,
 And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
 That is our self, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be.

XLVIII.

Therefore a God him sage antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envies to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall,
 Through guileful semblants, which he makes us see.
 He of this garden had the governal,
 And pleasures porter, was dewiz'd to be,
 Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

XLIX.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowl of wine was set,
 As if it had to him been sacrific'd;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratify'd:
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
 But he his idle courtesie defy'd,
 And overthrew his bowl disdainfully;
 And broke his staff, with which he charmed semblants fly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plain, on every side
 Strowed with pleasure; whose fair grassy ground
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of *Floras* pride,
 Wherewith her mother art, as half in scorn
 Of niggard nature, like a pompous bride
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early morn.

LI.

Therewith the Heavens always jovial,
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state;
 Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat nor cold intemperate
 T'afflict the creatures which therein did dwell,
 But the mild air with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and dispos'd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

LII.

More sweet and wholesome, than the pleasant hill
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bore
 A giant babe, her self for grief did kill;
 Or the *Thessalian Tempe*, where of yore
 Fair *Daphne*, *Phebus* heart with love did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repair,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses fair;
 Or *Eden* self, if ought with *Eden* mote compare.

LIII.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the fair aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right;
 Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping arms, in wanton wreathings intricate.

LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device;
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging down, seem'd to entice
 All passers by, to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands encline,
 As freely offering to be gathered:
 Some deep empurpled as the *Hyacine*,
 Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair emerauds, not yet well ripened.

LV.

And them amongst; some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
 That the weak boughs with so rich load oppress,
 Did bow adown, as over-burdened.
 Under that porch a comely Dame did rest,
 Clad in fair weeds, but foul disordered,
 And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhood.

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor that with fulness swell'd,
 Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
 That so fair wine-press, made the wine more sweet;
 Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to *Guyon* offered it to taste;
 Who taking it out of her tender hand,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in pieces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond;
 Whereat *Excess* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstood,
 But suffred him to pass, all were she loth;
 Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

LVIII.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
 It self doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happiness envy :
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting high,
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the chrystal running by ;
 And that, which all fair works doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
 That nature had for wantonness ensu'd
 Art, and that art at nature did repine ;
 So striving each th'other to undermine,
 Each did the others work more beautify ;
 So diff'ring both in wills, agreed in fine :
 So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
 This garden to adorn with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all, a fountain flood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might be,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channel running one might see ;
 Most goodly it with curious imagery
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boys,
 Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
 To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
 Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

LXI.

And over all, of purest gold was spread
 A trayle of Ivy in his native hew :
 For the rich metal was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it view,
 Would surely deem it to be Ivy true :
 Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steep,
 Which drops of chrystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

LXII.

Infinite streams continually did well
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,
 That like a little lake it seem'd to be;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with Jasper shining bright,
 That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was set,
 With shady Laurel trees, thence to defend:
 The sunny beams which on the billows bet,
 And those which therein bathed more offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Damzels, he therein espy'd,
 Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, no car'd to hide
 Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight,
 Above the waters, and then down again
 Her plunge, as overmastered by might,
 Where both awhile would covered remain,
 And each the other from to rise restrain;
 The whiles their snowy limbs, as through a veil,
 So through the chrystal waves appeared plain:
 Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

LXV.

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
 His dewy face out of the sea doth rear:
 Or as the *Cyprian* Goddess, newly born
 Of th' Oceans fruitful froth, did first appear,
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow hair
 Chrystalline humour dropped down apace,
 Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him near,
 And somewhat 'gan relent his earnest pace,
 His stubborn breast 'gan secret pleasure to embrace.

LXVI:

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
 Then th'one her self low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht that her a stranger did avise:
 But th'other rather higher did arise,
 And her two lily paps aloft display'd,
 And all that might his melting heart entise
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd:
 The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up aroft,
 And her faire locks, which formerly were bound
 Up in one knot, she low adown did loose:
 Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
 And th' Ivory in golden mantle gown'd:
 So that fair spectacle from him was rest,
 Yet that which rest it no less fair was found:
 So hid in locks and waves from lookers theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for him looking left.

LXVIII.

Withal she laughed, and she blusht withal,
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
 Now when they spy'd the Knight to slack his pace,
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secret signs of kindled lust appear,
 Their wanton merriments they did encrease,
 And to him beckned, to approach more near,
 And shew'd him many sights that courage cold could rear.

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
 He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
 And (counsell'd well) him forward thence did draw.
 Now are they come nigh to the *Beare of Bliss*,
 Of her fond favourites so nam'd amiss:
 When thus the Palmer: Now Sir, well avise;
 For here the end of all our travel is:
 Here wonns *Acrafa*, whom we must surprise,
 Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

LXX.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear :
 To read what manner musick that mote be :
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,
 Was there consorted in one harmony ;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;
 Th' Angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine response meet :
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters fall,
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to be,
 Was the fair Witch, her self now solacing
 With a new Lover, whom through sorcery
 And witchcraft, she from far did thither bring :
 There she had him now laid a slumbering,
 In secret shade, after long wanton joys :
 Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
 Many fair Ladies, and lascivious boys,
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toys.

LXXIII.

And all the while right over him she hung,
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
 As seeking medicine, whence she was stung,
 Or greedily depasturing delight :
 And oft inclining down with kisses light,
 For fear of waking him, his lips bedewd,
 And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;
 Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

LXXIV.

The whiles, some one did chaunt this lovely lay :
Ah see, whoſo fair thing doſt feign to ſee,
In ſpringing flowre the image of thy day ;
Ah ſee the virgin roſe, how ſweetly ſhe
Doth firſt peep forth with baſhful modeſty,
That fairer ſeems, the leſs ye ſee her may ;
Lo ſee ſoon after, how more bold and free
Her bared boſom ſhe doth broad diſplay ;
Lo ſee ſoon after, how ſhe fades and falls away :

LXXV.

So paſſeth, in the paſſing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flouriſh after firſt decay,
That earſt was ſought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady', and many a paramour :
Gather therefore the roſe, whiſt yet in prime,
For ſoon comes age, that will her pride deſlowre :
Gather the roſe of love, whiſt yet is time,
Whiſt loving thou mayſt loved be with equal crime.

LXXVI.

He ceaſt, and then 'gan all the quire of birds
Their diſverſe notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleaſing words.
The conſtant pair heard all that he did ſay,
Yet ſwarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves, and thickets cloſe,
In which they creeping did at laſt diſplay
That wanton Lady, with her Lover looſe,
Whoſe ſleepy head ſhe in her lap did ſoft diſpoſe.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin,
And was array'd, or rather diſarray'd,
All in a veil of ſilk and ſilver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaſter ſkin,
But rather ſhew'd more white, if more might be :
More ſubtile web *Arachne* cannot ſpin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven ſee
Of ſcorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly ſee :

LXXVIII.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoilt
 Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fill'd;
 And yet through languor of her late sweet toil,
 Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth distill'd.
 That like pure orient pearls adown it trill'd:
 And her fair eyes sweet smiling in delight,
 Moistend their fiery beams, with which she thrill'd
 Frail hearts, yet quenched not; like starry light
 Which sparkling on the silent waves, does seem more bright.

LXXIX.

The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to be
 Some goodly swain of honourable place,
 That certes it great pity was to see
 Him his nobility so foul deface;
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternness did appear
 Yet sleeping in his well proportion'd face,
 And on his tender lips the downy hair
 Did now but freshly spring, and filken blossoms bear.

LXXX.

His warlike arms (the idle instruments
 Of sleeping praise) were hung upon a tree,
 And his brave shield (full of old monuments)
 Was foully ras't, that none the signs might see;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared he,
 Ne ought that did to his advancement tend,
 But in lewd loves, and wasteful luxuree,
 His days, his goods, his body he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI.

The noble Elf, and careful Palmer drew
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustful game)
 That suddain forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which only for that same
 The skilful Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for fear of fouler shame.
 The fair Enchauntress, so unwares oppress'd,
 Try'd all her arts, and all her sleights; thence out to wrest.

LXXXII.

And eke her Lover strove : but all in vain ;
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile nor force might it distrain.
 They took them both, and both them strongly bound
 In captive bands, which there they ready found ;
 But her in chains of adamant he tyde ;
 For nothing else might keep her safe and sound ;
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soon untyde,
 And counsel sage instead thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasant bowres, and palace brave,
Guyon broke down, with rigour pitiless ;
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness ;
 But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness :
 Their groves he feld, their gardens did deface,
 Their arbors spoil'd, their cabinets suppress,
 Their banquet-houses burn, their buildings raze,
 And of the fairest late, now made the foulest place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that Knight
 They with them led, both sorrowful and sad :
 The way they came, the same return'd they right,
 Till they arrived where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild beasts, that rag'd with fury mad,
 Which now awaking, fierce at them 'gan fly,
 As in their mistress reskew, whom they lad ;
 But them the Palmer soon did pacifie. [lie.

Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beasts which there did

LXXXV.

Said he, these seeming beasts are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntress hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her Lovers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their minds like monstrous.
 Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
 And mournful meed of joys delicious :
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state.

LXXXVI.

Straight-way he with his vertuous staff them strook,
And straight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet being men, they did unmanly look,
And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:
But one above the rest in special,
That had an Hog been late (hight *Grill* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish form him brought to natural.

LXXXVII.

Said *Guyon*, see the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lack intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, the dunghil kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence;
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggish mind,
But let us hence depart, whilst weather serves and wind.



THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of BRITOMARTIS ; or of Chastity

I.

IT falls me here to write of chastity,
That fairest vertue, far above the rest ;
For which what needs me fetch from Faëry
Foreign ensamples, it to have exprest ?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines breast,
And form'd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies which have it protest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her heart,
If pourtray'd it might be by any living art.

II.

But living art may not least part express,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxitiles*,
His Dædale hand would fail, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint :
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter far
In picturing the parts of beauty daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure dare,
For fear through want of words her excellence to mar,

III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill,
 That whylome in divinest wits did reign,
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
 Yet now my luckless lot doth me constrain
 Here to perforce. But O, dread Sovereigne,
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plain
 That I in colour'd shows may shadow it,
 And antique praises unto present persons fit.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hues
 Your self you tover to see pictured,
 Who can it do more lively, or more true,
 Than that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkled,
 In which a gracious servant pictured
 His *Cynthia*, his heavens fairest light?
 That with his melting sweetness ravished,
 And with the wonder of her beam's bright,
 My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

V.

But let that same delicious Poet lend
 A little leave unto a rustick muse,
 To sing his mistress praise, and let him mend,
 If ought amiss her liking may abuse:
 Ne let his fairest *Cynthia* refuse,
 In mirrours more than one her self to see;
 But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
 Or in *Ralphabe* fashioned to be:
 In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastity.

C A N T O I.

Guyon *encountreth* Britomart,
 Fair Florimel is *chac'd*:
 Dueffas *trains* and Malecastaes
 Champions are *defac'd*.

I.

THe famous *Briton* Prince and Fairy Knight,
 After long ways, and per'lous pains endur'd,
 Having their weary limbs to perfect plight
 Restor'd, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
 Of the fair *Alma* greatly were procur'd
 To make their longer sojourn and abode;
 But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
 From seeking praise, and deeds of arms abroad,
 They courteous conge took, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd *Acrasia* he sent
 Because of travel long, a nigher way,
 With a strong guard, all reskew to prevent,
 And her to Fairy-court safe to convey,
 That her for witness of his hard assay,
 Unto his Fairy Queen he might present:
 But he himself betook another way,
 To make more trial of his hardiment,
 And seek adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

III.

Long so they travelled through wasteful ways,
 Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
 To hunt for glory and renowned praise;
 Full many countries they did over-run,
 From the uprising to the setting sun,
 And many hard adventures did atchieve,
 Of all the which they honour ever won,
 Seeking the weak oppressed to relieve,
 And so recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

IV.

At last, as through an open plain they yode,
 They spide a Knight, that towards pricked fair,
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
 That seem'd to couch under his shield three-square;
 As if that age bade him that burden spare,
 And yield it those, that stouter could it wield :
 He them espying, 'gan himself prepare,
 And on his arm address his goodly shield,
 That bore a Lyon passant in a golden field,

V.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, dear besought
 The Prince of grace, to let him run that turn.
 He granted : then the Fairy quickly raught
 His poinant spear, and sharply 'gan to spurn
 His foamy steed, whose fiery feet did burn
 The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread ;
 Ne did the other back his foot return,
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
 And bent his dreadful spear against the others head.

VI.

They been ymet, and both their points arriv'd,
 But *Guyon* drove so furious and fell,
 That seem'd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;
 Natheless it bore his foe not from his fell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well :
 But *Guyon* self, ere well he was aware,
 Nigh a spears length behind his crouper fell :
 Yet in his fall so well himself he bare,
 That mischievous mischance his life and limbs did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he took ;
 For never yet sith warlike arms he bore,
 And shivering spear in bloody field first shook,
 He found himself dishonoured so fore.
 Ah gentlest Knight that ever armour bore,
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have been,
 And brought to ground, that never wast before ;
 For not thy fault, but secret powre unseen,
 That spear enchanted was, which laid thee on the green.

VIII.

But weeneſt thou what wight thee overthrow,
 Much greater grief and ſhamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldſt renew,
 That of a ſingle Damiel thou wert met
 On equal plain, and there ſo hard beſet;
 Even the famous *Britomart* it was,
 Whom ſtrange adventure did from *Britain* ſet,
 To ſeek her Lover (love far ſought alas)
 Whoſe image ſhe had ſeen in *Venus* looking glaſs.

IX.

Full of diſdainful wrath, he fierce uproſe,
 For to revenge that foul reprochful ſhame,
 And ſnatching his bright ſword, began to cloſe
 With her on foot, and ſtoutly forward came;
 Dye rather would he than endure that ſame.
 Which when his Palmer ſaw, he 'gan to fear
 His toward peril and untoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he ſhould rear:
 For death fate on the point of that enchanted ſpear.

X.

And haſting towards him, 'gan fair perſuade,
 Not to provoke miſfortune, nor to ween
 His ſpears default to mend with cruel blade;
 For by his mighty ſcience he had ſeen
 The ſecret virtue of that weapon keen,
 That mortal puiffance mote not withſtand;
 Nothing on earth mote always happy becn.
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
 To loſe long gotten honour with one evil hond.

XI.

By ſuch good means he him diſcounſelled,
 From proſecuting his revenging rage;
 And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
 His wrathful will with reaſon to aſſuage,
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
 But to his ſtaring ſteed, that ſwerv'd aſide,
 And to the ill purveyance of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tide:
 So is his angry courage fairly pacified.

XII.

Thus reconciliation was between them knit,
 Through goodly temp'rance, and affection chaste;
 And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
 To let not others honour be defaste
 Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste,
 Ne arms to bear against the others side:
 In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
 And with that golden chain of concord tide.
 So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ride.

XIII.

O goodly usage of those antique times!
 In which the sword was servant unto right;
 When not for malice and contentious crimes,
 But all for praise and proof of manly might,
 The martial brood accustomed to fight:
 Then honour was the meed of victory,
 And yet the vanquished had no despight:
 Let later age that noble use envy,
 Vile rancour to avoid, and cruel surquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,
 Through countries waste, and eke well edifice,
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
 Their puissance, whylome full dernly tride:
 At length they came into a forest wide,
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
 Full griesly seem'd: therein they long did ride,
 Yet tract of living creature none they found,
 Save Bears, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed them around.

XV.

All suddainly out of the thickest brush,
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
 A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
 Whose face did seem as clear as chrystal stone,
 And eke (through fear) as white as Whal's bone:
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
 And all her steed with tincl trappings shone,
 Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
 And scarce them leisure gave, her passing to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw;
 As fearing evil, that pursu'd her fast;
 And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loosely dispers'd with puff of every blast:
 All as a blazing star doth far out-cast
 His hairy beams, and flaming locks disspread,
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast:
 But the sage wizard tells (as he has read)
 That it importunes death, and doleful drierihead.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhile,
 Lo where a grisly Foster forth did rush,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
 His tireling jade he fiercely forth did push,
 Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
 In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
 That from his gory sides the blood did gush:
 Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,
 And in his clownish hand a sharp Boar-spear he shook.

XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle Knights did see,
 Full of great envy, and fell jealousy,
 They staid not to advise who first should be,
 But all spur'd after fast, as they mote fly,
 To reskew her from shameful villany.
 The Prince and Guyon equally bylive
 Herself pursu'd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly mead, the fairest Dame alive:
 But after the foul Foster Timias did strive.

XIX.

The whiles fair Britomart, whose constant mind,
 Would not so lightly follow beautys chace,
 Ne rekt of Ladies love, did stay behind;
 And them awaited there a certain space,
 To weet if they would turn back to that place:
 But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
 As lay her journey, through that per'lous pace,
 With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
 Ne evil thing she fear'd, ne evil thing she meant.

XX.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spide,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That castle was most goodly edifice
And plasht for pleasure nigh that forest side :
But fair before the gate a spacious plain,
Mantled with green, it self did spreadden wide,
On which he saw six Knights, that did darraign
Fierce battle against one, with cruel might and main.

XXI.

Mainly they all attonce upon him lay'd,
And fore beset on every side around,
That nigh he breathless grew, yet nought dismay'd,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he lost much blood through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blows, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathful stound,
Made them recoil, and fly from dread decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII.

Like dastard curs, that having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in weary chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
Ne bite before, but come from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distress and doubtful jeopardy,
When *Britomart* him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Bade those same six forbear that single enemy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden ear,
Ne ought the more their mighty strokes surcease,
But gathering him round about more near,
Their direful rancour rather did increase ;
Till that she rushing through the thickest prease,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soon compel'd to hearken unto peace :
Tho 'gan she mildly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous ire.

XXIV.

Whereto that single Knight did answer frame;
These six would me enforce by odds of might,
To change my lief, and love another Dame,
That death me liefer were than such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me change; she th'*Errant Damsel* hight,
For whose dear sake full many a bitter stound
I have endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.

XXV.

Certes, said she, then been ye six to blame,
To ween your wrong by force to justifie:
For Knight to leave his Lady, were great shame,
That faithful is, and better were to dye.
All loss is less, and less the infamy
Than loss of love, to him that loves but one;
Ne may love be compel'd by mastery;
For soon as maist'ry comes, sweet Love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six, There dwelleth here
Within this castle wall a Lady fair,
Whose soveraine beauty hath no living peer;
Thereto so bountious and so debonair,
That never any mote with her compare.
She hath ordain'd this law, which we approve,
That every Knight, which doth this way repair,
In case he have no Lady, nor no Love,
Shall do unto her service, never to remove.

XXVII.

But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then must he her forgoe with foul defame,
Or else with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer than our fairest Dame,
As did this Knight, before ye hither came.
Perdy, said *Britomart*, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He should advanced be to high regard,
Said they, and have our Ladies love for his reward.

XXVIII.

Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a Love.

Love have I sure, quoth she, but Lady none;

Yet will I not from mine own Love remove,

Ne to your Lady will I service done,

But wreak your wrongs wrought to this Knight alone,

And prove his cause. With that her mortal spear,

She mightily adventured towards one,

And down him smote ere well aware he were,

Then to the next she rode, and down she next did bear.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she lay'd,

That none of them himself could rear again;

The fourth was by that other Knight dismay'd,

All were he weary of his former pain,

That now there do but two of six remain:

Which two did yield before she did them smite.

Ah, said she then, Now may ye all see plain,

That truth is strong, and true love most of might,

That for his trusty servants doth so strongly fight.

XXX.

Too well we see, said they, and prove too well

Our faulty weakness, and your matchless might:

Forthy fair Sir, yours be the Damsel,

Which by her own law to your lot doth light,

And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.

So underneath her feet their swords they mard,

And after, her besought, well as they might,

To enter in, and reap the due reward;

She granted, and then in they all together said.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,

And stately port of *Castle Joyous*,

(For so that castle might by common name)

Where they were entertain'd with courteous

And comely glee of many gracious

Fair Ladies, and of many a gentle Knight,

Who through a chamber long and spacious,

Eftsoons them brought unto their Ladies sight,

That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

XXXII.

But for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
For living wit (I woen) cannot display
The royal riches and extending cost
Of every pillour, and of every post;
Which all of purest bulion framed were,
And with great pearls and precious stones embost.
That the bright glister of their beam's clear
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.

XXXIII.

These stranger Knights through passing forth were led
Into an inner room, whose royalty
And rich purveyance might uncath be read,
Mote Princes place besem to deckt to be.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotise,
Exceeding much the state of mean degree,
They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guise
Might be maintain'd, and each 'gan diversly devise,

XXXIV.

The walls were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrayed
The love of *Venus* and her paramour.
The fair *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A work of rare device, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter baleful flowre,
Which her assay'd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender heart was with his beauty smit.

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entist the boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crown his golden locks with honour due,
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes, and from bright heavens view,
Where him to sleep she gently would persuade,
Or bathe him in a fountain by some covert glade.

XXXVI.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skies,
 And her soft arm lay underneath his head,
 And with ambrosial kisses bathe his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spies
 She secretly would search each dainty limb,
 And throw into the Well sweet Rosemaries,
 And fragrant Violets, and Pancies trim,
 And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII.

So did she steal his heedless heart away,
 And joy'd his love in secret unespide.
 But for she saw him bent to cruel play,
 To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
 Dreadful of danger, that mote him betide,
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refrain
 From chace of greater beasts, whose brutish pride
 Mote breed him scath unwares: but all in vain;
 For who can shun the chance that destiny doth ordain?

XXXVIII.

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,
 And by his side the Goddesses groveling
 Makes for him endless mone, and evermore
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
 Which stains his snowy skin with hateful hue:
 But when she saw no help might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wise,
 And round about it many beds were dight,
 As whylome was the antique world's guise,
 Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleas'd them to use, that use it might:
 And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
 Dancing and revelling both day and night,
 And swimming deep in sensual desires,
 And *Cupid* still amongst them kindled lustful fires.

XL.

And all the while, sweet musick did divide
 Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony ;
 And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide
 Their dainty lays and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of love and jollity,
 That wonder was to hear their trim consort :
 Which when those Knights beheld, with scornful eye,
 They 'sdeigned such lascivious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
 As the proud *Persian* Queens accustomed :
 She seem'd a woman of great bountihed,
 And of rare beauty, saving that ascaunce
 Her wanton eyes, ill signs of womanhed,
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
 Without regard of grace, or comely amenance.

XLII.

Long work it were, and needless to devise
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee :
 She caused them be led in courteous wise
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree :
 The *Redcross* Knight was soon disarmed there ;
 But the brave maid would not disarmed be,
 But only vented up her umbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appear.

XLIII.

As when fair *Cynthia*, in darksome night,
 Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
 Where she may find the substance thin and light,
 Breaks forth her silver beams, and her bright head
 Discovers to the world discomfited ;
 Of the poor traveller that went astray,
 With thousand blessings she is heried ;
 Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
 With which fair *Britomart* gave light unto the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
 Now were disarm'd, and did themselves present
 Unto her view, and company unsought;
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,
 And all six brethren born of one parent,
 Which had them train'd in all civilities,
 And goodly taught to tilt and tournament;
 Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
 And her Knights service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV.

The first of them by name *Gardano* hight,
 A jolly person, and of comely view;
 The second was *Parlane*, a bold Knight,
 And next to him *Jocaste* did ensue;
Basciante did himself most courteous shew;
 But fierce *Bacchante*, seem'd too felt and keen;
 And yet in arms *Nottante* greater grew:
 All were fair Knights, and goodly well beseen;
 But to fair *Britomart* they all but shadows been.

XLVI.

For she was full of amiable grace,
 And manly terroure mixed there-withall,
 That as the one stir'd up affections base,
 So th'other did mens rash desires appall,
 And hold them back, that would in errour fall;
 As he that hath espy'd a vermeil Rose,
 To which sharp thorns and breres the way forstall,
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
 But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so fair a wight,
 All ignorant of her contrary sex
 (For she her weend a fresh and lusty Knight)
 She greatly 'gan enamoured to wax,
 And with vain thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
 Her fickle heart conceived hasty fire,
 Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
 That shortly brent into extrem desire,
 And ransackt all her veins with passion-entire.

XLVIII.

Eftsoons ſhe grew to great impatience,
 And into terms of open outrage bruſt,
 That plain diſcover'd her incontinence,
 Ne reckt ſhe who her meaning did miſtruſt;
 For ſhe was given all to fleſhly luſt,
 And poured forth in ſenſual delight,
 That all regard of ſhame ſhe had diſcuſt,
 And meet reſpect of honour put to flight;
 So ſhameleſſ beauty ſoon becomes a loathly fight.

XLIX.

Fair Ladies, that to love captived are,
 And chaste deſires do nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your ſweet affections mar,
 Ne blot the bounty of all woman kind,
 Mongſt thouſands good, one wanton Dame to find:
 Emongſt the Roſes grow ſome wicked weeds;
 For this was not to love, but luſt inclin'd;
 For love does always bring forth bounteous deeds,
 And in each gentle heart deſire of honour breeds.

L.

Nought ſo of love this looſer Dame did ſkill,
 But as a coal to kindle fleſhly flame,
 Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading under foot her honeſt name:
 Such love is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame.
 Still did ſhe rove at her with crafty glance
 Of her falſe eyes, that at her heart did aim,
 And told her meaning in her countenance;
 But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignorance.

LI.

Supper was ſhortly dight, and down they ſat,
 Where they were ſerved with all ſumptuous fare,
 Whiles fruitful *Ceres*, and *Lyons* fat
 Poured out their plenty, without ſpight or ſpare:
 Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
 And aye the cups their banks did overflow,
 And aye between the cups ſhe did prepare
 Way to her love, and ſecret darts did throw;
 But *Britomart* would not ſuch guileful meſſage know.

LII.

So when they flaked had the fervent heat
 Of appetite with meats of every sort,
 The Lady did fair *Britomart* entreat
 Her to disarm, and with delightful sport
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort :
 But when she mote not thereunto be won,
 (For she her sex under that strange purport
 Did use to hide, and plain appearance shun :)
 In plainer wise to tell her grievance she begun.

LIII.

And all atonce discover'd her desire
 With sighs, and sobs, and plaints, and pitious grief,
 The outward sparks of her in-burning fire ;
 Which spent in vain, at last she told her brief,
 That but if she did lend her short relief,
 And do her comfort, she mote algates dye.
 But the chaste Damzel, that had never prief
 Of such malengine and fine forgery,
 Did easily believe her strong extremity.

LIV.

Full easie was for her to have belief ;
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble sex,
 And by long trial of the inward grief,
 Wherewith imperious love her heart did vex,
 Could judge what pains do loving hearts perplex.
 Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
 And to fair semblance doth light faith annex ;
 The Bird, that knows not the false Fowlers call,
 Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteous wise,
 Scorn the fair offer of good will profest ;
 For great rebuke it is, love to despise,
 Or rudely 'sdeign a gentle hearts request,
 But with fair count'nance, as becomed best,
 Her entertain'd, nath'less, she inly deem'd
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest :
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

LVI.

Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fed,
 Till she more win fit time for her desire :
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
 And through her bones the false instilled fire
 Did spread it self, and venom close inspire.
 Tho were the tables taken all away,
 And every Knight, and every gentle Squire
 Gan choose his Dame with *Basciomani* gay,
 With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to dance, some fell to hazardry,
 Some to make love, some to make merriment,
 As diverse wits to diverse things apply ;
 And all the while fair *Malecasta* bent
 Her crafty engines to her close intent.
 By this th'eternal lamps, wherewith high *Jove*
 Doth light the lower world, were half yspent,
 And the moist Daughters of huge *Atlas* strove
 Into the ocean deep to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for every wight
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest ;
 Eftsoons long waxen torches weren light,
 Unto their bowres to guiden ev'ry guest :
 Tho when the Britoneis saw all the rest
 Avoided quite, she 'gan her self despoil,
 And safe commit to her soft feathred nest ;
 Where through long watch, and late days weary toil,
 She soundly slept, and careful thoughts did quite assail.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deep
 Yshrouded was, and every mortal wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep,
 Fair *Malecasta*, whose engrieved spright
 Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
 Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
 And under the black veil of guilty night,
 Her with a scarlet mantle covered,
 That was with gold and ermines fair enveloped,

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling every joint,
 Her fearful feet towards the bowre she mov'd ;
 Where she for secret purpose did appoint
 To lodge the warlike maid unwisely lov'd,
 And to her bed approching, first she prov'd
 Whether she slept or wakt, with her soft hand
 She softly felt, if any member mov'd,
 And lent her weary ear to understand,
 If any puff of breath, or sign of sense she fand.

LXI.

Which whenas none she found, with easie shift,
 For fear lest her unwares she should abraid,
 Th'embroidred quilt she lightly up did lift,
 And by her side her self she softly laid,
 Of ev'ry finest fingers touch affraid ;
 Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
 But inly sigh'd. At last the royal maid
 Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
 And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
 She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
 And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
 The loathed leachour. But the Dame, half dead
 Through suddain fear and ghastly drierihed,
 Did shriek aloud, that through the house it rong,
 And the whole family therewith adred,
 Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
 And to the troubled chamber all in arms did throng.

LXIII.

And those six Knights, that Ladys champions,
 And eke the *Redcross* knight ran to the stound,
 Half arm'd and half unarm'd, with them attons :
 Where when confusedly they came, they found
 Their Lady lying on the senseless ground ;
 On th'other side, they saw the warlike maid
 All in her snow-white smock, with locks unbound,
 Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
 That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

LXIV.

About their Lady first they flockt around :
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they rear'd out of her frozen swound ;
And afterwards they 'gan with foul reproach
To stir up strife, and troublous contecke broach :
But by ensample of the last days loss,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoil themselves emboss ;
Her succourd eke the champion of the bloody cross.

LXV.

But one of those six Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keen,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheen :
The mortal steel staid not, till it was seen
To gore her side ; yet was the wound not deep,
But lightly rased her soft filken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weep,
Which did her lilly smock with stains of vermill steep.

LXVI.

Where-with enrag'd, she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her laid,
That none of them foul mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadful strokes were all dismaid :
Here, there, and every where about her swaid
Her wrathful steel, that none mote it abide ;
And eke the *Redcross* Knight gave her good aid,
Ay joining foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they have quite terrifide.

LXVII.

Tho whenas all were put to shameful flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arraid,
And her bright arms about her body dight :
For nothing would she longer there be staid,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade
Was us'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent :
So early, ere the gross earths griesie shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They took their steeds, and forth upon their journey went.

CANTO II.

*The Redcross Knight to Britomart
Describeth Artbegall :
The wondrous mirrour by which she
In love did with him fall.*

I.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partial be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no share in arms and chevalrie
They do impart, ne maken memorie
Of their brave gests and prowes martiall ;
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writs ; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all :

II.

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in wars to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd :
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till envious men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coin straight laws to curb their liberty ;
Yet sith they warlike arms have laid away,
They have exceld in arts and policy,
That now we foolish men that praise 'gin eke t'envy.

III.

Of warlike puissance in ages spent,
Be thou fair *Britomart*, whose praise I write ;
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
O soveraine Queen, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as duty doth excite ;
But ah ! my rhimes too rude and rugged are,
When in so high an object they do light,
And striving fit to make I fear do mar :
Thyself thy praises tell, and make them knowne farr.

IV.

She travelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of fundry things fair purpose 'gan to find,
T' abridge their journey long, and lingring day;
Mongst which it fell into that Fairys mind,
To ask this Briton maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Fair Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest;
But fairest Knight alive, when armed was her breast.

V.

Thereat she fighting softly had no powre
To speak awhile, ne ready answer make;
But with heart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fit, did quake,
And ev'ry dainty limb with horreur shake;
And ever and anon the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined;
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

VI.

Fair Sir, I let you weet, that from the houre
I taken was from nurfes tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen spear and shield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont in pleasures wanton lap:
To finger the fine needle and nice thread,
Me lieber were with point of foe-mans spear be dead.

VII.

All my delight on deeds of arms is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, where-so they may be met,
Only for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward.
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compass, or withouten card,
Far from my native soil, that is by name
The greater *Britain*, here to seek for praise and fame.

VIII.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Fairy lond
 Do many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
 And many strange adventures to be fond,
 Of which great worth and worship may be won;
 Which I to prove, this voyage have begun.
 But mote I weet of you, right courteous Knight,
 Tidings of one, that hath unto me done
 Late foul dishonour and reprochful spight,
 The which I seek to wreak, and *Artbegal* he hight.

IX.

The word gone out, she back again would call,
 As her repenting so to have missay'd,
 But that he it up-taking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered; Fair martial maid
 Certes ye misavised been, t'upbraid
 A gentle Knight with so unknightly blame:
 For weet ye well, of all that ever plaid
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble *Artbegal* hath ever borne the name,

X.

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or ever do that mote deserven blame:
 The noble courage never weeneth ought,
 That may unworthy of it self be thought.
 Therefore, fair Damzel, be ye well aware,
 Lest that too far he have your sorrow sought;
 You and your country both I wish welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

XI.

The royal maid wox inly wondrous glad,
 To hear her Love so highly magnifide,
 And joyed that ever she affixed had
 Her heart on Knight so goodly gloryfide,
 How ever finely she it feignd to hide:
 The loving mother, that nine months did bear,
 In the dear closet of her painful side,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much rejoyce, as she rejoyced there.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talk,
 To feed her humour with this pleasing stile,
 Her list in strife-full terms with him to balk,
 And thus replide; However, Sir, ye file
 Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,
 It ill beseems a Knight of gentle sort,
 Such as ye have him boasted, to beguile
 A simple maid, and work so heinous tort,
 In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII.

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
 And read, where I that faytour false may find.
 Ah, but if reason fair might you persuade,
 To stake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
 Said he, perhaps ye should it better find:
 For hardy thing it is, to ween by might,
 That man to hard conditions to bind,
 Or ever hope to match in equal fight;
 Whose prowess paragon saw never living wight.

XIV.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
 Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
 For he ne wonneth in one certain stead,
 But restless walketh all the world around,
 Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
 Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
 Whereso he hears, that any doth confound
 Them comfortless, through tyranny or might;
 So is his soveraine honour rais'd to heavens height.

XV.

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleas'd,
 And softly sunk into her molten heart;
 Heart that is inly hurt, is greatly eas'd
 With hope of thing that may allay his smart;
 For pleasing words are like to magick art,
 That doth the charmed snake in slumber lay:
 Such secret ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
 Yet list the same efforce with feignd gainsay;
 (So discord oft in musick makes the sweeter lay.)

XVI.

And said, Sir knight, these idle terms forbear,
 And sith it is uneath to find his haunt,
 Tell me some marks, by which he may appear,
 If chance I him encounter paravaunt;
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: [sted,
 What shape, what shield, what arms, what steed, what
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt;
 All which the *Redcross* knight to point ared,
 And him, in every part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before she knew,
 However list her now her knowledge feign,
 Sith him whilome in *Bailain* she did view,
 To her revealed in a mirrour plain;
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted pain;
 Whose root and stalk so bitter yet did taste,
 That but the fruit more sweetness did contain,
 Her wretched days in dolour she mote waste,
 And yield the prey of love to loathsome death at last.

XVIII.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
 And much more strangely 'gan to love his sight,
 As it in books hath written been of old.
 In *Debeubarth* that now South-*Wales* is hight,
 What time King *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right.
 The great magician *Merlin* had deviz'd,
 By his deep science and hell-dreaded might,
 A Looking-glass right wondrously aguiz'd, [niz'd,
 Whose virtues through the wide world soon were solem-

XIX.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
 What-ever thing was in the world contain'd,
 Betwixt the lowest earth and heavens height,
 So that it to the looker appertain'd;
 Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had feign'd,
 Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pass,
 Ne ought in secret from the same remain'd;
 Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world it self, and seem'd a world of glass,

XX.

Who wonders not, that reads so wondrous work?
But who does wonder that has read the towre,
Wherein th'Egyptian *Phao* long did lurk
From all mens view, and none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomy* it for his Lemans sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magick powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his Love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that *Merlin* made,
And gave unto King *Ryence* for his guard,
That never foes his Kingdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he heard
Tidings thereof, and so them still debard.
It was a famous present for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince,
Happy this realm, had it remained ever since,

XXII.

One day it fortun'd, fair *Britomart*
Into her fathers closet to repair;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his only daughter and his heir:
Where when she had espide that mirrour fair,
Her self awhile therein she view'd in vain;
Tho her avizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she 'gan again
Her to bethink of that more to her self pertain.

XXIII.

But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxom are and prone:
So thought this maid (as maidens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lusted after any one;
For she was pure from blame of sinful blot,
Yet wist her life at last must link in that same knot.

XXIV.

Eftsoons there was presented to her eye,
 A comely Knight, all arm'd in compleat wise,
 Through whose bright ventaile lifted up on high
 His manly face, that did his foes agrile,
 And friends to terms of gentle truce entise,
 Lookt forth, as *Phæbus* face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise ;
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his heroick grace, and honourable gest.

XXV.

His crest was cover'd with a couchant hound,
 And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured sound,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles arms, which Artbegall did win.
 And on his shield envelop'd sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little ermilin,
 That deckt the azure field with her fair pouldred skin.

XXVI.

The Damzel well did view his personage,
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way ; ne her unguilty age
 Did ween, unwares, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot ;
 Of hurt unwist most danger doth redound ;
 But the false archer, which that arrow shot
 So sily, that she did not feel the wound,
 Did smile full smoothly at her weetless woeful stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of love, 'gan lowly to avail,
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
 With which she earst triumphed, now did quail :
 Sad, solemn, soure, and full of fancies frail
 She wox ; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
 She wist not, silly maid, what she did ail ;
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soon as night had with her pallid hue
Defac'd the beauty of the shining sky,
And rest from men the worlds desired view,
She with her nurse adown to sleep did lye;
But sleep full far away from her did fly:
Instead thereof sad sighs and sorrows deep
Kept watch and ward about her warily;
That nought she did but wail, and often steep
Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weep.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slumbring rest
Did chance to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt her self oppress'd;
Streightway with dreams, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadful things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with view of ghastly fiends affright:
Tho 'gan she to renew her former smart,
And think of that fair visage written in her heart.

XXX.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,¹
Her aged nurse, whose name was *Glaucé* hight,
Feeling her leap out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble arms her quickly keight,
And down again in her warm bed her dight;
Ah my dear daughter, ah my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit, said she, what evil plight
Hath thee oppress'd, and with sad drearyhead
Changed thy lively chear, and living made thee dead?

XXXI.

For not of nought these suddain ghastly fears
All night afflict thy natural repose;
And all the day whenas thine equal peers
Their fit disports with fair delight do chose,
Thou in dull corners dost thy self inclose,
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne dost spread
Abroad thy fresh youths fairest flowre, but lose
Both leaf and fruit, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilful bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

The time, that mortal men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wild beasts do rest,
 And every river eke his course forbears,
 Then doth this wicked evil thee infest,
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled breast :
 Like an huge *Ætn'* of deep engulfed grief,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breaks in sighs and anguish rife,
 As smoak and sulphur mingled with confused strife.

XXXIII.

Ay me, how much I fear, lest love it be,
 But if that love it be, as sure I read
 By known signs and passions, which I see,
 Be't worthy of thy race and royal seed;
 Then I avow by this most sacred head
 Of my dear foster child, to ease thy grief,
 And win thy will : Therefore away do dread;
 For death nor danger from thy due relief
 Shall me debar : tell me therefore my kiest lief.

XXXIV.

So having said, her 'twixt her arm's twain
 She straightly strain'd, and colled tenderly,
 And every trembling joint, and every vein
 She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
 To do the frozen cold away to fly;
 And her fair dewy eyes with kisses dear
 She oft did bathe, and oft again did dry;
 And ever her importun'd, not to fear
 To let the secret of her heart to her appear.

XXXV.

The Damzel paus'd, and then thus fearfully;
 Ah nurse ! what needeth thee to eke my pain ?
 Is not enough that I alone do dye,
 But it must doubled be with death of twain ?
 For nought for me but death there doth remain.
 O daughter dear, said she, despair no whit;
 For never fore, but might a salve obtain :
 That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
 Another arrow hath your lovers heart to hit.

XXXVI.

But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound ;
For which no reason can find remedy.

Was never such, but mote the like be found,
Said she, and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet Love can higher sty
Than reasons reach, and oft hath wonders done.
But neither God of love, nor God of sky
Can do (said she) that, which cannot be done:
Things oft impossible (said she) seem ere begun.

XXXVII.

These idle words, said she, do nought assuage,
My stubborn smart, but more annoyance breed :
For no, no usual fire, no usual rage
It is, O nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood, which from my heart doth bleed.
But sith thy faithful zeal lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will it read.
Nor Prince, nor peer it is, whose love hath gride
My feeble breast of late, and launced this wound wide ;

XXXVIII.

Nor man it is, nor other living wight,
For then some hope I might unto me draw ;
But th'only shade and semblant of a Knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to loves cruel law :
The same one day as me misfortune led,
I in my father's wondrous mirrour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Unwares the hidden hook with bait I swallowed.

XXXIX.

Sithence, it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
Now rankleth in this same frail fleshly mould,
That all mine entrails flow with pois'nous gore,
And th'ulcer groweth daily more and more ;
Ne can my running sore find remedy,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leaf fall'n from the tree,
Till death make one end of my days and misery.

XL.

Daughter said she, what need ye be dismayd,
 Or why make ye such monster of your mind?
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affraid;
 Of filthy lust, contrary unto kind:
 But this affection nothing strange I find;
 For who with reason can you ay reprove,
 To love the semblant pleasing most your mind,
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
 No guilt in you but in the tyranny of love.

XLI.

Not so th' *Arabian Myrrb* did set her mind;
 Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining heart,
 But lov'd their native flesh against all kind,
 And to their purpose used wicked art:
 Yet play'd *Pasypbaë* a more monstrous part,
 That lov'd a Bull, and learn'd a beast to be;
 Such shameful lusts who loaths not, which depart
 From course of nature and of modesty?
 Sweet Love such lewdness bands from his fair company.

XLII.

But thine, my Dear (welfare thy heart my dear)
 Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
 On one, that worthy may perhaps appear;
 And certes seems bestowed not amiss:
 Joy thereof have thou and eternal bliss.
 With that up-leaning on her elbow weak,
 Her alabaster breast she soft did kiss,
 Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
 As it an earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake:

XLIII.

Beldame, your words do work me little ease;
 For though my love be not so lewdly bent,
 As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpless grief augment.
 For they, however shameful and unkind,
 Yet did possess their horrible intent:
 Short end of sorrows they thereby did find;
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were their mind.

XLIV.

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
 Can have no end, nor hope of my desire,
 But feed on shadows, whiles I dye for food,
 And like a shadow wax, whiles with entire
 Affection I do languish and expire.
 I fonder than *Cephisus* foolish child,
 Who having viewed in a fountain there
 His face, was with the love thereof beguil'd;
 I fonder love a shade, the body far exil'd.

XLV.

Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy
 Was of himself the idle paramoure;
 Both love and Lover, without hope of joy,
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.
 But better fortune thine, and better houre,
 Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike Knight;
 No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
 That body, wheresoever that it light,
 May learned be by cyphers, or by magick might.

XLVI.

But if thou may with reason yet repress
 The growing evil ere it strength have got,
 And thee abandon'd wholly do possess,
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not,
 Till thou in open field adown be smot.
 But if the passion maister thy frail might,
 So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
 Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
 To compass thy desire, and find that loved Knight.

XLVII.

Her chearful words much chear'd the feeble spright
 Of the sick virgin, that her down she layd
 In her warm bed to sleep, if that she might;
 And the old woman carefully displayd
 The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
 So that at last a little creeping sleep
 Surpriz'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,
 The drunken lamp down in the oil did steep,
 And set her by to watch, and set her by to weep.

XLVIII.

Early the morrow next, before that day
 His joyous face did to the world reveal,
 They both uprose and took their ready way
 Unto the church their prayers to appeal,
 With great devotion, and with little zeal :
 For the fair damzel from the hoily herse
 Her love-sick heart to other thoughts did steal ;
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX.

Returned home, the royal infant fell
 Into her former fit ; for why, no powre
 Nor guidance of her self in her did dwell.
 But th'aged nurse, her calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered rue, and savine, and the flowre
 Of *camphara*, and calamint, and dill,
 All which she in an earthen pot did poure,
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill,

L.

Then taking thrice three hairs from off her head,
 Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
 And after having whispered a space
 Certain sad words, with hollow voice and base,
 She to the virgin said, thrice said she it ;
 Come daughter come, come ; spit upon my face,
 Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit ;
 Th'uneven number for this business is most fit.

LI.

That said, her round about she from her turn'd,
 She turned her contrary to the sun :
 Thrice she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
 All contrary ; for she the right did shun,
 And ever what she did, was straight undone.
 So thought she to undo her daughters love :
 But Love, that is in gentle breast begun,
 No idle charms so lightly may remove ;
 That well can witness, who by trial it does prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble maid avail,
 Ne flake the fury of her cruel flame,
 But that she still did waste, and still did wail,
 That through long languor, and heart burning brame
 She shortly like a pined ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.
 That when old *Glauce* saw, for fear least blame
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to wishstond.

C A N T O III.

*Merlin bewrays, to Britomart,
 The state of Arthegall;
 And shews the famous Progeny
 Which from them springen shall.*

I.

MOST sacred fire, that burnest mightily
 In living breasts, ykindled first above,
 Emongst th'eternal spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence pour'd into men, which men call Love;
 Not that same, which doth base affections move
 In brutish minds, and filthy lust enflame;
 But that sweet fit, that doth true beauty love,
 And chooseth vertue for his dearest dame,
 Whence spring all noble deeds, and never dying fame;

II.

Well did antiquity a God thee deem;
 That over mortal minds hast so great might,
 To order them, as best to thee doth seem,
 And all their actions to direct aright;
 The fatal purpose of divine foresight
 Thou dost effect in destined descents,
 Through deep impression of thy secret might,
 And stirred'st up the heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments;

III.

But thy dread darts in none do triumph more,
 Ne braver proof in any, of thy powre
 Shewdſt thou, than in this Royal maid of yore,
 Making her ſeeke an unknown paramoure,
 From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſlowre:
 From whole two loins thou afterwards did raiſe
 Moſt famous fruits of matrimonial bowre,
 Which through the earth have ſpread their living praiſe
 That ſame in trowp of gold eternally diſplays.

IV.

Begin then, O my deareſt ſacred dame,
 Daughter of *Phæbus* and of *Memory*,
 That doſt ennoble with immortal name
 The warlike worthies from antiquity,
 In thy great volume of eternity:
 Begin, O *Clio*, and recount from hence
 My glorious Soveraines goodly ancestry,
 Till that by due degrees and long pretence,
 Thou have it laſtly brought unto her excellence.

V.

Full many ways within her troubled mind,
 Old *Glaucé* caſt, to cure this Ladies grief:
 Full many ways ſhe ſought, but none could find,
 Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counſel that is chief
 And choiceſt medicine for ſick hearts relief:
 Forthy great care ſhe took, and greater fear,
 Left that it ſhould her turn to ſoul reſpree,
 And ſore reproach, whenſo her father dear
 Should of his deareſt daughters hard miſfortune hear.

VI.

At laſt, ſhe her adviſed, that he, which made
 That miſgaur, wherein the ſick *Damoſel*
 So ſtrangely viewed her ſtrange lovers ſhade,
 To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
 Under what coaſt of heaven the man did dwell,
 And by what means his love might beſt be wrought:
 For though beyond the *Aſſrick Iſmarl*,
 Or th' *Indian Pow* he were, ſhe thought
 Her ſelf through infinite endeavour to have ſought.

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
 And base attire, that none might them bewray,
 To *Maridunum*; that is now by change
 Of name *Cayr-Merdin* call'd, they took their way:
 There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont; they say,
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
 In a deed delve, far from the view of day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 Whenso he counfeld with his sprights encompast round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that same way
 To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
 It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,
 Under a rock that lies a little space
 From the swift *Barry*, tumbling down apace,
 Emongst the woody hills of *Dyntvotvre*:
 But dare thou not, I charge in any case,
 To enter into that same baleful bowre,
 For fear the cruel Fiends should thee unwares devour.

IX.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
 And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
 And brazen caudrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring pains
 Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains,
 And oftentimes great groans, and grievous sounds,
 When too huge toil and labour them constrains:
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds
 From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

X.

The cause some say is this: A little while
 Before that *Merlin* dy'd, he did intend,
 A brazen wall in compass to compile
 About *Cayr-merdin*, and did it commend
 Unto these sprights, to bring to perfect end.
 During which work the Lady of the lake,
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,
 Who thereby forst his workmen to forsake,
 Them bound till his return, their labour not to slake.

XI.

In the mean time, through that false Ladies train
 He was surpris'd, and buried under bere,
 Ne ever to his work return'd again :
 Nath'less those Fiends may not their work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement they fear,
 But there do toil and travel day and night,
 Until that brazen wall they up do rear :
 For *Merlin* had in magick more insight,
 Than ever him before, or after living wight.

XII.

For he by words could call out of the sky
 Both sun and moon, and make them him obey :
 The land to sea, and sea to main-land dry,
 And darksome night he eke could turn to day :
 Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
 And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,
 When-so him list his enemies to fray :
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,
 The Fiends do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII.

And sooth, men say that he was not the son
 Of mortal Sire, or other living wight ;
 But wondrously begotten, and begun
 By false illusion of a guileful Spright,
 On a fair Lady Nun, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
 Who was the Lord of *Mashbraval* by right,
 And cousin unto king *Ambrosius* :
 Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous.

XIV.

They here arriving, stayd awhile without,
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent 'gan make new doubt
 For dread of danger, which it might portend.
 Until the hardy maid (with love to friend)
 First entering, the dreadful Mage there found
 Deep busied about work of wondrous end,
 And writing strange characters in the ground,
 With which the stubborn Fiends he to his service bound.

XV.

He nought was moved at their entrance bold :
 For of their coming well he wist afore ;
 Yet list them bid their business unfold,
 As if ought in this world in secret store
 Were from him hidden, or unknown of yore.
 Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore,
 Unwares have prest : for either fatal end,
 Or other mighty cause, us two did hither send.

XVI.

He bade tell on : And then she thus began :
 Now have three moons with borrow'd brothers light,
 Thrice shined fair, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
 Sith a fore evil, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in doleful plight,
 First rooting took : but what thing it mote be,
 Or whence it sprung, I cannot read aright ;
 But this I read, that but if remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

XVII.

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly 'gan to smile
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
 That she to him dissembled womanish guile,
 And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
 Than of my skill : who help may have else-where,
 In vain seeks wonders out of magick spell.
 Th'old woman wox half blank, those words to hear ;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plain appear.

XVIII.

And to him said, If any leaches kill,
 Or other learned means could have redrest
 This my dear daughters deep engrafted ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
 But this sad evil, which doth her infest,
 Doth coure of natural cause far exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow breast,
 That either seems some cursed Witches deed,
 Or evil spright, that in her doth such torment breed ;

XIX.

The Wisard could no longer bear her bord,
 But bursting forth in laughter, to her said ;
Glaucé, what needs this coulorable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath it self bewrayd ?
 Ne ye fair *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
 More hidden are, than sun in cloudy veil ;
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obeyd,
 Hath hither brought for succour to appeale :
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to reveale.

XX.

The doubtful maid, seeing her self descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure ivory
 Into a clear carnation suddain dyde ;
 As fair *Aurora* rising hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did ly
 All night in old *Titbonus* frozen bed,
 Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly.
 But her old Nurse was nought disheartened,
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared..

XXI.

And said, sith then thou knowest all our grief,
 (For what dost not thou know ?) of grace I pray,
 Pity our plaint and yield us meet relief.
 With that, the Prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his spirit thus 'gan forth display ;
 Most noble virgin, that by fatal lore
 Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
 The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
 And with sharp fits thy tender heart oppresseth fore.

XXII.

For so must all things excellent begin,
 And eke enrooted deep must be that tree,
 Whose big embodied branches shall not lin,
 Till they to heavens height forth stretched be.
 For from thy womb a famous progeny
 Shall spring out of the ancient *Trojan* blood,
 Which shall revive the sleeping memory
 Of those same antique peers, the heavens brood,
 Which *Greek* and *Akan* rivers stain'd with their blood.

XXIII.

Renowned Kings, and sacred Emperors,
 Thy fruitful offspring, shall from thee descend;
 Brave captains, and most mighty warriors,
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
 And their decayed kingdoms all amend:
 The feeble Britons, broken with long war,
 They shall uprear and mightily defend
 Against their foreign foe, that comes from far,
 Till universal peace compound all civil jar.

XXIV.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandering eye,
 Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glass,
 But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
 Led with eternal providence, that has
 Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pass:
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To love the prowest Knight, that ever was.
 Therefore submit thy ways unto his will,
 And do by all due means thy destiny fulfill.

XXV.

But read, said *Glauce*, thou magician:
 What means shall she out-seek, or what ways take?
 How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
 Or what needs her to toil, fith fates can make
 Way for themselves, their purpose to partake?
 Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firm,
 And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
 Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirm,
 And guide the heavenly causes to their constant term.

XXVI.

The man, whom heavens have ordain'd to be
 The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegal*:
 He wonneth in the land of *Foyerie*,
 Yet is no *Fairy* born, ne sib at all
 To Elfes, but sprung of seed terrestriall,
 And whilome by false *Fairies* stoln away,
 Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
 Ne other to himself is known this day,
 But that he by an Elf was gotten of a *Fay*.

XXVII.

But sooth he is the son of *Gorlois*,
 And brother unto *Cador* Cornish king,
 And for his warlike feats renowned is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 Until the closure of the evening.
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithful band;
 To this his native soil thou back shalt bring,
 Strongly to aid his country, to withstand
 The powre of foreign Paynims, which invade thy land.

XXVIII.

Great aid thereto his mighty puissance,
 And dreaded name, shall give in that sad day :
 Where also proof of thy prow valiance
 Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy Lovers prey :
 Long time ye both in arms shall bear great sway,
 Till thy wombs burden thee from them do call,
 And his last fate him from thee take away,
 Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
 Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

XXIX.

Where thee yet shall he leave, for memory,
 Of his late puissance, his image dead,
 That living him in all activity
 To thee shall represent. He from the head
 Of his cousin *Constantius* without dread
 Shall take the crown, that was his fathers right,
 And therewith crown himself in th' others stead:
 Then shall he issue forth with dreadful might,
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight,

XXX.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowfie cave
 Hath long time slept, himself so shall he shake ;
 And coming forth, shall spread his banner brave
 Over the troubled south, that it shall make
 The warlike *Mertians* for fear to quake :
 Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall win,
 But the third time shall fair accordance make :
 And if he then with victory can lin,
 He shall his days with peace bring to his earthly lin.

XXXI.

His son, hight *Vortipore*, shall him succeed
 In kingdom, but not in felicity :
 Yet shall he long time war with happy speed,
 And with great honour many battles try :
 But at the last, to th' importunity
 Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield.
 But his son *Malgo* shall full mightily
 Avenge his fathers loss, with spear and shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see ;
 How like a Giant in each manly part
 Bears he himself with portly majestee,
 That one of th'old *Heroës* seems to be :
 He the six Islands comprovinciall
 In antient times unto great Britannee,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sundry kings to do their homage severall.

XXXIII.

All which his son *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
 Untill a stranger King from unknown soil
 Arriving, him with multitude opprefs ;
 Great *Gormond*, having with huge mightiness
 Ireland subdued, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptiness,
 Shall overswim the sea with many one
 Of his Norveyfes, to assist the Britons sone.

XXXIV.

He in his fury all shall over-run,
 And holy church with faithless hands deface,
 That thy sad people utterly fordone,
 Shall to the utmost mountains fly apace,
 Was never so great waste in any place,
 Nor so foul outrage done by living men ;
 For all thy cities they shall sack and rase,
 And the green grasse that groweth, they shall bren,
 That even the wild beast shall die in starved den.

XXXV.

Whiles thus the Britons do in languor pine,
 Proud *Etbeldred* shall from the north arise,
 Serving th' ambitious will of *Augustine*;
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,
 Shall back repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twice,
 And *Bangor* with massacred martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rue his foolhardise:
 For *Cadwan*, pitying his peoples ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

XXXVI.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his son *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreak;
 Ne shall avail the wicked sorcery
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to break,
 But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleak
 Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire:
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weak,
 From their long vassalage 'gin to respire,
 And on their Paynim foes avenge their rankled ire.

XXXVII.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sons of *Edwin* he have slain,
Offrick and *Ofrick*, twins unfortunate,
 Both slain in battle upon Layburn plain,
 Together with the King of *Lontbiane*,
 Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
 Both joint partakers of the fatal pain:
 But *Penda*, fearful of like destiny,
 Shall yield himself his liege-man, and swear fealty.

XXXVIII.

Him shall he make his fatal instrument,
 T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdu'd;
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good King *Oswald*, who indu'd
 With heavenly powre, and by Angels resku'd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on high,
 Shall him defeat withouten blood imbru'd
 Of which, that field for endless memory,
 Shall *Heavenfield* be call'd to all posterity.

XXXIX.

Whereat *Cadwallin*, wroth, shall forth issue,
 And ap huge host into Northumber lead,
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdue,
 And crown with martyrdom his sacred head,
 Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
 With price of silver shall his kingdom buy;
 And *Penda* seeking him adown to tread,
 Shall tread adown, and do him foully die,
 But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

XL.

Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the reign
 Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall die;
 Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with pain,
 Or powre, be able it to remedy,
 When the full time prefixt by destiny,
 Shall be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
 For heaven it self shall their success envy,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puissance be spent.

XLI.

Yet after all these sorrows, and huge hills
 Of dying people, during eight years space,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
 From *Armorick*, where long in wretched case
 He liv'd, returning to his native place,
 Shall be by vision stayd from his intent:
 For th' heavens have decreed to displace
 The *Britons*, for their sins due punishment,
 And to the *Saxons* over-give their government.

XLII.

Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
 Be to the *Briton* babe that shall be born,
 To live in thraldome of his fathers foe;
 Late King, now captive, late Lord, now forlorn,
 The worlds reproach, the cruel victors scorn,
 Banisht from Princely bowres to wasteful wood:
 O who shall help me to lament, and mourn
 The royal seed, the antique *Trojan* blood!
 Whose empire longer here than ever any stood.

XLIII.

The Damzel was full deep empaffioned,
 Both for his grief, and for her peoples fake,
 Whose future woes so plain he fashioned,
 And fighing fore at length him thus befpoke
 Ah! but will heavens fury never flake,
 Nor vengeance huge relent it felf at laft?
 Will not long misery late mercy make,
 But fhall their name for ever be defafte.
 And quite from off the earth their memory be rafte.

XLIV.

Nay but the term (faid he) is limited,
 That in this thraldom *Britons* fhall abide,
 And the juft revolution meafured,
 That they as ftrangers fhall be notifide.
 For twice four hundred years fhall be fupplide,
 Ere they to former rule reftor'd fhall be,
 And their importune fates all fatisfide:
 Yet during this their moft obfcurity, [fee.
 Their beams fhall oft break forth, that men them fair may

XLV.

For *Rhodorick*, whose furname fhall be great,
 Shall of himfelf a brave enfample fhew,
 That Saxon Kings his friendship fhall intreat;
 And *Howell Dha* fhall goodly well endue
 The falvage minds with skill of juft and true,
 Then *Griffyth Conan* alfo fhall up-rear
 His dreaded head, and the old sparks renew
 Of native courage, that his foes fhall fear,
 Left back again the Kingdom he from them fhould bear.

XLVI.

Ne fhall the Saxons felves all peaceably
 Enjoy the crown, which they from Britons won
 Firft ill, and after ruled wickedly:
 For ere two hundred years be full out-run,
 There fhall a Raven far from rifing fun,
 With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
 And bid his faithlefs chickens over-run
 The fruitful plains, and with fell cruelty,
 In their avenge, tread down the victours furquedry.

XLVII.

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
 There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
 Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
 Of hungry whelps, his battailous bold brood,
 Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
 That from the Danish tyrants head shall rend
 Th'usurped crown, as if that he were wood,
 And the spoil of the country conquered
 Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

light and XLVIII. *July 1-6 1612*
 Though when the term is full accomplished,
 There shall a spark of fire, which hath long-while
 Been in his ashes raked up and hid,
 Be freshly kindled in the fruitful Isle
 Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall break forth into bright burning flame,
 And reach into the house that bears the stile
 Of royal Majesty and soveraine name;
 So shall the Briton blood their crown again reclame.

XLIX.

Thenceforth eternal union shall be made
 Between the nations different afore,
 And sacred peace shall lovingly persuade
 The warlike minds, to learn her goodly lore,
 And civil arms to exercise no more:
 Then shall a royal virgin reign, which shall
 Stretch her white rod over the *Belgick* shore,
 And the great castle smite so sore withall,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

L.

But yet the end is not. ——— There *Merlin* stayd,
 As over-comen of the spirits powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet n'ote discoure:
 Which suddain fit, and half extatick stoure
 When the two fearful women saw, they grew
 Greatly confused in behaviour;
 At last the fury past, to former hue
 He turn'd again, and chearful looks as earst did shew.

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all, that needed them to be inquit'd,
 They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd,
 Where they in secret counsel close conspir'd
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possess the purpose they desir'd:
 Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,
 And diverse plots did frame, to mask in strange disguise.

LII.

At last, the Nurse in her foolhardy wit
 Conceiv'd a bold device, and thus bespake;
 Daughter, I deem that counsel aye most fit,
 That of the time doth due advantage take;
 Ye see that good King *Uther* now doth make
 Strong war upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Olla and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
 Beside *Caryl Verd'lame*, in victorious fight,
 That now all *Britany* doth burn in armes bright.

LIII.

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
 Let us in feigned arms our selves disguise,
 And our weak hands, whom need new strength shall teach
 The dreadful spear and shield to exercise:
 Ne certes daughter that same warlike wife,
 I ween, would you misseem; for ye been tall,
 And large of limb, t'atchieve an hard enterprise,
 Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a maid martiall.

LIV.

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
 To hear so often, in that royal house,
 From whence to none inferiour ye came,
 Bards tell of many women valorous
 Which have full many feats adventurous
 Perform'd, in paragon of proudest men:
 The bold *Bonduca*, whose victorious
 Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
 Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

LV.

And that, which more than all the rest may sway,
Late days ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Menevia*
Which *Uther* with those foreign Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* virgin, the which felld
Great *Ulfen* thrice upon the bloody plain,
And had not *Carados* her hand with-held
From rash revenge, she had him surely slain,
Yet *Carados* himself from her escapt with pain.

LVI.

Ah read, quoth *Britemart*, how is she hight?
Fair *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,
No whit less fair, than terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more than all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call
Therefore fair Infant her ensample make
Unto thy self, and equal courage to thee take.

LVII.

Her hearty words so deep into the mind
Of the young Damzel sunk, that great desire
Of warlike arms in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous stout courage did inspire;
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Sire,
Advent'rous knighthood on herself to don,
And counsel'd with her Nurse her maids attire
To turn into a massie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readiness anon.

LVIII.

Th' old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conveniently purvay:
It fortun'd (so time their turn did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few days before, had gotten a great prey
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seen
A goodly armour, and full rich array,
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queen,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beseen.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
 King *Ryence* caused to be hanged high
 In his chief church, for endless monuments
 Of his success and gladful victory :
 Of which her self avising readily,
 In th'evening late old *Glauce* thither led
 Fair *Britomart*, and that same armory
 Down taking, her therein apparelled,
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished,

LX.

Beside those arms there stood a mighty spear,
 Which *Bladud* made by magick art of yore,
 And us'd the same in battle aye to bear ;
 Since which it had been here preserv'd in store,
 For his great vertues proved long afore :
 For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
 Both spear she took, and shield, which hung by it ;
 Both spear and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all arraid,
 Another harness, which did hang thereby,
 About her self she dight, that the young maid
 She might in equal arms accompany,
 And as her Squire attend her carefully :
 Tho to their ready steeds they clomb full light,
 And through back ways, that none might them espy,
 Cover'd with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convey'd, and passed forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to fairy lond
 They came, as *Merlin* them directed late :
 Where meeting with this *Redcross* knight, she fond
 Of diverse things discourses to dilate,
 But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
 At last their ways so fell, that they mote part :
 Then each to other well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with unfeigned heart,
 The *Redcross* knight diverst ; but forth rode *Britomart*.

C A N T O IV.

*Bold Marinel of Britomart,
Is thrown on the rich strand:
Fair Florimel of Arthur is
Long follow'd, but not fond.*

I.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave atchievements done by some?
Where be the battles, where the shield and spear,
And all the conquests, which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastful men so oft abasht to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful herse?
Or doen they only sleep, and shall again reverse?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleep, O let them soon awake:
For all to long I burn with envy fore,
To hear the warlike feats, which *Homer* spake
Of bold *Panthesilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* blood so oft in *Trojan* plain;
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill'* hath slain
The huge *Orsilochus*, I swell with great disdain.

III.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chastity and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,
That in late years so fair a blossom bare,
As thee, O Queen, the matter of my song,
Whose lineage from this Lady I derive along.

IV.

Who when through speeches with the *Redcross* knight,
 She learned had th' estate of *Arbeggall*,
 And in each point her self inform'd aright,
 A friendly league of love perpetual
 She with him bound, and *Congé* took withal.
 Then he forth on his journey did proceed,
 To seek adventures, which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which always of his pains he made the chieftest meed.

V.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
 Ne ever doft her arms, but all the way
 Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
 By which the *Redcross* Knight did earst display
 Her lovers shape and chevalrous array;
 A thousand thoughts she fashion'd in her mind,
 And in her feigning fancy did pourtray
 Him such, as fittest she for love could find,
 Wise warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI.

With such self-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
 And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
 But so her smart was much more grievous bred,
 And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
 So forth she rode without repose or rest,
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,
 Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
 And sitting down upon the rocky shore,
 Bade her old Squire unlace her lofty crest;
 Tho having view'd awhile the surges bore,
 That 'gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging surquedry disdain'd
 That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
 And their devouring covetize restrain'd,
 Thereat she sighed deep, - and after; thus complain'd;

VIII.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grief,
 Wherein my feeble bark is tossed long,
 Far from the hoped haven of relief,
 Why do thy cruel billows beat so strong,
 And thy moist mountains each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow up my fearful life?
 O do thy cruel wrath and spiteful wrong
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
 Which in these troubled bowels reigns, and rageth rife;

IX.

For else my feeble vessel craz'd, and crackt
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blows,
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
 On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallows,
 The whiles that Love it steers, and Fortune rows;
 Love my lewd pilot hath a restless mind,
 And Fortune boat-swain no assurance knows,
 But sail withouten stars, 'gainst tide and wind:
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

X.

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,
 That reignest also in the continent,
 At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
 The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
 Unto the gladsome port of her intent:
 Then when I shall my self in safety see,
 A table for eternal monument
 Of thy great grace, and my great jeopardy,
 Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow unto thee.

XI.

Then sighing softly fore, and inly deep,
 She shut up all her plaint in privy grief;
 For her great courage would not let her weep,
 Till that old *Glaucé* 'gan with sharp reprimand
 Her to restrain, and give her good relief,
 Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her told
 Should of her name and nation be chief,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mold
 Of her immortal womb, to be in heaven enrol'd.

XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spide,
 Where far away one all in armour bright,
 With haſty gallop towards her did ride;
 Her dolour ſoon ſhe ceaſt, and on her dight
 Her helmet, to her couſer mounting light:
 Her former ſorrow into ſuddain wrath,
 Both couſin paſſions of diſtroubled ſpright,
 Converting, forth ſhe beats the duſty path;
 Love and deſpight attonce her courage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy miſt hath overcaſt
 The face of heaven, and the clear air ingroſt,
 The world in darkneſs dwells, till that at laſt
 The watry ſouth-wind from the ſea-bord coaſt
 Upblowing, doth diſperſe the vapour loſt,
 And pours it ſelf forth in a ſtormy ſhowre,
 So the fair *Britomart* having diſcloſt
 Her cloudy care into a wrathful ſtowre,
 The miſt of grief diſſolv'd, did into vengeance poure.

XIV.

Eftſoons her goodly ſhield addreſſing fair,
 That mortal ſpear ſhe in her hand did take,
 And unto battle did her ſelf prepare.
 The Knight approching, ſternly her beſpake;
 Sir Knight, that doſt thy voyage raſhly make
 By this forbidden way in my deſpight,
 Ne doſt by others death enſample take,
 I read thee ſoon retire, whiles thou haſt might,
 Left afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

XV.

Ythrild with deep diſdain of his proud threat,
 She ſhortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
 Words fearen babes. I mean not thee intreat
 To paſs; but maulgre thee will paſs or die.
 Ne longer ſtaid for th'other to reply,
 But with ſharp ſpear the reſt made dearly known.
 Strongly the ſtrange Knight ran, and ſturdily
 Strook her full on the breaſt, that made her down
 Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI.

But she again him in the shield did smite
 With so fierce fury and great puissance,
 That through his thresquare scuehin, piercing quite,
 And through his mailed hauberque, by mischance
 The wicked steel through his left side did glaunce;
 Him so transfixed she before her bore
 Beyond his croup, the length of all her lance,
 Till sadly lousing on the sandy shore,
 He tumbled on an heap, and wallow'd in his gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred Ox, that careless stands,
 With gilden horns, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
 Proud of his dying honor and dear bands,
 Whiles th' altars fume with frankincence around,
 All suddenly with mortal stroke astown'd,
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
 Distains the pillours, and the holy ground,
 And the fair flowres, that decked him afore;
 So fell proud *Martinell* upon the precious shore.

XVIII.

The martial maid said not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the strand: which as she over-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich array
 Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,
 And all the gravel mixt with golden ovr;
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or pearls, or precious stones an houre,
 But them despised all; for all was in her poure.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers ear,
 His mother was the black-brow'd *Cymoent*,
 The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did bear
 This warlike son unto an earthly peer,
 The famous *Dumarin*: who on a day
 Finding the Nymph asleep in secret where,
 As he by chance did wander that same way,
 Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX.

There he this Knight of her begot ; whom born
 She of his father *Marinell* did name,
 And in a rocky cave as wight forlorn,
 Long time she fostred up, till he became
 A mighty man at arms, and mickle fame
 Did get through great adventures by him don :
 For never man he suffred by that same
 Rich strond to travel, whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do battle with the Sea-nymphs son.

XXI.

An hundred Knights of honourable name
 He had subdu'd, and them his vassals made,
 That through all Fairy lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and fear did all invade,
 That none durst passen through that per'lous glade :
 And to advance his name and glory more,
 Her Sea-god fire she dearly did perswade,
 T'endow her son with treasure and rich store,
 'Bove all the sons, that were of earthly wombs ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters dear demand,
 To doen his nephew in all riches flow ;
 Eftsoons his heaped waves he did command,
 Out of their hollow bosom forth to throw
 All the huge treasure, which the sea below
 Had in his greedy gulf devoured deep,
 And him enriched through the overthrow
 And wrecks of many wretches, which did weep
 And often wail their wealth, which he from them did keep.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
 Exceeding riches, and all precious things,
 The spoil of all the world, that it did pass
 The wealth of th' East, and pomp of *Persian* kings ;
 Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, owches, rings,
 And all that else was precious and dear,
 The sea unto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great Lord did appear,
 As was in all the lond of Fairy, or elsewhere.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded Knight,
 Tride often to the scathe of many dear,
 That none in equal arms him matchen might :
 The which his mother seeing, 'gan to fear
 Left his too haughty hardiness might rear
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life :
 Forthy she oft him counsel'd to forbear
 The bloody battle, and to stir up strife,
 But after all his war, to rest his weary knife.

XXV.

And for his more assurance, she inquir'd
 One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell
 (For *Proteus* was with prophecy inspir'd)
 Her dear sons destiny to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
 Who through foresight of his eternal skill,
 Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well :
 For of a woman he should have much ill,
 A virgin strange and stout him should dismay or kill.

XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day,
 The love of women not to entertain ;
 A lesson too too hard for living clay,
 From love in course of nature to refrain :
 Yet he his mother's lore did well retain,
 And ever from fair Ladies love did flee ;
 Yet many Ladies fair did oft complain,
 That they for love of him would algates die :
 Die, who so list for him, he was Loves enemy.

XXVII.

But ah, who can deceive his destiny,
 Or ween by warning to avoid his fate ?
 That when he sleeps in most security,
 And safest seems, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth due effect or soon or late.
 So feeble is the powre of fleshly arm.
 His mother bade him womens love to hate ;
 For she of womans force did fear no harm ;
 So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarm.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
 That *Proteus* prophecide should him dismay;
 The which his mother vainly did expound,
 To be heart-wounding love, which should assay
 To bring her son unto his last decay.
 So tickle be the terms of mortal state,
 And full of subtle sophisms, which do play
 With double senses, and with false debate,
 T'approve the unknown purpose of eternal fate.

XXIX.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
 Who through late trial, on that wealthy strand
 Inglorious now lies in senseless swoon,
 Through heavy stroke of *Britomartis* hand.
 Which when his mother dear did understand,
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she plaid
 Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
 Gathering sweet Daffadillies, to have made
 Gay girlonds, from the sun their foreheads fair to shade;

XXX.

Eftsoons both flowres and girlonds far away
 She flung, and her fair dewy locks yrent,
 To sorrow huge she turn'd her former play,
 And gamesome mirth to grievous dreriment:
 She threw herself down on the continent,
 Ne word did speak, but lay as in a swoon,
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
 With yelling out-cries, and with shrieking sou'n;
 And every one did tear her girlond from her crown.

XXXI.

Soon as she up out of her deadly fit
 Arose, she bade her charet to be brought,
 And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
 Bade eke attonce their charets to be fought;
 Tho full of bitter grief and pensive thought,
 She to her wagon clomb; olomb all the rest,
 And forth together went, with sorrow fraught.
 The waves obedient to their behest,
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage furceast.

XXXII.

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round back they softly slid,
 And eke himself mourn'd at their mournful plight,
 Yet wist not what their wailing meant, yet did
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxom be :
 Eftsoons the roaring billows still abid,
 And all the grievous monsters of the sea
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII.

A teme of Dolphins, ranged in array,
 Drew the smooth charet of sad *Cymoens* ;
 They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey
 To the long reins, at her commandement :
 As swift as Swallows on the waves they went,
 That their broad flaggy fins no some did rear,
 Ne bubling roundel they behind them sent ;
 The rest, of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their fianny oars the swelling sea did shear.

XXXIV.

Soon as they been arriv'd upon the brim
 Of the *Rich strand*, their charets they forlore,
 And let their tamed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the foamy shore,
 Left they their fins should bruize, and furbate sore
 Their tender feet upon the stony ground :
 And coming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they found
 The luckless *Marinell*, lying in deadly swound ;

XXXV.

His mother swounded thrice, and the third time
 Could scarce recovered be out of her pain ;
 Had she not been devoid of mortal slime,
 She should not then have been reliv'd again :
 But soon as life recovered had the rein,
 She made so pitious moan and drear wayment,
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refrain,
 And all her sister Nymphs with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad compliment.

XXXVI.

Dear image of my self, she said, that is,
 The wretched son of wretched mother born,
 Is this thine high advancement? O is this
 Th'immortal name, with which thee yet unborn
 Thy Granfire *Nereus* promist to adorn?
 Now lyest thou of life and honour rest;
 Now lyest thou a lump of earth forlorn,
 Ne of thy late life memory is left,
 Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be wext.

XXXVII.

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecies,
 And they more fond that credit to thee give,
 Not this the work of womans hands ywis,
 That so deep wound through these dear members drive.
 I feared love: but they that love do live;
 But they that die, do neither love nor hate.
 Nath'less, to thee thy folly I forgive,
 And to my self, and to accursed fate
 The guilt I do ascribe: dear wisdom bought too late.

XXXVIII.

O what avails it of immortal seed
 To been ybred and never born to die!
 Far better I it deem to die with speed,
 Than waste in woe and wailful misery.
 Who dies, the utmost dolour doth abie;
 But who that lives, is left to wail his los:
 So life is los, and death felicity.
 Sad life worse than glad death: and greater cross
 To see friends grave, than dead the grave self to engross.

XXXIX.

But if the heavens did his days envie,
 And my short bliss malign, yet mote they well
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
 That the dim eyes of my dear *Marinell*
 I mote have closed, and him bid farwell,
 Sith other offices for mother meet
 They would not graunt:
 Yet maulgre them, farwell my sweetest sweet;
 Farwell my sweetest son, sith we no more shall meet.

XL.

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,
 They softly 'gan to search his grievously wound:
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarm'd, and spreading on the ground
 Their watchet mantles fring'd with silver round,
 They softly wipt away the jelly'd blood
 From th'orifice; which having well up-bound,
 They pourd-in soveraine balm, and nectar good,
 Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

XLI.

Tho when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
 (This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
 In leaches craft, by great *Apollon* lore,
 Sith her whylome upon high *Pindus* hill,
 He loved; and at last her womb did fill
 With heavenly seed, whereof wise *Peon* sprung)
 Did feel his pulse, she knew there stayed still
 Some little life his feeble sprites among;
 Which to his mother told, despair she from her flung.

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
 They easily unto her charet bear:
 Her teme at her commaundment quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon rear,
 And strow with flowres the lamentable bier:
 Then all the rest into their coaches clim,
 And through the brackish waves their passage shear;
 Upon great *Neptunes* neck they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deep in the bottom of the sea, her bowre
 Is built, of hollow billows heaped high,
 Like to thick clouds, that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
 In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
 There they him laid in easie couch well dight;
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
 For *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles, the Nymphs sit all about him round,
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
 And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest son, her dearest hearts delight.
 But none of all those curses overtook
 The warlike maid, th'ensample of that might,
 But fairly well she thriv'd, and well did brook
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsook;

XLV.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursue,
 To bring to pass his mischievous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous Knights, the Prince, and Fairy gent,
 Whom late in chase of beauty excellent
 She left, pursuing that same Foster strong;
 Of whose foul outrage they impatient,
 And full of firy zeal, him follow'd long,
 To rescue her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thiek and thin, through mountains and through
 Those two great champions did atonce pursue { plains,
 The fearful Damzel, with incessant pains:
 Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
 Of hunters swift, and scent of houndes true.
 At last they came unto a double way,
 Where, doubtful which to take, her to rescue,
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay,
 Whether more happy were to win so goodly prey.

XLVII.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
 That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud envy and indignant ire,
 After that wicked Foster fiercely went.
 So been they three three sundry ways ybent.
 But fairest fortune to the Prince besel,
 Whose chaunce it was, that soon he did repent
 To take that way, in which that Damozel
 Was fled afore, affraid of him, as Fiend of hell.

XLVIII.

At last, of her far off he gained view :
 Then 'gan he freshly prick his foamy steed,
 And ever as he nigher to her drew,
 So evermore he did encrease his speed,
 And of each turning still kept wary heed :
 Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
 To do away vain doubt, and needless dread :
 Full mild to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meek words, to stay and comfort her withal.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight ;
 So deep the deadly fear of that foul swain
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright :
 Like as a fearful Dove, which through the rain
 Of the wide air her way does cut amain,
 Having far off espide a Tassel gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth strain,
 Doubleth her haste for fear to be fore-hent,
 And with her pinions cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no less haste, and eke with no less dread,
 That fearful Lady fled from him, that meant
 To her no evil thought, nor evil deed ;
 Yet former fear of being foully shent,
 Carried her forward with her first intent :
 And though, oft looking backward, well she view'd,
 Her self freed from that Foster insolent,
 And that it was a Knight, which now her 'fude,
 Yet she no less the Knight feared, than that villain rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and strange arms her dismaid,
 Whose like in Fairy lond were seldom seen,
 That fast she from him fled, no less affraid
 Than of wild beasts if she had chased been :
 Yet he her follow'd still with courage keen,
 So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*
 Was mounted high in top of heaven sheen,
 And warn'd his other brethren joyeous,
 To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternal house.

LII.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish air,
 And grievly shadows cover'd heaven bright,
 That now with thousand stars was decked fair;
 Which when the Prince beheld (a loathful sight)
 And that perforce, for want of longer light,
 He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
 Of his long labour, he 'gan foully wite
 His wicked fortune, that had turn'd aslope,
 And cursed night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

LIII.

Tho when her ways he could no more descry,
 But to and fro at disadventure straid;
 Like as a ship, whose Load-star suddainly
 Cover'd with clouds, her Pilot hath dismaid;
 His wearisome pursuit perforce he staid,
 And from his lofty steed dismounting low,
 Did let him forage. Down himself he laid
 Upon the grassie ground, to sleep a throw;
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard steel his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle sleep envide him any rest;
 Instead thereof sad sorrow, and disdain
 Of his hard hap did vex his noble breast,
 And thousand fancies beat his idle brain
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants vain:
 Oft did he wish, that Lady fair mote be
 His Fairy Queen, for whom he did complain:
 Or that his Fairy Queen were such as she:
 And ever hasty night he blamed bitterly.

LV.

Night thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
 Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,
 Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape, thrust down to hell below,
 Where by the grim flood of *Cocytus* flow
 Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black house
 (Black *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
 Of all the Gods) where thou ungratious,
 Half of thy days dost lead in horror hideous.

LVI.

What had the th'eternal maker need of thee;
The world in his continual course to keep,
That dost all things deface, ne lettest see
The beauty of his work? Indeed in sleep,
The slothful body, that doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drown his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deep
Calls thee, his Goddess in his error blind,
And great dame Natures hand-maid, chearing every kind.

LVII.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
Instead of rest thou lendest railing tears,
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears,
And dreadful visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appears:
So from the weary spirit thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

LVIII.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shameful deceit, and danger imminent;
Foul horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection be,
And light do shun, for fear of being shent:
For light ylike is loath'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdness love, do hate the light to see.

LIX.

For day discovers all dishonest ways,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The praises of high God he fair displays,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.
Days dearest children be the blessed seed,
Which darkness shall subdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.
Our life is day: but death with darkness doth begin.

LX.

O when will day then turn to me again,
 And bring with him his long expected light?
 O *Titan*, haste to rear thy joyous wain:
 Speed thee to spread abroad thy beam's bright,
 And chase away this too long lingring Night;
 Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell.
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 And yield her room to day, that can it govern well.

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that weary night out-wear,
 In restless anguish and unquiet pain:
 And early, ere the morrow did uprear
 His dewy head out of the *Ocean* main,
 He up arose, as half in great disdain,
 And clomb unto his steed. So forth he went,
 With heavy look and lumpish pace, that plain
 In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
 His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.

C A N T O V.

*Prince Arthur bears of Florimel:
 Three Fosters Timias wound:
 Belphebe finds him almost dead,
 And reareth out of swoond.*

I.

Wonder it is to see, in diverse minds
 How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
 And shews his powre in variable kinds:
 The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth up to sensual desire,
 And in leud sloth to waste his careless day:
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspir.

II.

Ne suffreth it uncomely idleness,
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
 Ne suffreth it thought of ungentleness,
 Ever to creep into his noble breast;
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
 It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
 It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
 But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

III.

Who long time wandred through the forest wilde,
 To find some issue thence, till that at last
 He met a Dwarf, that seemed terrifide
 With some late peril, which he hardly past,
 Or other accident, which him aghast;
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
 And whither now he travelled so fast.
 For fore he sweat, and running through that same
 Thick forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame:

IV.

Panting for breath, and almost out of heart,
 The Dwarf him answer'd, Sir, ill mote I stay
 To tell the same. I lately did depart
 From Fairy-court, where I have many a day
 Served a gentle Lady of great sway,
 And high account through-out all Elfin land,
 Who lately left the same, and took this way:
 Her now I seek, and if ye understand
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

V.

What mister wight, said he, and how arraid:
 Royally clad, quoth he in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may beseem a noble maid;
 Her fair locks in rich circlet be enrold,
 And fairer wight did never sun behold,
 And on a palfrey rides more white than snow,
 Yet she herself is whiter manifold:
 The surest sign whereby ye may her know,
 Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.

VI.

Now certes swain, said he, such one I ween,
 Fast flying through this forest from her foe,
 A foul ill favour'd Foster, I have seen ;
 Her self (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,
 But could not stay ; so fast she did forego,
 Carried away with wings of speedy fear.
 Ah dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,
 And wondrous ruth to all that shall it hear.
 But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where ?

VII.

Perdy, me liefer were to weeten that
 Said he, than ransom of the richest Knight,
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
 But froward fortune, and too forward night
 Such happiness did (maulgre) to me spight.
 And from me rest both life and light attone.
 But Dwarf aread, what is that Lady bright,
 That through this forest wandreth thus alone ?
 For of her errour strange I have great ruth and moane.

VIII.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she be,
 The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
 That ever living eye I ween did see ;
 Lives none this day, that may with her compare
 In stedfast chastity and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beauty bright ;
 And is ycleped *Florimell* the fair,
 Fair *Florimell*, belov'd of many a Knight ;
 Yet she loves none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

IX.

A Sea-nymphs son, that *Marinell* is hight,
 Of my dear Dame is loved dearly well ;
 In other none, but him, she sets delight :
 All her delight is set on *Marinell* ;
 But he sets nought at all by *Florimell* :
 For Ladies love, his mother long ygo
 Did him (they say) forwarn through sacred spell.
 But fame now flies, that of a foreign foe
 He is yslain, which is the ground of all our woe.

X.

Five days there be, since he (they say) was slain;
 And four since *Florimell* the court for-went,
 And vowed never to return again,
 Till him alive or dead she did invent.
 Therefore, fair Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
 And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
 By your good counsel, or bold hardiment,
 Or succour her, or me direct the way;
 Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI.

So may you gain to you full great renown,
 Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,
 And haply in her heart find highest room
 Of whom ye seek to be most magnifide:
 At least eternal meed shall you abide.
 To whom the Prince; Dwarf comfort to thee take;
 For till thou tidings learn what her betide,
 I here avow thee never to forsake.

Ill wears he arms, that nill them use for Ladies fake.

XII.

So with the Dwarf he back return'd again,
 To seek his Lady, where he mote her find;
 But by the way, he greatly 'gan complain
 The want of his good Squire late left behind,
 For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,
 For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
 For him he loved above all man-kind.
 Having him true and faithful ever tride,
 And bold, as ever Squire that waited by Knights side;

XIII.

Who all this while, full hardly was affaid
 Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
 For whiles his Lord pursu'd that noble maid,
 After that Foster foul he fiercely rid,
 To been avenged of the shame he did
 To that fair Damzel: him he chaced long
 Through the thick woods, wherein he would have hid
 His shameful head from his avengement strong:
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV.

Nath'less, the villain sped himself so well,
 Whether through swiftness of his speedy beast,
 Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
 That shortly he from danger was releast,
 And out of sight escaped at the least;
 Yet not escaped from the due reward
 Of his bad deeds, which daily he increast,
 Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
 The heavy plague, that for such leachours is prepar'd.

XV.

For soon as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage 'gan emboldned be,
 And cast t'avenge him of that foul despight,
 Which he had borne of his old enimee.
 Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
 Ungracious children of one graceless Sire,
 And unto them complained, how that he
 Had used been of that foot-hardy Squire;
 So them with bitter words he stir'd to bloody ire.

XVI.

Forth-with, themselves with their sad instruments
 Of spoil and murder they 'gan arm bylive,
 And with him forth into the forest went,
 To wreak the wrath, which he did earst revive
 In their stern breasts, on him which late did drive
 Their brother to reproch and shameful flight:
 For they had vow'd, that never he alive
 Out of that forest should escape their might;
 Vile rancour their rude hearts had fill'd with such despight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
 Fore-by a narrow ford (to them well known)
 Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
 And now by fortune it was overflown:
 By that same way, they knew that Squire unknown
 Mote algates pass; forthy themselves they set
 There in await, with thick woods over-grown,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruel threats, his passage through the ford to let.

XVIII.

It fortun'd, as they devised had,
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce Foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force and villainous despite,
That through his haberjeon the forkhead flew,
And through the linked mails empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy Squire did fore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no means the high bank he could feize,
But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain disease.

XX.

And still the Foster with his long boar-spear
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anon one sent out of the thicket near
A cruel shaft headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steel staid not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grief that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI.

At last (through wrath and vengeance making way).
He on the bank arriv'd with mickle pain,
Where the third brother him did fore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and main
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strain;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his spear requited him again,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large stream of blood out of the wound did flow.

XXII.

He tumbling down, with gnashing teeth did bite,
 The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
 Into the baleful house of endless night,
 Where wicked ghosts do wail their former sin.
 Tho 'gan the battle freshly to begin ;
 For nathemore for that spectacle bad,
 Did th'other two their cruel vengeance blin,
 But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
 And load upon him laid, his life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villain he aviz'd, which late
 Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
 Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
 To him he turned ; and with rigour fell
 Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
 That to the chin he cleft his head in twain :
 Down on the ground his carcass grovelling fell ;
 His sinful soul, with desperate disdain,
 Out of her fleshly ferm fled to the place of pain.

XXIV.

That seeing now the only last of three,
 Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
 Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
 The fearful end of his avengement sad,
 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
 His bootless bow in feeble hand upcaught,
 And there-with shot an arrow at the lad ;
 Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught.
 And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed nought.

XXV.

With that he would have fled into the wood ;
 But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
 Right as he entring was into the flood,
 And strook at him with force so violent,
 That headless him into the ford he sent :
 The carcass with the stream was carried down,
 But th'head fell backward on the continent.
 So mischief fell upon the meaners crown ;
 They three be dead with shame, the Squire lives with renown.

XXVI.

He lives but takes small joy of his renown ;
 For of that cruel wound he bled so sore,
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swoon ;
 Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
 That he lay wallow'd all in his own gore.
 Now God thee keep, thou gentle Squire alive :
 Else shall thy loving Lord thee see no more ;
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
 And eke thy self of honour, which thou didst atchive.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
 And doth for wretched mens relief make way ;
 For lo, great grace or fortune thither brought
 Comfort to him, that comfortless now lay.
 In those same woods, ye well remember may,
 How that a noble hunteress did wonne
 She that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
 And made him fast out of the forest run ;
Belphebe was her name, as fair as *Phæbus* sun.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as she pursu'd the chace
 Of some wild beast, which with her arrows keen
 She wounded had, the same along did trace
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seen
 To have besprinkled all the grassie green ;
 By the great pursue which she there perceiv'd,
 Well hoped she the beast engor'd had been,
 And made more haste, the life to have bereav'd :
 But ah ! her expectation greatly was deceiv'd.

XXIX.

Shortly she came, whereas that woeful Squire
 With blood deformed lay in deadly swoon :
 In whose fair eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 The chrystal humour stood congealed round ;
 His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
 Knotted with blood, in bunches rudely ran,
 And his sweet lips, on which before that stound
 The bud of youth to blossom fair began,
 Spoild of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

XXX.

Saw never living eye more heavy sight,
 That could have made a rock of stone to rew,
 Or rive in twain: which when that Lady bright
 (Beside all hope) with melting eyes did view,
 All suddainly abasht, she changed hew,
 And with stern horror backward 'gan to start:
 But when she better him beheld, she grew
 Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
 The point of pity pierced through her tender heart.

XXXI.

Meekly she bowed down, to weet if life
 Yet in his frozen members did remain;
 And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
 That the weak soul her seat did yet retain,
 She cast to comfort him with busie pain:
 His double folded neck she rear'd upright,
 And rub'd his temples, and each trembling vein;
 His mail'd haberjeon she did undight,
 And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste she went,
 To seek for herbs, that mote him remedy;
 For she of herbs had great intendiment,
 Taught of the nymph, which from her infancy
 Her nursed had in true nobility:
 There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
 Or *Pannachæa*, or *Polygon*,
 She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
 Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood near.

XXXIII.

The soveraine weed betwixt two marbles plain
 She pounded small, and did in pieces bruize,
 And then atween her lilly handes twain,
 Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
 And round about (as she could well it use)
 The flesh there-with she suppled and did steep,
 T'abate all spasm, and soke the swelling bruize;
 And after having searcht the intuse deep,
 She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to keep.

XXXIV.

By this he had sweet life recour'd again ;
 And groaning inly deep, at last his eyes,
 His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy rain,
 He up 'gan lift toward the azure skies,
 From whence descend all hopeles remedies :
 There-with he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
 The goodly maid (full of divinities,
 And gifts of heavenly grace) he by him spide,
 Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV.

Mercy dear Lord, said he, what grace is this,
 That thou hast shewed to me sinful wight,
 To send thine Angel from her bowre of blifs,
 To comfort me in my distressed plight?
 Angel, or Goddess do I call thee right?
 What service may I do unto thee meet,
 That hast from darkness me return'd to light,
 And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweet,
 Hast dress'd my sinful wounds? I kiss thy blessed feet.

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said. Ah gentle Squire,
 Nor Goddess I; nor Angel, but the maid,
 And daughter of a woody nymph, desire
 No service, but thy safety and aid;
 Which if thou gain I shall be well apaid.
 We mortal wights, whose lives and fortunes be
 To common accidents still open laid,
 Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
 To succour wretched wights, whom we captived see.

XXXVII.

By this her Damsels, which the former chace
 Had undertaken; after her arriv'd,
 As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,
 And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriv'd
 Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:
 Forthy the bloody tract they follow fast,
 And every one to run the swiftest striv'd:
 But two of them the rest far overpast,
 And where their Lady was, arrived at the last.

XXXVIII

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
 Defouled and their Lady dress his wound,
 They wondred much, and shortly understood,
 How him in deadly case their Lady found,
 And reskewed out of the heavy stound.
 Eftsoons his warlike courser, which was strayd
 Far in the woods, whiles that he lay in swoond,
 She made those Damsels search: which being stayd,
 They did him set thereon, and forth with them conveyd.

XXXIX.

Into that forest far they thence him led,
 Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
 With mountains round about environed,
 And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
 And like a stately theatre it made,
 Spreading itself into a spacious plain,
 And in the midst a little river plaid
 Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plain
 With gentle murmur, that his course they did restrain.

XL.

Beside the same, a dainty place there lay,
 Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
 In which the birds sung many a lovely lay
 Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teen,
 As it an earthly paradise had been:
 In whose inclosed shadow there was pight
 A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
 The which was all within most richly dight,
 That greatest Princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and laid
 In easie couch his feeble limbs to rest.
 He rested him awhile, and then the maid
 His ready wound with better salves new drest;
 Daily she dressed him, and did the best
 His grievous hurt to guerish, that she might,
 That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
 And his foul fore reduced to fair plight:
 It she reduced, but himself destroyed quight.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitful pain,
That heals up one, and makes another wound :
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd again
But hurt his heart, the which before was sound,
Through an unweary dart, which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gracious countenance.
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endless durance
Of sorrow and despair without allegiance ?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather and grow whole,
So still his heart wax sore, and health decay'd :
Madness to save a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly maid,
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound she laid,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchless beauty him dismay'd.
Ah God ! what other could he do at least,
But love so fair a Lady, that his life releast ?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his courageous breast,
With reason due the passion to subdue,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest :
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her soveraine bounty, and celestial hue,
The same to love he strongly was constrain'd :
But when his mean estate he did review,
He from such hardy boldness was restrain'd,
And of his luckless lot and cruel love thus plain'd ;

XLV.

Unthankful wretch, said he, is this the meed,
With which her soveraine mercy thou dost quight ?
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
But thou dost ween with villainous despight
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, than so disloyally
Deem of her high desert, or seem so light :
Fair death it is, to shun more shame, to die ;
Dye rather, dye, than ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

But if to love disloyalty it be;
 Shall I then hate her, that from death's dore
 Me brought? ah! far be such reproch from me.
 What can I less do, than her love therefore?
 Sith I her due reward cannot restore:
 Dye rather, dye, and dying do her serve,
 Dying her serve, and living her adore;
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
 Dye rather, dye, than ever from her service swerve.

XLVII.

But foolish boy, what boots thy service base
 To her, to whom the heavens do serve and sew?
 Thou a mean Squire, of meek and lowly place,
 She heavenly born, and of celestial hew.
 How then? of all, love taketh equal view:
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The love and service of the basest crew?
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
 Dye rather, dye, than ever so fair love forsake.

XLVIII.

Thus warred he long time against his will,
 Till that (through weakness) he was forst at last
 To yield himself unto the mighty ill:
 Which as a victor proud, 'gan ransack fast
 His inward parts, and all his entrails waste,
 That neither blood in face, nor life in heart
 It left, but both did quite dry up, and blast;
 As piercing levin, which the inner part
 Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fair *Belphebe* 'gan to fear,
 Lest that his wounds were inly well not heal'd,
 Or that the wicked steel empoisoned were:
 Little she weend, that love he close conceal'd;
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd,
 When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat;
 Yet never he his heart to her reveal'd,
 But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
 Than with dishonourable terms her to intreat.

L.

She (gracious Lady) yet no pains did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy :
Many restoratives, of vertues rare,
And costly cordial she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborn malady :
But that sweet cordial, which can restore
A love-sick heart, she did to him envy ;
To him and all th'unworthy world forlore
She did envy that soveraine salve, in secret store.

LI.

That dainty rose, the daughter of her morn,
More dear than life she tendered, whose flowre
The girland of her honour did adorn :
Ne suffred she the middays scorching powre,
Ne the sharp northern wind thereon to showre,
But lapped up her silken leaves most chaire,
Whenso the froward sky began to lowre :
But foon as calmed was the chrystal air,
She did it fair disspred, and let it flourish fair.

LII.

Eternal God, in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In paradise whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortal men her glory should admire:
In gentle Ladies breast, and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it fairest flowre doth spire,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

LIII.

Fair imps of beauty, whose bright shining beams
Adorn the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your wills both royalties and realms
Subdue, through conquest of your wondrous might,
With his fair flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chastity and vertue virginal,
That shall embellish more your beauty bright,
And crown your heads with heavenly coronal,
Such as the angels wear before Gods tribunal.

LIV.

To your fair selves a fair ensample frame,
 Of this fair Virgin, this *Belphebe* fair;
 To whom, in perfect love and spotless fame,
 Of chastity, none living may compare:
 Ne poisonous envy justly can empair
 The praise of her fresh flowing maidenhead;
 Forthby she standeth on the highest stair
 Of th' honourable stage of woman-head,
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV.

In so great praise of stedfast chastity,
 Nath'less, she was so courteous and kind,
 Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues strove to find
 The higher place in her heroick mind:
 So striving each did other more augment,
 And both encreast the praise of woman-kind,
 And both encreast her beauty excellent;
 So all did make in her a perfect compliment.

C A N T O VI.

*The birth of fair Belphebe, and
 Of Amoret is told.*

*The Gardens of Adonis fraught
 With pleasures manifold.*

I.

Well may I ween, fair Ladies, all this while
 Ye wonder, how this noble Damozel
 So great perfections did in her compile;
 Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
 So far from court and royal citadel,
 The great school-mistress of all courtesie:
 Seemeth that such wild woods should far expel
 All civil usage and gentility,
 And gentle sprite deform with rude rusticity.

II.

But to this fair *Belphebe* in her birth
 The heavens so favourable were and free,
 Looking with mild aspect upon the earth,
 In th' *Horoscope* of her nativitee,
 That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
 On her they poured forth of plenteous horn ;
Jove laught on *Venus* from his soveraine see,
 And *Phœbus* with fair beams did her adorn,
 And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being born.

III.

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
 And her conception of the joyous prime,
 And all her whole creation did her shew
 Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime,
 That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
 So was this virgin born, so was she bred,
 So was she trained up from time to time,
 In all chaste vertue, and true bountihed,
 Till to her due perfection she was ripened.

IV.

Her mother was the fair *Chryfogonee*,
 The daughter of *Amphisæa*, who by race
 A Fairy was, yborn of high degree ;
 She bore *Belphebe*, she bore in like case
 Fair *Amoretta* in the second place :
 These two were twins, and 'twixt them two did share
 The heritage of all celestial grace ;
 That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
 Of bounty, and of beauty, and all vertues rare.

V.

It were a goodly story, to declare
 By what strange accident fair *Chryfogonee*
 Conceiv'd these Infants, and how them she bare,
 In this wild forest wandring all alone,
 After she had nine months fulfill'd and gone :
 For not as other womens common brood,
 They were enwombed in the sacred throne
 Of her chaste body ; nor with common food,
 As other womens babes, they sucked vital blood :

VI.

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
 Through influence of th'heavens fruitful ray,
 As it in antique books is mentioned.
 It was upon a summers shiny day
 (When *Titan* fair his beamēs did display)
 In a fresh fountain, far from all mens view,
 She bath'd her breast, the boiling heat t'allay;
 She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue,
 And all the sweetest flowres that in the forest grew;

VII.

Till faint through irksome weariness, adown
 Upon the grassie ground her self she laid
 To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumbring swoun
 Upon her fell all naked bare displaid,
 The sunbeams bright upon her body plaid,
 Being through former bathing mollified,
 And pierst into her womb, where they embaid
 With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

VIII.

Miraculous may seem to him that reads,
 So strange ensample of conception;
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seeds
 Of all things living, through impression
 Of the sun-beams in moist complexion,
 Do life conceive, and quickned are by kind:
 So after *Nilus* inundation,
 Infinite shapes of creatures men do find,
 Informed in the mud, on which the sun hath shin'd.

IX.

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly call'd, th'author of life and light;
 And his fair sister for creation
 Ministreth matter fit, which tempered right
 With heat and humour, breeds the living wight.
 So sprung these twins in womb of *Ebryfogene*,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so up-blown,
 Which still increast, till she her term had full out-gone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foul disgrace,
 Albe her guiltless conscience her clear'd,
 She fled into the wilderness a space,
 Till that unwieldy burden she had rear'd,
 And shun'd dishonour, which as death she fear'd;
 Where weary of long travel, down to rest
 Her self she set, and comfortably chear'd;
 There a sad cloud of sleep her overkest,
 And seized every sense with sorrow fore oppress.

XI.

It fortun'd, ~~fast~~ *Venus* having lost
 Her little son, the winged God of love,
 Who for some light displeasure, which him cross'd,
 Was from her fled, as flit as airy Dove,
 And left her blisful bowre of joy above,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in strange array, [wray.]
 Disguis'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

XII.

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly house
 (The house of goodly forms and fair aspects
 Whence all the world derives the glorious
 Features of beauties, and all shapes select,
 With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)
 And searched every way, through which his wings
 Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things
 Unto the man, that of him tidings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in court, where most he us'd
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
 But many there she found, which sore accus'd
 His falsehood, and with foul infamous blot
 His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:
 Ladies and Lords she every where mote hear
 Complaining, how with his empoisoned shot
 Their woeful hearts he wounded had whylear,
 And so had left them languishing 'twix hope and fear.

XIV.

She then the cities sought, from gate to gate,
 And every one did ask, did he him see;
 And every one her answer'd, that too late
 He had him seen, and felt the cruelty
 Of his sharp darts, and hot artillery;
 And every one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that he
 Was the disturber of all civil life,
 The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

XV.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
 And in the rural cottages enquir'd;
 Where also, many complaints to her were brought,
 How he their heedless hearts with love had fir'd,
 And his false venom through their veins inspir'd;
 And eke the gentle shepherd swains, which sat
 Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hir'd,
 She sweetly heard complain, both how, and what
 Her son had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She 'gan avise where else he mote him hide:
 At last, she her be-thought, that she had not
 Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wide,
 In which full many lovely nymphs abide,
 Amongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
 Or that the love of some of them him tide:
 Forthly she thither cast her course t'apply,
 To search the secret haunts of *Diana's* company.

XVII.

Shortly, unto the wasteful woods she came,
 Whereas she found the Goddess with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountain in a row,
 Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
 And foil, which did deform their lively hew;
 Other lay shaded from the scorching heat;
 The rest, upon her person, gave attendance great.

XVIII.

She having hung upon a bough on high,
 Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
 Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbraste,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
 Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
 Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

XIX.

Soon as she *Venus* saw behind her back,
 She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
 And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
 That had not her thereof before avis'd,
 But suffred her so carelessly disguis'd
 Be overtaken. Soon her garments loose
 Upgath'ring, in her bosom she compris'd,
 Well as she might, and to the Godde's rose,
 Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

XX.

Goodly she 'gan fair *Cytherea* greet,
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought
 Into that wilderness (for her unmeet)
 From her sweet bowrs, and beds with pleasures fraught;
 That suddain change she strange adventure thought.
 To whom (half weeping) she thus answered,
 That she her dearest son *Cupido* sought,
 Who in his frowardness from her was fled;
 That she repented sore, to have him angered.

XXI.

Thereat *Diana* 'gan to smile in scorn
 Of her vain plaint, and to her scoffing said;
 Great pity sure, that ye be so forlorn
 Of your gay son, that gives ye so good aid
 To your disports: ill mote ye been apaid.
 But she was more engrieved, and replide;
 Fair sister, ill beseems it to upbraid
 A doleful heart with so disdainful pride;
 The like that mine, may be your pain another tide.

XXII.

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
 Your glory set to chace the salvage beasts;
 So my delight is all in joyfulness,
 In beds, in bowrs, in banquets, and in feasts:
 And ill becomes you with your lofty creasts,
 To scorn the joy that *Jove* is glad to seek;
 We both are bound to follow heavens behests,
 And tend our charges with obeysance meek:
 Spare (gentle sister) with reproch my pain to eek;

XXIII.

And tell me, if that ye my son have heard,
 To lurk emongst your nymphs in secret wise;
 Or keep their cabins: much I am affeard,
 Lest he like one of them himself disguise,
 And turn his arrows to their exercise:
 So may he long himself full easie hide:
 For he is fair and fresh in face and guise,
 As any nymph (let not it be envide.)
 So saying, every nymph full narrowly she eyde.

XXIV.

But *Phæbe* there-with fore was angered,
 And sharply said; Go Dame, go seek your boy,
 Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
 He comes not here, we scorn his foolish joy,
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
 But if I catch him in this company,
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
 The Gods do dread, he dearly shall aby:
 Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

XXV.

Whom whenas *Venus* saw so fore displeas'd,
 She inly sorry was, and gan relent
 What she had said: so her she soon appeas'd,
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
 Which as a fountain from her sweet lips went,
 And welked goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels sent,
 Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
 If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To search the God of love, her nymphs she sent
 Throughout the wandring forest every where:
 And after them herself eke with her went
 To seek the fugitive both far and near.
 So long they sought, till they arrived were
 In that same shady covert, whereas lay
 Fair *Chryfogone* in slumbring traunce whylere:
 Who in her sleep (a wondrous thing to say)
 Unwares had borne two babes, as fair as springing day.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares she bore:
 She bore withouten pain, that she conceiv'd
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinas aid: which when they both perceiv'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sense bereav'd,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
 At last, they both agreed, her (seeming griev'd)
 Out of her heavy swoon not to awake,
 But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

XXVIII.

Up they them took; each one a babe up-took,
 And with them carried, to be fostered,
 Dame *Phæbe* to a nymph her babe betook,
 To be brought up in perfect maidenhead;
 And of her self, her name *Belphebe* read:
 But *Venus* hers thence far away conveyd,
 To be upbrought in goodly womanhead,
 And in her little Loves stead which was straid,
 Her *Amoretta* call'd, to comfort her dismaid.

XXIX.

She brought her to her joyous paradise,
 Where most she wonns, when she on earth does dwell
 So fair a place as nature can devise:
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
 Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
 But well I wote by trial, that this same
 All other pleasant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost Lovers name,
 The garden of *Adonis*, far renown'd by fame.

XXX.

It that same garden, all the goodly flowres
 Where-with dame nature doth her beautifie,
 And decks the girlonds of her paramours,
 Are fetcht : there is the first seminarie
 Of all things that are born to live and die,
 According to their kinds. Long work it were,
 Here to account the endless progenie
 Of all the weeds, that bud and blossom there
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitful soil of old,
 And girt-in with two walls on either side ;
 The one of iron, th' other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough break, nor over-stride :
 And double gates it had, which opened wide,
 By which both in and out men moten pass ;
 Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and dride :
 Old *Genius* the Porter of them was ;
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
 All that to come into the world desire ;
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which do require,
 That he with fleshly weeds would them attire :
 Such as him list, such as eternal fate
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinful mire,
 And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,
 Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

XXXIII.

After that they again returned been,
 They in that garden planted be again ;
 And grow afresh as they had never seen
 Fleshly corruption, nor mortal pain.
 Some thousand years so doen they there remain ;
 And then of him are clad with other hue,
 Or sent into the changeful world again,
 Till thither they return, where first they grew :
 So like a wheel around they run from old to new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs their gardiner to set, or sow,
 To plant, or prune: for of their own accord,
 All things as they created were, do grow.
 And yet remember well the mighty word,
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
 That bade them to increase and multiply:
 Ne do they need with water of the ford,
 Or of the clouds, to moisten their roots dry;
 For in themselves, eternal moisture they imply.

XXXV.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
 And uncouth forms, which none yet ever knew,
 And every sort is in a sundry bed
 Set by it self, and rankt in comely row:
 Some fit for reasonable souls t' indow,
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to wear,
 And all the fruitful spawn of fishes, hew
 In endless ranks along enranked were,
 That seem'd the Ocean could not contain them there.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent,
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stock not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remains in everlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For in the wide womb of the world, their lies
 In hateful darkness, and in deep horrors,
 An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies
 The substances of natures fruitful progenies.

XXXVII.

All things from thence do their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
 Which whenas form and features it does ketch,
 Becomes a body, and doth then invade
 The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
 That substance is etern, and bideth so;
 Ne when the life decays, and form does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
 But changed is, and often altered to and fro.

XXXVIII.

The substance is not chang'd nor altered,
 But th' only form and outward fashion;
 For every substance is conditioned
 To change her hue, and sundry forms to don;
 Meet for her temper and complexion;
 For forms are variable, and decay
 By course of kind, and by occasion;
 And that fair flowre of beauty fades away,
 As doth the Lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and all the rest
 That in the garden of *Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Time*; who with his scyth addrest,
 Does mow the flowring herbs and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the ground down flings,
 Where they do wither, and are foully mard:
 He flies about and with his flaggy wings,
 Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
 Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pity often did the Gods relent,
 To see so fair things mard, and spoiled quight:
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The loss of her dear brood, her dear delight;
 Her heart was pierc'd with pity at the sight,
 When walking through the garden, them she spide,
 Yet no'te she find redress for such despight.
 For all that lives is subject to that law!
 All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

XLI.

But were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
 All that in this delightful garden grows,
 Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
 For here all plenty, and all pleasure flows,
 And sweet love gentle fits amongst them throws,
 Without fell rancour, or fond jealousie;
 Frankly each paramour his Leman knows,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does envy
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continual Spring, and harvest there
 Continual, both meeting at one time :
 For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
 And eke at once the heavy trees they clime,
 Which seem to labour under their fruits lode :
 The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
 Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
 And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

XLIII.

Right in the midst of that paradise,
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy grove of Myrtle-trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the height,
 And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade,
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees own inclination made,
 Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
 With wanton Ivy-twine entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
 Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
 That neither *Phabus* beams could through them throng,
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could work them any wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
 To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore ;
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phabus* paramour
 And dearest love,
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watry shore,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
 Me seems I see *Amintas* wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endless date.

XLVI.

There went fair Venus often to enjoy
 Her dear *Adonis* joyous company,
 And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
 There yet some say in secret he does lye,
 Lapped in flowers and precious spicery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of *Syagian* Gods, which do her love envy;
 But she her self, when ever that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetness takes her fill.

XLVII.

And looth, it seems, they say: for, he may not
 For ever die, and ever buried be
 In baleful night, where all things are forgot;
 All he subject to mortalitie,
 Yet is etern in mutabilitie,
 And by succession made perpetual,
 Transformed oft, and changed diversly:
 For him the father of all forms they call;
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal bliss,
 Joying his Goddess, and of her enjoyd:
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruel tusk him deadly cloyd;
 For that wild Boar, the which him once annoyd,
 She firmly hath emprisoned for aye
 (That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd)
 In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,
 Hewn underneath that mount, that none him looser may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
 With many of the Gods in company,
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
 Sporting himself in safe felicity:
 Who, when he hath with spoils and cruelty
 Ranfackt the world, and in the woeful hearts
 Of many wretches set his triumphs high,
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
 Aside, with fair *Adonis* plays his wanton parts.

L.

And his true love fair *Psyche* with him plays;
 Fair *Psyche* to him lately reconcil'd,
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrays,
 With which his mother *Venus* her revil'd,
 And eke himself her cruelly exil'd:
 But now in stedfast love and happy state
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both Gods and men aggregate;
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

LI.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant fair,
 The younger daughter of *Chrysogonee*,
 And unto *Psyche* with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfostered to be,
 And trained up in true feminitie:
 Who no less carefully her tendered,
 Than her own daughter *Pleasure*, to whom she
 Made her companion, and her lessened
 In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripeness grew,
 Of grace and beauty noble paragone,
 She brought her forth into the world's view,
 To be th'ensample of true love alone,
 And Load-star of all chaste affection,
 To all fair Ladies, that do live on ground.
 To Fairy court she came, where many one
 Admir'd her goodly haviour, and found
 His feeble heart wide launced with Loves cruel wound.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
 Save to the noble Knight Sir *Schdamore*,
 To whom her loving heart she linked fast
 In faithful love, to abide for evermore,
 And for his dearest sake endured sore,
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
 Who her would forced have to have forlore
 Her former love and stedfast loyalty,
 As ye may elsewhere read that rueful history.

LIV.

But well I ween, ye first desire to know,
 What end unto that fearful damozel,
 Which fled so fast from that same Foster stern,
 Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell :
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
 Who wandring for to seek her lover dear,
 Her lover dear, her dearest *Marinell*,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did hear,
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle fear.

CANTO VII.

*The Witches son loves Florimell :
 She flies, he feigns to die.
 Satyrane loves the Squire of Dames
 From Giants tyranny.*

I.

Like as an Hind forth-singled from the herd,
 That hath escaped from a voracious beast,
 Yet flies away of her own feet affeard,
 And every leaf, that shaketh with the least
 Murmur of wind, her terror hath increast;
 So fled fair *Florimell* from her vain fear,
 Long after she from peril was releast :
 Each shade she saw, and each noise she did hear,
 Did seem to be the same, which she escap't whylear.

II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
 And all that night her course continued :
 Ne did she let dull sleep once to relent,
 Nor weariness to slack her haste, but fled
 Ever alike, as if her former dread
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest :
 And her white palfrey having conquered
 The mainstring reins out of her weary wrest,
 Perforce her carried, where-ever he thought best.

Canto VII. THE FAIRY QUEEN:

III.

So long as breath, and able puissance
Did native courage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He having through incessant travel spent
His force, at last perforce adown did lye,
Ne foot could further move: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddain strook with great astonishment.

IV.

And forc'd t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traveller unwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equal lance doth sway,
And mortal miseries doth make her play.
So long she travel'd, till at length she came
To an hills side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subject to the same,
All cover'd with thiek woods, that quite it overcame.

V.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearful sign did send unto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoons her steps she thereunto applide.
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To find some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
In homely wize, and wall'd with fods around,
In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly weeds,
And wilful want, all careless of her needs:
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide.
And hurt far off unknown, whom ever she envide.

VII.

The damzel there arriving entered in,
 Where sitting on the floor the Hag she found,
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gear,
 Who, soon as she beheld that sudden sound,
 Lightly upstart from the dusty ground,
 And with fell look, and hollow deadly gaze
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
 Ne had one word to speak, for great amaze;
 But shew'd by outward signs, that dead her sense did daze.

VIII.

At last, turning her feet to foolish wrath;
 She askt, what devil had her thither brought,
 And who she was, and what unwonted path
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
 To which the damzel full of doubtful thought,
 Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
 With silly virgin by adventure brought
 Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That crave but room to rest, while tempest overblo'th.

IX.

With that, adown out of her chrystal eyn,
 Few trickling tears she softly forth let fall,
 That like two orient pearls, did purely shine
 Upon her snowy cheek; and there withall
 She sigh'd soft, that none so bestiall
 Nor salvage heart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitiouly appeal;
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
 In mischief, was much moved at so piteous sight.

X.

And 'gan recomfort her in her need wife,
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the tears from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit down, to rest her faint
 And weary limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
 Nor 'sdeignful of so homely fashion,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
 Sate down upon the dusty ground anon,
 As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gone.

XI.

Tho, 'gan she gather up her garments rent,
 And her loose locks to dight in order due,
 With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
 Whom such when-as the wicked Hag did view,
 She was astonisht at her heavenly hue,
 And doubted her to deem an earthly wight,
 But or some goddess, or of *Dians* crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble spright;
 T'adore thing so divine as beauty, were but right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked son,
 The comfort of her age and weary days,
 A lasie loord, for nothing good to done,
 But stretched forth in idleness always,
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet praise,
 Or ply himself to any honest trade;
 But all the day before the sunny rays
 He us'd to slug, or sleep in slothful shade:
 Such laziness both lewd and poor attonce him made.

XIII.

He coming home at undertime, there found
 The fairest creature that he ever saw,
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his base thought with terror and with awe
 So inly smote, that as one which had gaz'd
 On the bright sun unwares, doth soon withdraw
 His feeble eyn, with too much brightness daz'd,
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at last he 'gan his mother ask,
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd;
 That in so strange disguizement there did mask,
 And by what accident she there arriv'd:
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
 With nought but ghastly looks him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
 From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the fair virgin was so meek and mild,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embase
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vild
 Her gentle speech applide, that in short space
 She grew familiar in that desert place.
 During which time, the chorle through her so kind
 And courteous use conceiv'd affection base,
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tin'd.

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
 Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
 As unto her to utter his desire;
 His caitive thought durst not so high aspire:
 But with soft sighs, and lovely semblances,
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread; many resemblances
 To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

XVII.

Oft from the forest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
 His mistress praises sweetly caroled:
 Girlands of flowres sometimes for her fair head
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow servant vild;
 All which she of him took with count'nance meek and mild.

XVIII.

But past awhile, when the fit season saw
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wise her self thence to withdraw,
 For fear of mischief, which, she did forecast
 Might by the Witch or by her son compass:
 Her weary palfrey, closely as she might,
 Now well recover'd after long repast,
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
 His late miswander'd ways now to someasure right.

XIX.

And early ere the dawning day appear'd,
 She forth issu'd, and on her journey went;
 She went in peril, of each noise affeard,
 And of each shade, that did it self present;
 For still she feared to be over-hent
 Of that vile Hag, or her uncivil son:
 Who when too late awaking well they kent
 That their fair guest was gone, they both begun
 To make exceeding mone, as they had been undone.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
 For her depart, that ever man did hear;
 He knockt his breast with desperate intent,
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did tear
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged hair:
 That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
 Was greatly woe-begone, and 'gan to fear
 Lest his frail senses were emperisht quight,
 And Love to frenzy turn'd, sith Love is frantick hight.

XXI.

All ways she sought, him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with Tears:
 But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsel might
 Assuage the fury, which his entrails tears:
 So strong is passion, that no reason hears.
 Tho when all other helps she saw to fail,
 She turn'd her self back to her wicked lears,
 And by her devilish arts thought to prevail
 To bring her back again, or work her final bale.

XXII.

Eftsoons out of her hidden cave she call'd
 An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest courage have appall'd;
 Monstrous mishap'd, and all his back was spect
 With thousand spots of colours queint elect;
 Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:
 Like never yet did living eye detect;
 But likest it to an *Hyæna* was,
 That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grass.

XXIII.

It forth she call'd, and gave it streight in charge,
 Through thick and thin her to pursue apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breathe at large,
 Till her he had attain'd, and brought in place,
 Or quite devour'd her beauties scornful grace.
 The monster, swift as word that from her went,
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect scent,
 And passing speed, that shortly he her over-hent.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearful damzel nigh espide,
 No need to bid her fast away to flie;
 That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
 That it she shun'd no less, than dread to die:
 And her flit palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble feet to her conceived fear,
 That whilst his breath did strength to him supply,
 From peril free he her away did bear:
 But when his force 'gan fail, his pace 'gan wax arear.

XXV.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismaid
 At that same last extremity full sore,
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid;
 And now she 'gan approach to the sea shore,
 As it befel, that she could flie no more,
 But yield her self to spoil of greediness.
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
 From her dull horse, in desperate distress,
 And to her feet betook her doubtful sickerness.

XXVI.

Not half so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
 From dread of her revenging fathers hond:
 Nor half so fast to save her maidenhead,
 Fled fearful *Daphne* on th'*Ægean* strond,
 As *Florimell* fled from the monster yond,
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
 For in the sea to drown her self she fond,
 Rather than 'of the tyrant to be caught:
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her courage taught.

XXVII.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordain)
 As she arriv'd on the roaring shore,
 In mind to leap into the mighty main,
 A little boat lay hovering her before,
 In which there slept a fisher old and poor,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand :
 Into the same she leapt, and with the oar,
 Did thrust the shallop from the floating strand :
 So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

XXVIII.

The monster, ready on the prey to seize,
 Was of his forward hope deceived quight ;
 Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vain was forst to turn his flight,
 And tell the idle tidings to his Dame :
 Yet to avenge his divelish despight,
 He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled,
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a Knight
 To pass that way, as forth he travelled ;
 It was a goodly swain, and of great might,
 As ever man that bloody field did fight ;
 But in vain shews, that wont young Knights bewitch,
 And courtly services took no delight,
 But rather joyd to be, than seemen sich :
 For both to be and seem to him was labour lich.

XXX.

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,
 That rang'd abroad, to seek adventures wild,
 As was his wont in forest, and in plain ;
 He was all arm'd in rugged steel unfil'd,
 As in the smoaky forge it was compil'd,
 And in his scutchin bore a Satyrs head :
 He coming present, where the monster vild
 Upon that milk-white palfreys carcass fed,
 Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

XXXI.

There well perceiv'd he, that it was the horse,
Whereon fair *Florimel* was wont to ride,
That of that fiend was rent without remorse :
Much feared he, lest ought did ill betide
To that fair maid, the flowre of womens pride ;
For her he dearly loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide :
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight he found, that did him sore appall.

XXXII.

Full of sad fear, and doubtful agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked fiend ;
And with huge strokes, and cruel battery
Him forst to leave his prey, for to attend
Himself from deadly danger to defend :
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not do him die ; but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

XXXIII.

He wist not how him to despoil of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himself weaker through infirmity ;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Roared and raged to be under-kept :
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a suddain flood,
And in strong banks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitful plain,
That all the country seems to be a main,
And the rich furrows float, all quite fordone :
The woeful husbandman doth loud complain,
To see his whole years labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle boon :

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate.
 So long he held him, and him beat so long,
 That at the last his fierceness 'gan abate,
 And meekly stoop unto the victor strong :
 Who to avenge the implacable wrong,
 Which he supposed done to *Florimell*,
 Sought by all means his dolour to prolong,
 Sith dint of steel his carcass could not quell ;
 His maker with her charms had framed him so well.

XXXVI.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
 About her slender waiste, he took in hand,
 And with it bound the beast that loud did rore
 For great despight of that unwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
 But trembled like a lamb, fled from the prey,
 And all the way him follow'd on the strand,
 As he had long been learned to obey ;
 Yet never learned he such service, till that day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
 He spide far off a mighty Giantess,
 Fast flying on a courser dappled gray,
 From a bold Knight, that with great hardiness
 Her hard pursu'd, and fought for to suppress :
 She bore before her lap a doleful Squire,
 Lying athwart her horse in great distress,
 Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
 Whom she did mean to make the thrall of her desire.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas *Satyrane* beheld, in haste
 He left his captive beast at liberty,
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
 Her to encounter ere she passed by :
 But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
 But forward gallopt fast ; which when he spide,
 His mighty spear he couched warily,
 And at her ran : she, having him descride,
 Her self to fight addrest, and threw her load aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a Goshawk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling Culver, having spide on height
An Eagle, that with plummy wings doth shear
The subtile air, stooping with all his might,
The quarry throws to ground with fell despight,
And to the battle doth her self prepare:
So ran the Giantess unto the fight;
Her fiery eyes with furious sparks did stare,
'And with blasphemous bannis high God in pieces tare.

XL.

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd:
But ere the stroke could seize his aimed place,
His spear amidst her sun-broad shield arriv'd;
Yet nathemore the steel asunder riv'd,
All were the beam in bigness like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd,
But glancing on the tempred metal, braist
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was moved with that might,
Than it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
Upon the top of mount *Olympus* hight,
For the brave youthly champions to assay,
With burning charet wheels it nigh to smight:
But who that smites it, marrs his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII.

Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with stern regard
Her dreadful weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bow'd his battred visour to his breast:
Wherewith he was so stun'd, that he n'ote ride,
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruel enemy espide,
She lightly unto him adjoined side to side;

XLIII.

And on his collar laying puissant hand,
 Out of his wavering feat him pluckt perforce,
 Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand,
 Or help himself; and laying thwart her horse,
 In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
 She bore him fast way. Which when the Knight
 That her pursued saw, with great remorse
 He near was touched in his noble spright,
 And 'gan increase his speed, as she increast her flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espide,
 She threw away her burden angrily;
 For she list not the battle to abide,
 But made her self more light away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy Knight pursu'd so nigh,
 That almost in the back he oft her strake:
 But still when him at hand she did espy,
 She turn'd, and semblance of fair fight did make;
 But when he staid, to flight again she did her take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir *Satyrane* 'gan 'wake
 Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;
 And seeing none in place, he 'gan to make
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruel chance,
 Which reft him from so fair a chevifance:
 At length he spide, whereas that woeful Squire,
 Whom he had reskewed from captivance
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,
 Unable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

XLVI.

To whom approaching, well he mote perceive
 In that foul plight a comely personage,
 And lovely face (made fit for to deceive
 Frail Ladies heart with loves consuming rage)
 Now in the blossom of his freshest age:
 He rear'd him up, and loos'd his iron bands,
 And after 'gan enquire his parentage,
 And how he fell into that Giants hands,
 And who that was, which chased her along the lands.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through fear, the Squire bespake
 That Giantess *Argante* is behight,
 A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
 War against heaven, and heaped hills on height,
 To scale the skies, and put *Jove* from his right :
 Her sire *Typhæus* was, who (mad through mirth,
 And drunk with blood of men, slain by his might)
 Through incest, her of his own mother Earth
 Whilome begot, being but half twin of that birth.

XLVIII.

For at that birth another babe she bore,
 To weet, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
 Great wreak to many errant Knights of yore,
 And many hath to foul confusion brought.
 These twins, men say (a thing far passing thought)
 Whiles in their mothers womb enclos'd they were,
 Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
 In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
 And in that monstrous wise did to the world appear.

XLIX.

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
 'Gainst natures law, and good behaviour :
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 Who not content so foully to devour
 Her native flesh, and stain her brothers bowre;
 Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
 And suffred beasts her body to deflowre :
 So hot she burned in that lustful fire ;
 Yet all that might not slake her sensual desire.

L.

But over all the country she did range,
 To seek young men, to quench her flaming thirst,
 And feed her fancy with delightful change :
 Whomso she fittest finds to serve her lust,
 Through her main strength, in which she most doth trust,
 She with her brings into a secret Isle,
 Where in eternal bondage die he must,
 Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
 And in all shameful sort himself with her defile.

LI.

Me feely wretch she so at vantage caught,
 After she long in wait for me did lie,
 And meant unto her prison to have brought,
 Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie ;
 That thousand deaths me liefer were to die,
 Than break the vow, that to fair *Columbell*
 I plighted have, and yet keep stedfastly :
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell ;
 Call me the *Squire of Dames*, that me beseemeth well.

LII.

But that bold Knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That Giantess, is not such, as she seem'd,
 But a fair virgin, that in martial law,
 And deeds of arms above all Dames is deem'd,
 And above many Knights is eke esteem'd,
 For her great worth ; She *Palladine* is hight :
 She you from death, you me from dread redeem'd.
 Ne any may that monster match in fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

LIII.

Her well beseems that quest, quoth *Satyrane* :
 But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
 Which thou upon thyself hast lately ta'en ?
 That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.
 That gentle Lady, whom I love and serve,
 After long suit and weary services,
 Did ask me, how I could her love deserve,
 And how she might be sure, that I would never swerve.

LIV.

I glad by any means her grace to gain,
 Bade her command my life to save, or spill :
 Eftsoons she bade me with incessant pain,
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And every where, where with my powre or skill
 I might do service unto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill,
 And at the twelve months end should bring their names
 And pledges ; as the spoils of my victorious games,

LV.

So well I to fair Ladies service did,
 And found such favour in their loving hearts,
 That ere the year his course had compassed,
 Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
 And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
 I with me brought, and did to her present:
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smarts,
 Than to reward my trusty true intent,
 She 'gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

LVI.

To weet, that I my travel should resume,
 And with like labour walk the world around,
 Ne ever to her presence should presume,
 Till I so many other Dames had found.
 The which, for all the suit I could propound,
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
 And did abide for ever chaste and sound:
 Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at a word,
 How many found'st thou such to put in thy record?

LVII.

Indeed Sir Knight, said he, one word may tell
 All that I ever found so wisely stayd;
 For only three they were dispos'd so well:
 And yet three years I now abroad have strayd,
 To find them out. Mote I (then laughing said
 The Knight (inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy proffred courtesie denay'd?
 Or ill they seemed sure aviz'd to be,
 Or brutishly brought up, that ne'er did fashions see.

LVIII.

The first which then refused me, said he,
 Certes: was but a common courtesane,
 Yet flat refus'd to have a-do with me,
 Because I could not give her many a jane:
 (Thereat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)
 The second was an holy Nun to chose,
 Which would not let me be her chapellane,
 Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
 Her counsel, if she should her trust in me repose.

LXIX.

The third a damzel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance ;
Full little weened I, that chastity
Had lodging in so mean a maintenance:
Yet was she fair, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion.
Long thus I wooed her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won ;
But was as far at last, as when I first begun.

LX.

Save her, I never any woman found,
That chastity did for it self embrace,
But were for other causes firm and sound ;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for fear of shame and foul disgrace.
Thus am I hopeless ever to attain
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my days am like to waste in vain,
Seeking to match the chaste with th'unchaste Ladies train.

LXI.

Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence back returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not ; for he had broke his band,
And was return'd again unto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of fair *Florimell* became.

C A N T O VIII.

*The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
Like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.*

I.

SO oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meer compassion,
To think how causeless of her own accord
This gentle damzel whom I write upon,
Should plunged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or relief,
That sure I ween, the hardest heart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggravate her grief;
For misery craves rather mercy, than reproof.

II.

But that accursed Hag, her hostess late,
Had so enrankled her malicious heart,
That she desir'd th'abridgment of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painful smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she back returning spide,
Tide with her golden girdle; it, a part
Of her rich spoils, whom he had earst destroy'd,
She weend, and wondrous gladness to her heart applide.

III.

And with it running hast'ly to her son,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliev'd;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as done,
His former grief with fury fresh reviv'd
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The heart out of his breast: for sith her dead
He surely dempt, himself he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had miss'd.

IV.

With thought thereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slain,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprights to entertain
The masters of her art : there was she fain
To call them all in order to her ayd,
And them conjure upon eternal pain,
To counsel her so carefully dismayd,
How she might heal her son, whose senses were decayd.

V.

By their advice, and her own wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous work to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yet,
That even nature self envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfeit should shame
The thing it self. In hand she boldly took
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in shape and look
So lively and so like, that many it mistook.

VI.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massie mould congeal'd,
Which she had gather'd in a shady glade
Of the *Riphaean* hills, to her reveal'd
By errant sprights, but from all men conceal'd :
The same she tempred with fine mercury,
And virgin wax, that never yet was seal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

VII.

Instead of eyes, two burning lamps she set
In silver sockets, shining like the skies,
And a quick moving spirit did arret
To stir and roll them, like to womans eyes :
Instead of yellow locks she did devise,
With golden wire to weave her curled head ;
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As *Florimells* fair hair : and in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the-carcafs dead ;

VIII.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
 And fair resemblance above all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of darkness fell sometime,
 From heavens bliss and everlasting rest;
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best
 Himself to fashion likest *Florimell*,
 Ne how to speak, ne how to use his gest:
 For he in counterfeisance did excel;
 And all the wiles of womens wits knew passing well.

IX.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
 Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
 That who so then her saw, would surely say,
 It was her self, whom it did imitate,
 Or fairer than her self, if ought algate.
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
 Unto her son, that lay in feeble state;
 Who seeing her 'gan straight upstart, and thought
 She was the Lady self, whom he so long had fought.

X.

Tho fast her clipping 'twixt his armēs twain,
 Extreemly joyed in so happy sight,
 And soon forgot his former sickly pain;
 But she, the more to seem such as she hight,
 Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
 Yet still with gentle countenance retain'd,
 Enough to hold a fool in vain delight:
 Him long she so with shadows entertain'd,
 As her creatre's had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
 To walk the woods with that his Idol fair,
 Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
 In th'open freshness of the gentle air,
 A Knight that way there chanced to repair;
 Yet Knight he was not, but a boastful swain,
 That deeds of arms had ever in despair,
 Proud *Braggadocio*, that in vaunting vain
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintain.

XII.

He seeing with that Chorle so fair a wight,
 Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that match a foul disparagement:
 His bloody spear estsoons he boldly bent
 Against the silly clown, who dead through fear,
 Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
 Villain, said he, this Lady is my dear;
 Dye, if thou it gainsay: I will away her bear.

XIII.

The fearful Chorle durst not gainsay, nor do,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the prey;
 Who finding little leisure her to wooe,
 On *Tromparts* steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away.
 Proud man himself then *Braggadocio* deem'd,
 And next to none, after that happy day,
 Being possessed of that spoil, which seem'd
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd,

XIV.

But when he saw himself free from pursute,
 He 'gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
 With terms of love and lewdness dissolute;
 For he could well his glozing speeches frame
 To such vain uses, that him best became:
 But she thereto would lend but light regard;
 As seeming sorry that she ever came
 Into his powre, that used her so hard,
 To reave her honour, which she more than life prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindness treated long,
 There them by chance encountred on the way
 An armed Knight, upon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling feet upon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That capons courage: yet he looked grim,
 And feign'd to chear his Lady in dismay;
 Who seem'd for fear to quake in every limb,
 And her to save from outrage, meekly prayed him.

XVI.

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
 Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
 Bade that same boaster, as he mote, on high
 To leave to him that Lady for excheat,
 Or bide him battle without further treat.
 That challenge did too peremptory seem,
 And fill'd his senses with abashment great ;
 Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extream,
 He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteem ;

XVII.

Saying, thou foolish Knight, that ween'st with words
 To steal away that I with blows have won,
 And brought through points of many per'lous swords :
 But if thee list to see thy courser run,
 Or prove thy self, this sad encounter shun,
 And seek else without hazard of thy head.
 At those proud words that other Knight begun
 To wax exceeding wroth, and him aread.
 To turn his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

XVIII.

Sith then, said *Braggadocio*, needs thou wilt
 Thy days abridge, through proof of puissance,
 Turn we our steeds, that both in equal tilt
 May meet again, and each take happy chance.
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
 Retir'd their steeds, to run in even race :
 But *Braggadocio* with his bloody lance
 Once having turn'd, no more return'd his face,
 But left his Love to loss, and fled himself apace.

XIX.

The Knight him seeing fly, had no regard
 Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode ;
 And having her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
 Upon his courser set the lovely lode,
 And with her fled away without abode.
 Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
 It was, with whom in company he yode,
 And so her self did always to him tell ;
 So made him think himself in heaven, that was in hell.

XX.

But *Florimell* her self was far away,
 Driven to great distress by fortune strange,
 And taught the careful mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compell'd to change
 The land for sea, at random there to range:
 Yet there that cruel Queen avengeress,
 Not satisfide so far her to estrange
 From courtly blifs and wonted happinets,
 Did heap on her new waves of weary wretchedness.

XXI.

For being fled into the fishers boat,
 For refuge from the monsters cruelty,
 Long so she on the mighty main did float,
 And with the tide drove forward carelessly;
 For th'air was mild, and cleared was the sky,
 And all his winds *Dan Æolus* did keep,
 From stirring up their stormy enmity,
 As pitying to see her wail and weep;
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleep.

XXII.

At last when drunk with drowsiness, he woke,
 And saw his drover drive along the stream,
 He was dismayd, and thrice his breast he stroke,
 For marveil of that accident extream;
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beam,
 Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
 He marveil'd more, and thought he yet did dream
 Not well awakt, or that some extasie
 Affotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing he perceiv'd
 To be no vision, nor fantastick sight,
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
 And felt in his old courage new delight
 To 'gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:
 Tho rudely askt her, how she thither came,
 Ah, said she, father, I n'ote read aright,
 What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am.

XXIV.

But thou good man sith far in sea we be,
 And the great waters 'gin apace to swell,
 That now no more we can the main-land see,
 Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
 Lest worse on sea than us on land befell.
 Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
 And said, his boat the way could wisely tell :
 But his deceitful eyes did never lin
 To look on her fair face, and mark her snowy skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,
 Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,
 That the dry wither'd stock it 'gan refresh,
 And kindled heat, that soon in flame forth brust :
 The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
 Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hond
 Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust :
 But she with angry scorn him did withstond,
 And shamefully reproved for his rudeness fond.

XXVI.

But he that never good nor manners knew,
 Her sharp rebuke full little did esteem ;
 Hard is to teach an old horse amble true.
 The inward smoke, that did before but steam,
 Broke into open fire and rage extream,
 And now he strength 'gan add unto his will,
 Forcing to do that did him foul misseem :
 Beastly he threw her down, ne car'd to sp'ill
 Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

XXVII.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand,
 All that she might, and him in vain revil'd :
 She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
 To save her honour from the villain vild,
 And cry'd to heaven, from human help exil'd.
 O ye brave Knights, that boast this Ladies love,
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defil'd
 Of filthy wretch ? well may she you reprove
 Of falshood, or of sloth, when most it may behove.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didst weet,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sorry state,
How soon would ye assemble many a fleet
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?
Towres, cities, kingdoms ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty assuage.

XXIX.

But sith that none of all her Knights is nigh,
See how the heavens of voluntary grace,
And soveraine favour towards chastity,
Do succour send to her distressed case:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortun'd, whilst thus she stilly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shrieks, *Proteus* abroad did rove;
Along the foamy waves driving his finny drove.

XXX.

Proteus is shepherd of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty herd;
An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard:
Who when those pitiful outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His charet swift in haste he thither steard;
Which, with a team of scaly *Phocas* bound,
Was drawn upon the waves, that foamed him around.

XXXI.

And coming to that fishers wandring boat,
That went at will withouten card or sail,
He therein saw that irksome sight, which smote
Deep indignation and compassion frail
Into his heart atonce: streight did he hail
The greedy villain from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little fail,
And with his staff that drives his herd astray,
Him beat so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

XXXII.

The whiles the pitious Lady up did rise,
 Ruffled and foully rayd with filthy soil,
 And blubbred face with tears of her fair eyes :
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toil
 To save her self from that outrageous spoil :
 But when she looked up, to weet what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoil'd,
 For shame, but more for fear of his grim fight,
 Down in her lap she laid her face, and loudly shrigh't.

XXXIII.

Herself not saved yet from danger dred
 She thought, but chang'd from one to other fear ;
 Like as a fearful Partridge, that is fled
 From the sharp Hawk, which her attached near,
 And falls to ground, to seek for succour there,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,
 With greedy jaws her ready for to tear ;
 In such distress and sad perplexity
 Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

XXXIV.

But he endeavoured with speeches mild,
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
 Bidding her fear no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himself ; and who he was, her told.
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
 Ne to recomfort her at all prevail'd ;
 For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
 Benumb'd so inly, that her wits nigh fail'd,
 And all her senses with abashment quite were qail'd.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he rear'd,
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,
 While the cold isicles from his rough beard
 Dropped adown upon her ivory breast :
 Yet he himself so busily addrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Removing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle terms her fair besought.

XXXVI.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
 That beauty durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his heinous fault ;
 Then took he him yet trembling sith of late,
 And ty'd behind his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abus'd so fore :
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornful state,
 And after cast him up upon the shore ;
 But *Florimell* with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the main,
 Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which do rave
 The roaring billows in their proud disdain ;
 That with the angry working of the wave,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
 That seems rough masons hand with engins keen
 Had long while laboured it to engrave :
 There was his wonne, ne living wight was seen,
 Save one old Nymph, hight *Panope*, to keep it clean.

XXXVIII.

Thither he brought the sorry *Florimell*,
 And entertained her the best he might ;
 And *Panope* her entertain'd eke well,
 As an immortal mote a mortal wight,
 To win her liking unto his delight ;
 With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered fair gifts t'allure her sight :
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despis'd, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
 And never suffred her to be at rest :
 But evermore she him refused flat,
 And all his feigned kindness did detest ;
 So firmly she had sealed up her breast.
 Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight :
 But she a mortal creature loved best :
 Then he would make himself a mortal wight ;
 But then she said she lov'd none but a Fairy Knight.

XL.

Then like a Fairy Knight himself he drest ;
 For every shape on him he could endue :
 Then like a King he was to her exprest,
 And offred kingdoms unto her in view,
 To be his Leman and his Lady true :
 But when all this he nothing saw prevail,
 With harder means he cast her to subdue,
 And with sharp threats her often did assail,
 So thinking for to make her stubborn courage quail.

XLI.

To dreadful shapes he did himself transform,
 Now like a Giant, now like to a Fiend,
 Then like a Centaur, then like to a storm,
 Raging within the waves : thereby he weend
 Her will to win unto his wished end.
 But when with fear, nor favour, nor with all
 He else could do, he saw himself esteem'd,
 Down in a dungeon deep he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternal thrall.

XLII.

Eternal thraldom was to her more lief,
 Than loss of chastity, or change of Love :
 Dye had she rather in tormenting grief,
 Than any should of falseness her reprove,
 Or looseness, that she lightly did remove.
 Most virtuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crown of heavenly praise with saints above,
 Where most sweet hymns of this thy famous deed
 Are still amongst them sung, that far my rhimes exceed.

XLIII.

Fit song, of Angels caroled to be,
 But yet what so my feeble muse can frame,
 Shall be t'advance thy goodly chastity,
 And to enroll thy memorable name,
 In th'heart of every honourable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endless fame.
 It irkes me leave thee in this woeful state,
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late :

XLIV.

Who having ended with that *Squire of Dames*,
 A long discourse of her adventures vain,
 The which himself, than Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' *Hyena* to be slain,
 With that same *Squire*, returned back again
 To his first way. And as they forward went,
 They spide a Knight fair pricking on the plain,
 As if he were on some adventure bent,
 And in his post appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did address,
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest :
 And coming nigh, eftsoons he gan to guess
 Both by the burning heat, which on his breast
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting, as befeemed best,
 Gan first inquire of tidings far-abrode ;
 And afterwards, on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering, said ; The tidings bad,
 Which now in Fairy Court all men do tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
 Is the late ruin of proud *Marinell*,
 And suddain 'parture of fair *Florimell*,
 To find him forth : and after her are gone
 All the brave Knights, that doen in arms excell,
 To safeguard her, ywandred all alone ;
 Emongst the rest, my lot (unworthy) 's to be one.

XLVII.

Ah gentle Knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thankless service on thee ta'en,
 And offrest sacrifice unto the dead :
 For dead, I surely doubt thou mayst aread
 Henceforth for ever *Florimell* to be ;
 That all the noble Knights of *Maydenbead*,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
 And all fair Ladies may for ever sorry be.

XLVIII.

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hue
 Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismayd to be;
 Then said, fair Sir, how may I ween it true
 That ye do tell in such uncertainty?
 Or speak ye of report, or did ye see
 Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
 For perdy else how mote it ever be
 That ever hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood? the heavens such cruelty abhor.

XLIX.

These eyes did see, that they will ever rewe
 T'have seen, quoth he, whenas a monstrous beast
 The palfrey, whereon she did travel, slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certain loss, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distain'd with dirt and blood, as relique of the prey.

L.

Aye me, said *Paridell*, the signs be sad,
 And but God turn the same to good soothsay,
 That Ladies safety is sore to be drad:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till trial do more certain truth bewray.
 Fair Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
 But to the rest, which in this quest proceed
 My labour add, and be partaker of their speed.

LI.

Ye noble Knights, said then the *Squire of Dames*,
 Well may ye speed in so praise-worthy pain:
 But sith the sun now 'gins to flake his beams,
 In dewy vapours of the western main,
 And loose the team out of his weary wain,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous haste, till morrow next again
 Both light of heaven, and strength of men relate:
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turn your gate.

LII.

That counsel pleased well so all yfere
 Forth marched to a castle them before ;
 Where soon arriving, they restrained were
 Of ready entrance, which ought evermore
 To errant Knight be common: wondrous fore
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
 Gan them inform the cause, why that same dore
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desire :
 The which to let you weet, will further time require,

C A N T O IX.

*Malbecco will no strange Knights host,
 For peevish jealousy :
 Paridel giusts with Britomart ;
 Both shew their auncestry.*

I.

Redoubted Knights, and honourable Dames,
 To whom I level all my labours end,
 Right fore I fear, lest with unworthy blames
 This odious argument my rhimes should shend,
 Or aught your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shining glory of your soveraine light,
 And knighthood foul defaced by a faithless Knight.

II.

But never let th'ensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for good by paragone
 Of evil, may more notably be rad,
 As white seems fairer, matcht with black attone ;
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one :
 For lo in heaven, whereas all goodness is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked sprights did fall from happy blifs ;
 What wonder then, if one of women all did miss ?

III.

Then listen lordings, if ye list to wett
 The cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
 Mote not be entertain'd, as seemed meet,
 Into that castle (as that Squire does tell.)
 Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
 That has no skill of court nor courtesie,
 Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well;
 For all his days he drowns in privity,
 Yet has full large to live, and spend at liberty.

IV.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelf,
 To hoard up heaps of evil gotten mass,
 For which he others wrongs, and wrécks himself;
 Yet is he linked to a lovely Lasse,
 Whose beauty doth his bounty far surpass,
 The which to him both far unequal years,
 And also far unlike conditions has;
 For she does joy to play amongst her pears,
 And to be free from hard restraint and jealous fears,

V.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Unfit fair Ladies service to supply;
 The privy guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keep continual spy
 Upon her with his other blinked eye;
 Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
 Approch to her, ne keep her company,
 But in close bowre her mews from all mens sight,
 Depriv'd of kindly joy and natural delight.

VI.

Malbecco he, and *Helenore* she hight,
 Unfitly yoked together in one team:
 That is the cause, why never any Knight
 Is suffered here to enter, but he seem
 Such as no doubt of him he need misdeem.
 Thereat Sir *Satyrane* 'gan smile and say;
 Extreemly mad the man I surely deem,
 That weens with watch and hard restraint to stay
 A womans will which is dispos'd to go astray.

VII.

In vain he fears that which he cannot shone :
 For who wotes not, that womans subtilties
 Can guilen *Argas*, when she list misdome?
 It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brazen walls, nor many wakeful spyes,
 That can withhold her wilful wandring feet ;
 But fast good will with gentle courtesies,
 And timely service to her pleasures meet,
 May her perhaps contain, that else would algates fleet.

VIII.

Then is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,
 That hath himself unto such service sold,
 In doleful thraldom all his days to dwell?
 For sure a fool I do him firmly hold,
 That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
 But why do we devise of others ill,
 Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
 To keep us out, in scorn of his own will,
 And rather do not ransack all, and himself kill?

IX.

Nay let us first, said *Satyrane*, intreat
 The man by gentle means, to let us in,
 And afterwards affray with cruel threat,
 Ere that we to efforce it do begin :
 Then if all fail, we will by force it win,
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 As may be worthy of his heinous sin.
 That counsel pleas'd : Then *Paridell* did rise,
 And to the castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.
 The good-man self (which then the Porter playd)
 Him answered, that all were now retir'd
 Unto their rest ; and all the keys conveyd
 Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst awake out of his dream ;
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
 Then *Paridell* began to change his theme,
 And threatned him with force, and punishment extreme.

XI.

But all in vain; for nought mote him relent.
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They waited, that the night was forward spent;
 And the fair welkin, foully over-cast,
 Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
 With showre and hail so horrible and dred;
 That this fair many were compel'd at last
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

XII.

It fortun'd, soon after they were gone,
 Another Knight, whom tempest thither brought,
 Came to that castle; and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance dear besought:
 But like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
 For flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
 Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to avenge himself so sore abus'd,
 And evermore the Carle of courtesie accus'd.

XIII.

But to avoid th'intolerable stowre,
 He was compel'd to seek some refuge near,
 And to that shed (to shrowd him from the showre)
 He came, which full of guests he found whylear,
 So as he was not let to enter there;
 Whereat he 'gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,
 Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
 And them defied each, and so defide them both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needful tent,
 And both full loth in darkness to debate;
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
 But chiefly *Paridell* his heart did grate,
 To hear him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a Dog to kennel rate,
 That durst not bark; and rather had he dye,
 Than when he was defide, in coward corner lye.

XV.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth issu'd; like as a boistrous wind,
 Which in th'earth's hollow caves hath long been hid,
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kind
 To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issue forth may find;
 Then forth it breaks, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land and seas, and skies doth over-cast.

XVI.

Their steel-head spears they strongly coucht, and met
 Together with impetuous rage and force;
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
 They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
 That each (awhile) lay like a senseless corse:
 But *Paridell*, sore bruised with the blow,
 Could not arise, the counterchange to scorce,
 Till that young Squire him reared from below;
 Then drew he his bright sword, and 'gan about him throw.

XVII.

But *Satyrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,
 And with fair treaty pacified their ire;
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that castles Lord they 'gan conspire,
 To heap on him due vengeance for his hire,
 They been agreed, and to the gates they go
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that uncourteous Carle (their common foe)
 To do foul death to dye, or wrap in grievous woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolv'd indeed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearful speed;
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly, him to bear withall,
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse,
 And slack attendance unto strangers call.
 The Knights were willing all things to excuse,
 Though nought believ'd, and entrance late did not refuse.

XIX.

They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
 And serv'd of all things that mote needful be ;
 Yet secretly their host did on them lowre,
 And welcom'd more for fear than charity ;
 But they dissembled what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselves. Each 'gan undight
 Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
 To dry themselves by *Vulcan's* flaming light,
 And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

XX.

And eke that stranger Knight, emongst the rest,
 Was for like need enforst to disarray :
 Tho whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
 Up-bouden, did themselves adown display,
 And raught unto her heels ; like funny beams
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
 Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleams,
 And through the persent air shoot forth their azure streams.

XXI.

She also doft her heavy haberjeon,
 Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide ;
 And her well plighted frock, which she did won
 To tuck about her short when she did ride,
 She low let fall, that flow'd from her lank side
 Down to her foot, with careless modesty.
 Then of them all she plainly was espide
 To be a woman-wight (unwist to be)
 The fairest woman-wight that ever eye did see.

XXII.

Like as *Minerva*, being late return'd
 From slaughter of the giants conquered ;
 Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nofethrills burn'd
 With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
 Transfix'd with her spear, down tumbled dead
 From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped high ;
 Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
 And her *Gorgonian* shield 'gins to unty
 From her left arm, to rest in glorious victory.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
 And each on other, and they all on her
 Stood gazing, as if suddain great affright
 Had them surpriz'd. At last, avising right,
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
 Which they so much mistook, they took delight
 In their first error, and yet still anew
 With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

XXIV.

Yet n'ote their hungry view be satisfide;
 But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
 And ever firmly fixed did abide
 In contemplation of divinity:
 But most they marvelld at her chevalry
 And noble prowess, which they had approv'd;
 That much they fain'd to know who she mote be;
 Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
 Yet every one her likt, and every one her lov'd.

XXV.

And *Paridell*, though partly discontent,
 With his late fall, and foul indignity,
 Yet was soon won his malice to relent,
 Through gracious regard of her fair eye,
 And knightly worth, which he too late did try;
 Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
 Then they *Malbecco* pray'd of courtesy,
 That of his Lady they might have the fight,
 And company at meat, to do them more delight.

XXVI.

But he, to shift their curious request,
 'Gan cause why she could not come in place;
 Her crazed health, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid evening, ill for sick folks case:
 But none of those excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eat till she in presence came.
 She came in presence with right comely grace,
 And fairly them saluted, as became,
 And shew'd her self in all a gentle courteous Dame.

XXVII.

They fate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chance
 Was her before, and *Paridell* beside ;
 But he himself fate looking still ascaunce,
 Gainst *Britomart*, end ever closely ey'd
 Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glide :
 But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,
 All his demeanure from his sight did hide :
 On her fair face so did he feed his fill,
 And sent close messages of love to her at will.

XXVIII.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
 With speaking looks, that close embassage bore,
 He rov'd at her, and told his secret care :
 For all that art he learned had of yore.
 Ne was she ignorant of that lewd lore,
 But in his eye his meaning wisely read,
 And with the like him answer'd evermore :
 She sent at him one firy dart, whose head
 Empoisoned was with privy lust, and jealous dread.

XXIX.

Hefrom that deadly throw made no defence,
 But to the wound his weak heart open'd wide ;
 The wicked engine through false influence
 Past through his eyes, and secretly did glide
 Into his heart, which it did sorely gride.
 But nothing new to him was that same pain,
 Ne pain at all ; for he so oft had tride
 The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vain,
 That thing of course he counted, love to entertain.

XXX.

Thence-forth to her he sought to intimate
 His inward grief, by means to him well known ;
 Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the silver plate
 He on the table dasht, as overthrown,
 Or of the fruitful liquor overflown,
 And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
 Or therein write to let his love be shown ;
 Which well she read out of the learned line ;
 (A sacrament profane in mystery of wine.)

XXXI.

And when-so of his hand the pledge she raught,
 The guilty cup she feigned to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing desire her inward flame to stake :
 By which close signs they secret way did make
 Unto their wills, and one eyes watch escape ;
 Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who Lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
 By their fair handling, put into *Malebecco's* cape.

XXXII.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame,
 Unto those Knights adventurous, to tell
 Of deeds of arms; which unto them became,
 And every one his kindred, and his name.
 Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride
 Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded) being glad of so fit tide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde.

XXXIII.

Troy that art now nought but an idle name,
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lye,
 Though whylome far much greater than thy fame,
 Before that angry Gods, and cruel sky
 Upon thee heapt a direful destiny ;
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetcht from heaven thy great genealogy,
 Sith all thy worthy praises being blent,
 Their offspring hath embast, and later glory shent ?

XXXIV.

Most famous worthy of the world, by whom
 That war was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
 And stately towres of *Iliou* whilome
 Brought unto baleful ruin, was by name
 Sir *Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame ;
 Who through great prowess and bold hardiness,
 From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the fairest Dame
 That ever *Greece* did boast, or Knight possess,
 Whom *Venus* to him gave for meed of worthiness.

XXXV.

Fair *Hellen*, flowre of beauty excellent,
 And girland of the mighty conquerors,
 That madeſt many Ladies dear lament
 The heavy loſs of their brave paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from *Trojan* towres,
 And ſaw the fields of fair *Scamander* ſtrown
 With carcaſſes of noble warriours,
 Whoſe fruitleſs lives were under furrow ſown,
 And *Xanibus* ſandy banks with blood all overflown.

XXXVI.

From him, my linage I derive aright,
 Who long before the ten years ſiege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a ſhepherd hight,
 On fair *Oenone* got a lovely boy :
 Whom for remembrance of her paſſed joy,
 She of his father, *Parus* did name ;
 Who, after *Greeks* did *Priams* realm deſtroy,
 Gath' red the *Trojans* reliques ſav'd from flame,
 And with them ſailing thence, to th' Iſle of *Paros* came.

XXXVII.

That was by him call'd *Paros*, which before
 Hight *Nauſa* : there he many years did reign,
 And built *Nauſicle* by the *Pontick* ſhore ;
 The which he dying, left next in remain
 To *Paridas* his Son.
 From whom I *Paridell* by kin deſcend ;
 But for fair Ladies love, and glories gain,
 My native ſoil have left, my days to ſpend
 In 'ſueing deeds of arms, my lifes and labours end.

XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Trojan* wars, and *Priams* city ſackt
 (The rueful ſtory of Sir *Paridell*)
 She was empaſſiond at that pitious act,
 With zealous envy of *Greeks* cruel fact,
 Againſt that nation, from whoſe race of old
 She heard that ſhe was lineally extract :
 For noble *Britons* ſprung from *Trojans* bold,
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troys* aſhes cold.

XXXIX.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus :
 O lamentable fall of famous town !
 Which reign'd so many years victorious,
 And of all *Asia* bore the soveraine crown,
 In one sad night consum'd, and throwen down :
 What stony heart, that hears thy hapless fate,
 Is not empierst with deep compassion,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That flowres so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late.

XL.

Behold, Sir, how your pitiful complaint
 Hath found another partner of your pain :
 For nothing may impress so dear constraint,
 As countries cause, and common foes disdain.
 But if it should not grieve you back again
 To turn your course, I would to hear desire
 What to *Æneas* fell ; sith that men sayn
 He was not in the cities woeful fire
 Consum'd, but did himself to safety retire.

XLI.

Anchyses Son, begot of *Venus* fair,
 Said he, out of the flames for safeguard fled,
 And with a remnant did to sea repair,
 Where he through fatal error long was led
 Full many years, and weetless wandered
 From shore to shore, emongst the *Lybick* sands,
 Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
 And many perils past in foreign lands,
 To save his people sad from victors vengeful hands.

XLII.

At last in *Latium* he did arrive,
 Where he with cruel war was entertain'd
 Of th'inland folk, which sought him back to drive
 Till he with old *Latinus* was constrain'd
 To contract wedlock : (so the Fates ordain'd.)
 Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
 Accomplished, that many dear complain'd :
 The rival slain, the victor (through the flood
 Escaped hardly) hardly prais'd his wedlock good.

XLIII.

Yet after all, he victor did survive,
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdom part.
 But after, when both nations 'gan to strive,
 Into their names the title to convart,
 His son *Iulus* did from thence depart,
 With all the warlike youth of *Trojans* blood,
 And in long *Alba* plac'd his throne apart,
 Where fair it flourished, and long time stood,
 Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remov'd.

XLIV.

There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd
 The glory of the later world to spring,
 And *Troy* again out of her dust was rear'd,
 To sit in second seat of soveraine King
 Of all the world under her governing.
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise,
 Out of the *Trojans* scattered offspring
 That in all glory and great enterprise,
 Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalise.

XLV.

It *Troynovant* is hight, that with the waves
 Of wealthy *Tbamis* washed is along,
 Upon whose stubborn neck (whereat he raves
 With roaring rage, and sore himself does throng,
 That all men fear to tempt his billows strong)
 She fastned hath her foot, which stands so high,
 That it a wonder of the world is song
 In foreign lands; and all which passen by,
 Beholding it from far, do think it threatens the sky.

XLVI.

The *Trojan Brute* did first that city found,
 And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by west,
 And *Overt-gate* by north: that is the bound
 Toward the land; two rivers bound the rest.
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
 To be the compass of his kingdoms seat:
 So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
 Ne in small mears contain his glory great,
 That *Albion* had conquer'd first by warlike feat.

XLVII.

Ah! fairest Lady-Knight, said *Paridell*,
 Pardon (I pray) my heedless over-sight,
 Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
 From aged *Mnemon*; for my wits been light.
 Indeed he said, if I remember right,
 That of the antique *Trojan* stock, there grew
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous height,
 And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
 Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

For that same *Brute* (whom much he did advance
 In all his speech) was *Sylvius* his son,
 Whom having slain, through luckless arrows glance,
 He fled for fear of that he had misdane,
 Or else for shame, so foul reproach to shone;
 And with him led to sea a youthly train,
 Where weary wandring they long time did wonne,
 And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* main,
 And great adventures found, that now were long to sayn.

XLIX.

At last by fatal course they driven were
 Into an Island spacious and broad,
 The furthest north that did to them appear:
 And (after rest they seeking far abroad)
 Found it the fittest soil for their abode;
 Fruitful of all things fit for living food,
 But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
 Save an huge nation of the Giants brood,
 That fed on living flesh, and drunk mens vital blood.

L.

Whom he through weary wars and labours long,
 Subdu'd with loss of many *Britons* bold:
 In which, the great *Goëmagot* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
 Were overthrown, and laid on th'earth full cold,
 Which quaked under their so hideous mass:
 A famous history to be enrold
 In everlasting monuments of brass,
 That all the antique worthies merits far did pass.

LI.

His work, great *Treynuant*, his work is eke
 Fair *Lincoln*, both renowned far away,
 That who from east to west will end-long seek,
 Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
 Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say
 Old *Mnemon*. Therefore sir, I greet you well
 Your country kin, and you entirely pray
 Of pardon for the strife which late befell
 Betwixt us both unknown. So ended *Peridell*.

LII.

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
 Upon his lips hung fair Dame *Hellenore*,
 With vigilant regard, and due attent,
 Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore
 In her frail wit, that now her quite forlore:
 The whiles, unwares away her wandring eye
 And greedy ears, her weak heart from her bore:
 Which he perceiving, ever privily
 In speaking, many false belgards at her let fly.

LIII.

So long these Knights discoursed diversly,
 Of strange affairs, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,
 And heavenly lamps were halfendeal ybrent:
 Which th'old man seeing well (who too long thought
 Every discourse and every argument,
 Which by the hours he measured) besought
 Them go to rest. So all unto their bowrs were brought.

C A N T O X.

Paridell *rapeth* Hellenore:
 Malbecco *her pursues*:
Finds amongst Satyrs, whence with him
To turn she doth refuse.

I.

The morrow next, so soon as *Phæbus* lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heaven amoved quight,
 Fair *Britomart* and that same *Fairy Knight*
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
 But *Paridell* complain'd, that his late fight
 With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,
 That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

II.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,
 Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
 To house a guest, that would be needs obey'd,
 And of his own him left not liberty:
 (Might, wanting measure, moveth surquedry.)
 Two things he feared, but the third was death;
 That fierce young mans unruly mastery;
 His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
 And his fair wife, whom honest long he kept uncath.

III.

But patience perforce: he must aby
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
 Fond is the fear that finds no remedy;
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,
 By which he feareth evil happen may:
 So th'evil thinks by watching to prevent;
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
 Out of his sight her self once to absent
 So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

IV.

But *Paridell* kept better watch than he,
 A fit occasion for his turn to find :
 False Love, why do men say, thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish fancy feign thee blind,
 That with thy charms the sharpest sight dost bind,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest every secret of the mind ;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee ;
 All that is by the working of thy Deity.

V.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
 That he *Malbecco's* halfen eye did while :
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And *Hellenor's* both eyes did eke beguile,
 Both eyes and heart attonce, during the while
 That he there sojourned his wounds to heal ;
 That *Cupid* self it seeing, close did smile,
 To weet how he her love away did steal,
 And bade, that none their joyous treason should reveal.

VI.

The learned Lover lost no time nor tide,
 That least advantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so fair a sail, that none espide
 His secret drift, till he her laid aboard.
 When-so in open place, and common bord,
 He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech
 He courted her, yet baited every word,
 That his ungentle host n'ote him appeach
 Of vile ungentleness, or hospitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he plide,
 And all the sleights unbosom'd in his heart ;
 He sigh'd, he sob'd, he swound, he perdy dide,
 And cast himself on ground her fast beside :
 Tho when again he him bethought to live,
 He wept, and waild, and false laments belide,
 Saying, but if she mercy would him give,
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII.

And other-whiles with amorous delights,
And pleasing toys he would her entertain,
Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,
Now making lays of love and Lovers pain,
Branles, ballads, virelays, and verses vain;
Oft purposes, oft riddles he devis'd,
And thousands like, which flow'd in his brain,
With which he fed her fancy and entis'd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despis'd.

IX.

And every where he might, and every while
He did her service dutiful, and su'd
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So closely yet, that none but she it view'd,
Who well perceived all, and all indu'd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weak hearts had subdu'd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

X.

No fort so sensible, no walls so strong,
But that continual battery will rive,
Or daily siege through dispurveyance long,
And lack of rescues will to parly drive;
And piece, that unto parly ear will give,
Will shortly yield it self, and will be made
The vassal of the victors will bylive:
That stratagem had oftentimes assay'd
This crafty paramour, and now it plain display'd.

XI.

For though his trains he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and heart hath wholly sold
To him, without regard of gain, or scath,
Or care of credit, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fair cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly she
Devized hath, and to her Lover told.
It pleased well. So well they both agree;
So ready ripe to ill, ill womens counsels be.

XII.

Dark was the evening, fit for Lovers stealth,
 When chanc'd *Malbecco* busie be else-where,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid: thereof she countless sums did rear,
 The which she meant away with her to bear;
 The rest, she fir'd for sport, or for despight;
 As *Hellen*, when she saw aloft appear
 The *Trojan* flames, and reach to heavens height,
 Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful sight.

XIII.

This second *Hellen*, fair Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ran with sorry haste
 To quench the flames which she had tin'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;
 And ran into her Lovers arms right fast;
 Where straight embraced, she to him did cry,
 And call aloud for help, ere help were past;
 For lo, that guest would bear her forcibly,
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dye.

XIV.

The wretched man, hearing her call for aid,
 And ready seeing him with her to fly,
 In his disquiet mind was much dismay'd:
 But when again he backward cast his eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his heart, and scorch his idols face,
 He was there-with distressed diversly,
 Ne wist he how to turn, nor to what place;
 Was never wretched man in such a woeful case.

XV.

Ay when to him she cride, to her he turn'd,
 And left the fire; Love, money overcame:
 But, when he marked how his money burn'd,
 He left his wife; money did Love disclaim:
 Both was he loth to lose his loved Dame,
 And loth to leave his liefest pelf behind,
 Yet sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
 The God of his desire, the joy of misers blind.

XVI.

Thus whilst all things in troublous uproar were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple need no rescue fear,
But leisure had, and liberty to frame
Their purposd flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night (the patroness of love-stealth fair)
Gave him safe conduct, till to end they came:
So been they gone yfere (a wanton pair
Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repair.

XVII.

Soon as the cruel flames yslacked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his loss did lie,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waves of grief and jealousy
Full deep emplonged was, and drowned nigh,
Twixt inward dool and felonous despight;
He rav'd, he wept, he stamp't, he loud did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppress, and vex his caitive spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grief,
And did consume his gall with anguish fore:
Still when he mused on his late mischief,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seem'd more grievous than it was before:
At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne grief might not his Love to him restore,
He 'gan devise, how her he rescue mought,
Ten thousand ways he cast in his confused thought.

XIX.

At last, resolving like a pilgrim poor
To search her forth, where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond
To seek her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and near,
And every where that he mote understond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tidings did inquere.

XX.

But all in vain, his woman was too wise,
 Ever to come into his clouch again,
 And he too simple ever to surprise
 The jolly *Paridell*, for all his pain.
 One day, as he fore-passed by the plain
 With weary pace, he far away espide.
 A couple (seeming well to be his twain)
 Which hoved close under a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide.

XXI.

Well weened he, that those the same mote be :
 And as he better did their shape avize,
 Him seemed more their manner did agree ;
 For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom to be *Paridell* he did devize ;
 And th'other, all yclad in garments light,
 Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his Lady bright ;
 And ever his faint heart much yearned at the sight.

XXII.

And ever fain he towards them would go,
 But yet durst not for dread approachen nigh,
 But stood aloof, unweeting what to do ;
 Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
 That is the father of foul jealousy,
 He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet :
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might 'scern, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

XXIII.

But it was scornful *Braggadocio*,
 That with his servant *Trompart* hover'd there,
 Since late he fled from his too earnest foe :
 Whom such whenas *Malbecco* spied clear,
 He turned back, and would have fled arear ;
 Till *Trompart* running hast'ly, him did stay,
 And bade before his soveraine Lord appear :
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gain-say,
 And coming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV.

The boaster at him sternly bent his brow,
As if he could have kill'd him with his look,
That to the ground him meekly made to bow,
And awful terror deep into him strook,
That every member of his body quook.
Said he, thou man of nought, what dost thou here,
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and book,
Where I expected one with shield and spear,
To prove some deeds of arms upon an equal peer.

XXV.

The wretched man, at his imperious speech,
Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my rudeness be a breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune strayd,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distress,
That seek a Lady. There he suddain stayd,
And did the rest with grievous sighs suppress,
While tears stood in his eyes (few drops of bitterness.)

XXVI.

What Lady, man? said *Trompart*, take good heart,
And tell thy grief, if any hidden lye;
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Than now, that noble succour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearful word his weak heart much did chear,
And with vain hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said; O most redoubted Peer,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to hear.

XXVII.

Then sighing fore, It is not long, said he,
Since I enjoy'd the gentlest Dame alive;
Of whom a Knight, no Knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that do for honour strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foul force unto his will did drive,
Which all good Knights, that arms do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

XXVIII.

And you (most noble Lord) that can and dare
 Redress the wrong of miserable wight,
 Cannot employ your most victorious spear
 In better quarrel, than defence of right,
 And for a Lady 'gainst a faithless Knight;
 So shall your glory be advanced much,
 And all fair Ladies magnify your might,
 And eke my self (albe I simple such)
 Your worthy pain shall well reward with guerdon rich.

XXIX.

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
 Great store of treasure, there-with him to tempt;
 But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
 As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
 Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
 And said; Thy offers base I greatly loath,
 And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
 That, were it not for shame; So turned from him wroth.

XXX.

But *Trompart*, that his masters humour knew,
 In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
 Was inly tickled with that golden view,
 And in his ear him rounded close behind:
 Yet stoopt he not, but lay still in the wind,
 Waiting advantage on the prey to seise;
 Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclin'd,
 Besought him his great courage to appease,
 And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

XXXI.

Big looking, like a doughty Doucëpere,
 At last he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudeness bear;
 But weet henceforth, that all that golden prey,
 And all that else the vain world vaunten may,
 I loath as dung, ne deem my due reward:
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
 But minds of mortal men are muchell mar'd,
 And mov'd amiss with massie mucks unmeet regard.

XXXII.

And more, I grant to thy great misery
 Gracious respect, thy wife shall back be sent:
 And that vile Knight, whoever that he be,
 Which hath thy Lady rest, and knighthood sheat,
 By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
 The blood hath of so many thousands shed,
 I swear, ere long shall dearly it repent;
 Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his head,
 But soon he shall be found, and shortly doen be dead.

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
 As if the word so spoken were half done,
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
 That had from death to life him newly won.
 Tho forth the boaster marching, brave begun
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heaven and hell would over run,
 And all the world confound with cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together travelled,
 Through many a wood, and many an uncouth way,
 To seek his wife, that was far wandered,
 But those two fought nought but the present prey.
 To weet the treasure, which he did bewray,
 On which their eyes and hearts were wholly set,
 With purpose how they might it best betray;
 For sith the hour that first he did them let
 The same behold, there-with their keen desires were whet.

XXXV.

It fortun'd as they together far'd,
 They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast
 Upon the plain, the which himself prepar'd
 To giust with that brave stranger Knight a cast,
 As on adventure by the way he past:
 Alone he rode without his paragone;
 For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
 To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
 He n'ould be clog'd. So had he served many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle Lady; loose at random left,
 The green-wood long did walk, and wander wide
 At wild adventure, like a forlorn weft,
 Till on a day the *Satyrs* her espide
 Straying alone withouten groom or guide:
 Her up they took, and with them home her led,
 With them as housewife ever to abide,
 To milk their Goats, and make them cheese and bread,
 And every one as common good her handeled.

XXXVII.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgot,
 And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he dear;
 Who from her went to seek another lot,
 And now (by fortune) was arrived here,
 Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
 Soon as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,
 He fainted, and was almost dead with fear,
 Ne word he had to speak, his grief to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

XXXVIII.

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
 I take no keep of her, said *Paridell*:
 She wonneth in the forest there before.
 So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
 The whiles the boaster from his lofty fell
 Feign'd to alight, something amiss to mend;
 But the fresh swain would not his leisure dwell,
 But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
 He up remounted light, and after feign'd to wend.

XXXIX.

Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:
 But let him pass as lightly as he came:
 For little good of him is to be got,
 And mickle peril to be put to shame.
 But let us go to seek my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:
 For of her safety in great doubt I am,
 Lest salvage beasts her person have despoil'd:
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vain have toil'd.

XL.

They all agree, and forward them addrest :

Ah ! but said crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,

That yonder in that wasteful wilderness

Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell ;

Dragons, and Minotaurs, and fiends of hell,

And many wild wood-men, which rob and rend

All travellers ; therefore advise ye well,

Before ye enterprise that way to wend :

One may his journey bring too soon to evil end.

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,

And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,

Their counsel crav'd, in danger imminent.

Said *Trompart*, You that are the most oppress'd

With burden of great treasure, I think best

Here for to stay in safety behind ;

My Lord and I will search the wide forest.

That counsel pleased not *Malbecco's* mind ;

For he was much affraid, himself alone to find.

XLII.

Then is it best, said he, that ye do leave

Your treasure here in some security,

Either fast closed in some hollow grave,

Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,

Till we return again in safety :

As for us two, lest doubt of us ye have,

Hence far away we will blindfolded lye,

Ne privy be unto your treasures grave.

It pleased : so he did, then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,

They heard a noise of many bagpipes shrill,

And shrieking hububs them approaching near,

Which all the forest did with horror fill :

That dreadful sound the boasters heart did thrill,

With such amazement, that in haste he fled,

Ne ever looked back for good or ill,

And after him eke fearful *Trompart* sped ;

The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dead.

XLIV.

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
 He in a bush did hide his fearful head :
 The jolly *Satyrs*, full of fresh delight,
 Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly led
 Fair *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made :
 She proud of that new honour, which they read,
 And of their lovely fellowship full glad,
 Danc'd lively, and her face did with a Laurel shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in the thicket lay,
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
 Yet durst he not against it do or say,
 But did his heart with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th'unkindness of his *Hellenore*.
 All day they danced with great lustihed,
 And with their horned feet the green grasse wore,
 The whiles their Goats upon the brouzes fed,
 Till drooping *Phæbus* 'gan to hide his golden head.

XLVI.

Tho up they 'gan their merry pipes to trufs,
 And all their goodly herds did gather round ;
 But every *Satyr* first did give a bufs
 To *Hellenore* : so buffes did abound.
 Now 'gan the humid vapour shed the ground
 With pearly dew, and the earths gloomy shade
 Did dim the brightness of the welkin round
 That every bird and beast awarned made
 To shroud themselves, whiles sleep their senses did invade.

XLVII.

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the bush
 Upon his hands and feet he crept full light,
 And like a Goat emongst the Goats did rush,
 That through the help of his fair horns on height,
 And misty damp of misconceiving night,
 And eke through likeness of his goatish beard,
 He did the better counterfeit aright :
 So home he marcht emongst the horned herd,
 That none of all the *Satyrs* him espide or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleep, he viewd,
 Where-as his lovely Wife amongst them lay,
 Embraced of a *Satyr* rough and rude,
 Who all the night did mind his joyous play :
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 'That all his heart with jealousie did swell ;
 But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
 That not for nought his Wife them lov'd so well,
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
 When weary of their sport to sleep they fell ;
 And to his Wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whisper'd in her ear, and did her tell,
 That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore pray'd her wake, to hear him plain :
 As one out of a dream not waked well,
 She turn'd her, and returned back again :
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constrain.

L.

At last with irksome trouble she abraid ;
 And then perceiving that it was indeed
 Her old *Malbecco*, which did her upbraid,
 With looseness of her love, and loathly deed,
 She was astonisht with exceeding dread,
 And would have wakt the *Satyr* by her side ;
 But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
 To save his life, ne let him be descride,
 But harken to his lore, and all his counsel hide.

LI.

Tho 'gan he her persuade, to leave that lewd
 And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
 And home return, where all should be renewd
 With perfect peace, and bands of fresh accord,
 And she receiv'd again to bed and bord,
 As if no trespass ever had been done :
 But she it all refused at one word,
 And by no means would to his will be won,
 But chose amongst the jolly *Satyrs* still to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her, till day spring he espide ;
 But all in vain : and then turn'd to the herd,
 Who butted him with horns on every side,
 And trode down in the dirt, where his hore beard
 Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.
 Early before the heavens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy East was fully rear'd,
 The herds out of their folds were loosed quight,
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sorry plight.

LIII.

So soon as he the prison door did pass,
 He ran as fast as both his feet could bear,
 And never looked who behind him was,
 Ne scarcely who before : like as a Bear
 That creeping close, emongst the hives to rear
 An hony-comb, the wakeful dogs espy,
 And him assailing, sore his carcass tear,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne stays, till safe himself he see from jeopardy.

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
 Where late his treasure he entombed had ;
 Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* base
 Had it purloined for his maister bad :)
 With extream fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with himself away :
 That who so strangely had him seen bestad,
 With upstart hair, and staring eyes dismay,
 From *Limbo* lake, him late escaped sure would say.

LV.

High over hills and over dales he fled,
 As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
 Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorn :
 Grief, and despight, and jealousy, and scorn
 Did all the way him follow hard behind :
 And he himself, himself loath'd so forlorn,
 So shamefully forlorn of womankind ;
 That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
 Ne stayd his flight, nor fearful agony,
 Till that he came unto a rocky hill,
 Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
 That living creature it would terrify
 To look adown, or upward to the height:
 From thence he threw himself despiteously,
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
 That seem'd no help for him was left in living sight.

LVII.

But through long anguish, and self-murdring thought,
 He was so wasted and fore-pined quight,
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an airy Spright,
 That on the rocks he fell so flit and light,
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
 But chanced on a craggy cliff to light;
 Whence he with crooked claws so long did crawl,
 That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creeps, and thence-forth there
 Resolv'd to build his baleful mansion,
 In dreary darkness, and continual fear
 Of that rocks fall; which ever and anon
 Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon,
 That he dare never sleep, but that one eye
 Still ope he keeps for that occasion;
 Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
 The roaring billows beat his bowre so boistroufly.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed,
 But Toads and Frogs (his pasture poisonous)
 Which in his cold complexion do breed
 A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
 Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
 That doth with careless care consume the heart,
 Corrupts the stomach with gall vicious,
 Cross-cuts the liver with internal smart,
 And doth transfix the soul with deaths eternal dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
 And doth him self with sorrow new sustain,
 That death and life attonce unto him gives,
 And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain.
 There dwells he ever, miserable swain,
 Hateful both to himself, and every wight;
 Where he through privy grief, and horror vain,
 Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
 Forgot he was a man, and *Jealousie* is hight.

C A N T O XI.

Britomart *chaceth* Ollyphant,
Finds Scudamour *distrest*:
Assays the house of Busirane,
Where Loves spoils are exprest.

I.

O Hateful hellish Snake, what fury first
 Brought thee from baleful house of *Proserpine*,
 Where in her bosom she thee long had nurst,
 And fostred up with bitter milk of tine,
 Foul jealousie, that turnest Love divine
 To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
 With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed it self with self-consuming smart?
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

II.

O! let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
 Sweet Love that doth his golden wings embay
 In blessed Nectar, and pure pleasures Well,
 Untroubled of vile fear, or bitter fell.
 And ye fair Ladies, that your kingdoms make
 In th'hearts of men, them govern wisely well,
 And of fair *Britomart* ensample take,
 That was as true in love, as Turtle to her mate.

III.

Who with Sir *Satyrane* (as earst ye read)
 Forth riding from *Malbecco's* hostless house,
 Far off espide a young man, the which fled
 From an huge Giant, that with hideous
 And hateful out-rage long him chaced thus;
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother dear
 Of that *Argante* vile and vicious,
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
 Thus all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were;

IV.

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceed all woman-kind,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use all I did ever find;
 Whom whenas *Britomart* beheld behind
 The fearful boy so greedily pursue,
 She was emmoved in her noble mind,
 T'employ her puissance to his rescue,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view;

V.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
 But with like fierceness did ensue the chace:
 Whom when the Giant saw, he soon resign'd
 His former suit, and from them fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
 And each did strive the other to out-go:
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space;
 For he was long and swift as any Roe,
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

VI.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did fear,
 But *Britomart*, the flowre of chastity;
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not bear,
 But always did their dread encounter fly:
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he was gotten to a forest near,
 Where he is shrouded in security:
 The wood they enter, and search every where,
 They searched diversly; so both divided were.

VII.

Fair *Britomart* so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountain shear,
 By which there lay a Knight all wallowed
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him near
 His haberjeon, his helmet and his spear;
 A little off, his shield was rudely thrown,
 On which the winged boy in colours clear
 Depainted was, full easie to be known,
 And he thereby, where-ever it in field was shown.

VIII.

His face upon the ground did groveling lye,
 As if he had been slumbring in the shade,
 That the brave maid would not for courtesy,
 Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,
 Nor seem too suddainly him to invade:
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
 Him groan, as if his heart were pieces made,
 And with most painful pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pity did the virgins heart of patience rob.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaints,
 He said: O soveraine Lord that sitst on high,
 And reign'st in blis emongst thy blessed Saints,
 How suffrest thou such shameful cruelty,
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 Or doth thy justice sleep, and silent lye?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodness find no grace, nor righteousness no meed?

X.

If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in caitive band,
 Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
 On foot upon the face of living land?
 Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
 The wrongful out-rage of unrighteous men,
 Why then is *Busirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seven months day, in secret den
 My Lady and my Love so cruelly to pen?

XI.

My Lady and my Love, is cru'ly pend
In doleful darkness from the view of day,
Whilst deadly torments do her chaste breast rend,
And the sharp steel doth rive her heart in tway,
All for the *Scudamour*, will not deny.
Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamour*, art found,
Ne canst her aid, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so fair a Lady feels so fore a wound.

XII.

There an huge heap of singulfs did oppress
His struggling soul, and swelling throbs empeach
His foltring tongue with pangs of drieriness,
Choaking the remnant of his plaintif speech,
As if his days were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing lest from her cage the weary soul would flit.

XIII.

Tho stooping down, she him amoved light;
Who there-with some-what starting, up 'gan look,
And seeing him behind a stranger Knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistook,
With great indignance he that sight forlook,
And down again himself disdainfully
Abjecting, th'earth with his fair forehead strook:
Which the bold virgin seeing, 'gan apply
Fit medicine to his grief, and speak thus courteously.

XIV.

Ah! gentle Knight, whose deep conceived grief
Well seems t' exceed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heavenly grace some good relief
You send, submit you to high providence;
And ever, in your noble heart prepenſe,
That all the sorrow in the world is less
Than vertues might, and values confidence:
For who nill bide the burden of distress,
Must not here think to live; for life is wretchedness.

XV.

Therefore (fair Sir) do comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked felon so
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make:
 Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
 And wreak your sorrow on your cruel foe,
 At least, it fair endeavour will apply.
 Those feeling words so near the quick did go,
 That up his head he reared easily;
 And leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly.

XVI.

What boots it 'plain that cannot be redrest,
 And sow vain sorrow in a fruitless ear,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned breast,
 Ne worldly price cannot redeem my dear,
 Out of her thraldome, and continual fear?
 For he (the tyrant) which her hath in ward
 By strong enchantments, and black magick lear,
 Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,
 And many dreadful fiends hath pointed to her guard.

XVII.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflicts with mortal pain,
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold again:
 But yet by torture he would her constrain
 Love to conceive in her disdainful breast;
 Till so she do, she must in dool remain,
 Ne may by living means be thence releast:
 What boots it then to 'plain, that cannot be redrest?

XVIII.

With this sad herfal of his heavy stress,
 The warlike Damzel was empassion'd fore,
 And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing less
 Than is your sorrow certes if not more;
 For nothing so much pity doth implore,
 As gentle Ladies helpless misery.
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will (with proof of last extremity.)
 Deliver her from thence, or with her for you dye.

XIX.

Ah ! gentlest Knight alive, said *Scudamour* ;
 What huge heroick magnanimity
 Dwells in thy bounteous breast ? what couldst thou more
 If she were thine, and thou as now am I ?
 O spare thy happy days, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me dye that ought ;
 More is more loss : one is enough to dye.
 Life is not lost ; said she, for which is bought
 Endless renown, that more than death is to be sought.

XX.

Thus she at length perswaded him to rise,
 And with her wend, to see what new success
 Mote him befall upon new enterprise.
 His arms, which he had vow'd to disprofess,
 She gather'd up, and did about him dress,
 And his forwardred steed unto him got :
 So forth they both yfere make their progress,
 And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,
 Till they arriv'd, whereas their purpose they did plot.

XXI.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
 And stoutly came unto the castle gate ;
 Whereas no gate they found them to with-hold,
 Nor ward to wait at morn and evening late ;
 But in the porch (that did them sore amate)
 A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke,
 And stinking sulphure, that with grievly hate
 And dreadful horror did all entrance choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismay'd,
 Ne in that stownd wist how her self to bear ;
 For danger vain it were to have assayd
 That cruel element, which all things fear,
 Ne none can suffer to approachen near :
 And turning back to *Scudamour*, thus said ;
 What monstrous enmity provoke we here,
 Fool-hardy as th'Earths children, the which made
 Battle against the Gods ? so we a God invade.

XXIII.

Danger without discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious, beast-like is : therefore, Sir Knight,
 : Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.
 This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,
 Which earst to you I plain'd : for neither may
 This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
 Ne yet by any means remov'd away,
 So mighty be th'enchancements which the same do stay.

XXIV.

What is there else, but cease these fruitless pains,
 And leave me to my former languishing?
 Fair *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chains,
 And *Scudamour* here dye with sorrowing.
 Perdy not so, said she; for shameful thing
 It were t'abandon noble chevisaunce,
 For shew of peril, without venturing:
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Than enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce.

XXV.

There-with resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And (her swords point directing forward right)
 Assail'd the flame, the which estoons gave place,
 And did itself divide with equal space,
 That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt
 Pierceth the yielding air, and doth displace
 The soaring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise 'gan assay,
 With greedy will, and envious desire,
 And bade the stubborn flames to yield him way:
 But cruel *Mulciber* would not obey
 His threatful pride; but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forc'd (maulgre) his fierceness to relent,
 And back retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pass,
 Than for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodness he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the grafs,
 Did beat and bounse his head and breast full fore :
 The whiles the championess now entred has
 The utmost room, and past the formost dore,
 The utmost room abounding with all precious store.

XXVIII.

For round about, the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great majesty,
 Woven with gold and silk so close and near,
 That the rich metal lurked privily,
 As feigning to be hid from envious eye ;
 Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
 It shew'd it self, and shone unwillingly ;
 Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares [clares.
 Through the green grafs, his long bright burnisht back de-

XXIX.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
 Many fair pourtraicts, and many a fair feat :
 And all of Love, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat ;
 And eke all *Cupids* wars they did repeat,
 And cruel battles, which he whylome fought
 Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great ;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thraldom brought.

XXX.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Jove*
 Had felt the point of his heart-piercing dart,
 And leaving heavens Kingdom here did rove
 In strange disguise, to flake his scalding smart ;
 Now like a Ram, fair *Helle* to pervart,
 Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw :
 Ah, how the fearful Ladies tender heart
 Did lively seem to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas under her t'obey her servants law !

XXXI.

Soon after that into a golden showre,
 Himself he chang'd, fair *Danaë* to view,
 And through the roof of her strong brasen towre
 Did rain into her lap an hony dew,
 The whiles her foolish guard, that little knew
 Of such deceit, kept th' iron dore fast bard,
 And watcht, that none should enter, nor issue,
 Vain was the watch, and bootless all the ward,
 Whenas the God to golden hue himself transfer'd.

XXXII.

Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
 To win fair *Leda* to his lovely trade :
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
 That her in Daffadillies sleeping made,
 From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade :
 While the proud Bird ruffling his feathers wide,
 And brushing his fair breast, did her invade ;
 She slept, yet 'twixt her eye-lids closely spide,
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pride.

XXXIII.

Then shew'd it, how the *Theban Semele*,
 Deceiv'd of jealous *Juno* did require
 To see him in his soveraine majesty,
 Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
 Whence dearly she with death bought her desire.
 But fair *Alcmena* better match did make,
 Joying his love in likeness more entire ;
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, her pleasures longer to partake.

XXXIV

Twice was he seen in soaring Eagles shape,
 And with wide wings to beat the buxom air :
 Once when he with *Asterie* did scape ;
 Again, whenas the *Trojan* boy so fair
 He snatch from *Ida* hill, and with him bare :
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
 How the rude Shepherds after him did stare,
 Trembling through fear lest down he fallen should,
 And often to him calling, to take surer hold.

XXXV.

In *Satyr's* shape, *Antiope* he snatcht :
 And like a fire, when he *Egin'* assay'd :
 A shepherd, when *Mnemosyne* he catcht :
 And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* maid.
 Whiles thus on earth great *Jove* these pageants playd,
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
 And scoffing thus unto his mother said,
 Lo, now the heavens obey to me alone,
 And take me for their *Jove*, whiles *Jove* to earth is gone.

XXXVI.

And thou, fair *Phobus*, in thy colours bright
 Wast there enwoven, and the sad distress
 In which that boy thee plunged, for despight
 That thou bewraydst his mothers wantonness,
 When she with *Mars* was meynt in joyfulness :
 Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
 To love fair *Daphne*, which thee loved less :
 Less she thee lov'd, than was thy just desert ;
 Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,
 So lovedst thou the fair *Coronis* dear :
 Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct,
 Yet both in flowres do live, and love thee bear,
 The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare ;
 For grief whereof, ye mote have lively seen
 The God himself rending his golden hair,
 And breaking quite his girland ever green,
 With other signs of sorrow, and impatient teen.

XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his own dear son,
 The son of *Clymene* he did repent,
 Who bold to guide the charret of the sun,
 Himself in thousand pieces fondly rent,
 And all the world with flashing fiere brent,
 So like, that all the walls did seem to flame.
 Yet cruel *Cupid*, not herewith content,
 Forc'd him erstoons to follow other game,
 And love a Shepherds daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX.

He loved *Iffe* for his dearest Dame,
 And for her sake her cattle fed awhile,
 And for her sake a cow-herd vile became,
 The servant of *Admetus*, cow-herd vile,
 Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
 Long were to tell each other lovely fit,
 Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoil,
 Now like a Stag, now like a Falcon flit :
 All which in that fair arras was most lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was *Neptane* pictured,
 In his divine resemblance wondrous like :
 His face was rugged, and his hoary head
 Dropped with brackish dew ; his three-forkt pike
 He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
 The raging billows, that on every side
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dike,
 That his swift charet might have passage wide,
 Which four great *Hippodames* did draw in team-wise tide.

XLI.

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
 And from their nosethrills blow the briny stream,
 That made the sparkling waves to smoke again,
 And flame with gold : but the white foamy cream
 Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam ;
 The God himself did pensive seem and sad,
 And hung adown his head, as he did dream :
 For privy love his breast empierced had ;
 Ne ought, but dear *Bisaltis*, ay could make him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke *Ipbimedia* dear,
 And *Æolus* fair daughter *Arne* hight ;
 For whom he turn'd himself into a Stear,
 And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
 Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
 He turn'd himself into a Dolphin fair ;
 And like a winged horse he took his flight,
 To snaky-lock *Medusa* to repair,
 On whom he got fair *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the air.

XLIII.

Next *Saturn* was, (but who would ever ween,
 That fullen *Saturn* ever ween'd to love ?
 Yet Love is fullen, and *Saturn*-like seen,
 As he did for *Erigone* it prove)
 That to a *Centaur* did himself transmove.
 So prov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
 When for to compass *Phylliras* hard love,
 He turn'd himself into a fruitful vine,
 And into her fair bosom made his grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assays,
 And gentle pangs, with which he maked meek
 The mighty *Mars*, to learn his wanton plays :
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke
 For many other nymphs he sore did shriek ;
 With womanish tears, and with unwarlike smarts,
 Privily moistening his horrid cheek.
 There was he painted full of burning darts,
 And many wide wounds lanced through his inner parts.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the Elf)
 His own dear mother (ah why should he so !)
 Ne did he spare sometime to prick himself,
 That he might taste the sweet-consuming woe,
 Which he had wrought, to many others moe,
 But to declare the mournful tragedies,
 And spoil's, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
 More eath to number with how many eyes
 High heaven beholds sad Lovers nightly thieveries.

XLVI.

Kings, Queens, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Damzels
 Were heapt together with the vulgar sort, [gent,
 And mingled with the rascal rablement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort :
 And round about, a border was entrail'd
 Of broken bows and arrows shiver'd short,
 And a long bloody river through them rail'd,
 So lively and so like, that living sense it fail'd.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that fair room,
 There was an altar built of precious stone,
 Of passing value, and of great renown,
 On which there stood an Image all alone,
 Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;
 And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
 More sundry colours, than the proud *Pavone*,
 Bears in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, [bright.
 When her discolour'd bow she spreads through heaven

XLVIII.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
 A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
 With which he shot at random, when him list,
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
 (Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold.)
 A wounded Dragon under him did lie,
 Whose hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedy.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this be:
 And all the people in that ample house
 Did to that image bow their humble knee,
 And oft committed foul idolatry.
 That wondrous sight fair *Britomart* amaz'd,
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfy,
 But ever more and more upon it gaz'd,
 The whiles the passing brightness her frail senses daz'd.

L.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
 To search each secret of that goodly sted,
 Over the door thus written she did spy,
Be bold: she oft and oft it over-read,
 Yet could not find what sence it figured:
 But what so were therein or writ or meant,
 She was no whit thereby discouraged
 From prosecuting of her first intent,
 But forward with bold steps into the next room went.

LI.

Much fairer than the former, was that room,
 And richlier by many parts array'd :
 For not with arras made in painful loom,
 But with pure gold, it all was overlayd,
 Wrought with wild anticks, which their follies plaid,
 In the rich metal, as they living were :
 A thousand monstrous forms therein were made,
 Such as false Love doth oft upon him wear.
 For Love in thousand monstrous forms doth oft appear.

LII.

And all about, the gliftring walls were hong,
 With warlike spoils, and with victorious preys
 Of mighty conquerours and captains strong,
 Which were whylome captived in their days
 To cruel love, and wrought their own decays :
 Their swords and spears were broke, and hauberques rent,
 And their proud girlonds of triumphant bays
 Trodden in dust with fury insolent,
 To shew the victors might and merciless intent.

LIII.

The warlike maid, beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
 Her greedy eyes with gazing, a long space :
 But more she marvail'd, that no footings trace,
 Nor wight appear'd, but wasteful emptiness,
 And solemn silence over all that place :
 Strange thing it seem'd that none was to possess
 So rich purveyance, ne them keep with carefulness.

LIV.

And as she lookt about, she did behold
 How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be bold, Be bold, and every where *Be bold* ;
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
 By any ridling skill, or common wit.
 At last she spide, at that rooms upper end,
 Another iron door, on which was writ
Be not too bold ; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV.

Thus there she waited until even-tide,
 Yet living creature none she saw appear :
 And now sad shadows 'gan the world to hide,
 From mortal view, and wrap in darkness drear ;
 Yet n'ould she doff her weary arms, for fear
 Of secret danger, ne let sleep oppress
 Her heavy eyes with natures burden dear,
 But drew herself aside in sickerness,
 And her well-pointed weapons did about her dress.

C A N T O XII.

*The Mask of Cupid, and th'enchanted
 Chamber are displayd ;
 Whence Britomart redeemes fair
 Amoret, through charms decay'd.*

I.

Tho whenas chearless night ycovered had
 Fair heaven with an universal cloud,
 That every wight, dismay'd with darkness sad,
 In silence and in sleep themselves did shroud,
 She heard a shrilling trumpet sound aloud,
 Sign of nigh battle, or got victory ;
 Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
 But rather stir'd to cruel enmity,
 Expecting ever, when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that, an hideous storm of wind arose,
 With dreadful thunder and lightning atwixt,
 And an earth-quake, as if it streight would loose
 The worlds foundations from his centre fixt,
 A direful stench of smoak and sulphur mixt
 Ensu'd, whose noyance fill'd the fearful sted,
 From the fourth hour of night until the sixt ;
 Yet the bold *Britoness* was nought ydred,
 Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
 Throughout the house, that clapped every dore :
 With which, that iron wicket open flew,
 As it with mighty levers had been tore :
 And forth issu'd, as on the ready flore
 Of some theatre, a grave personage,
 That in his hand a branch of Laurel bore,
 With comely haviour and count'nance sage,
 Yclad in costly garments fit for tragick stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
 As if in mind he somewhat had to say ;
 And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
 In sign of silence as to hear a play,
 By lively actions he 'gan bewray
 Some argument of matter passioned ;
 Which doen, he back retired soft away ;
 And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V.

The noble maid, still standing, all this view'd,
 And marvail'd at his strange intendment.
 With that, a joyous fellowship issu'd
 Of minstrels, making goodly merriment,
 With wanton Bards, and rhimers impudent ;
 All which together sung full chearfully
 A lay of loves delight, with sweet concent :
 After whom, marcht a jolly company,
 In manner of a mask, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony,
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetness of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drown'd :
 And when it ceast shrill trumpets loud did bray,
 That their report did far away rebound,
 And when they ceast, it 'gan again to play,
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

VII.

The first was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy,
 Of rare aspect, and beauty without peer;
 Matchable either to that imp of *Troy*,
 Whom *Jove* did love, and chose his cup to bear,
 Or that same dainty Lad, which was so dear
 To great *Alcides*, that whenas he dy'd,
 He wailed woman-like with many a tear,
 And every wood and every valley wide
 He fill'd with *Hylas* name; the Nymphs eke *Hylas* cry'd.

VIII.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
 But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array
 Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:
 As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
 That by his gate might easily appear;
 For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
 That in the idle air he mov'd still here and there.

IX.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desire*,
 Who seem'd of riper years than th'other swain;
 Yet was that other swain this elders fire,
 And gave him being, common to them twain:
 His garment was disguised very vain,
 And his embroidred bonnet fat awry;
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strain,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
 In a discolour'd coat, of strange disguise,
 That at his back a broad capuccio had,
 And sleeves dependant *Albanese*-wise:
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
 Or that the flore to shrink he did avise,
 And on a broken reed he still did stay
 His feeble steps, which shrunk, when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
 Made of Bears skin, that him more dreadfull made :
 Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
 Strange horror, to deform his grievly shade ;
 A net in th'one hand, and a rusty blade
 In th'other was : this mischief, that mishap ;
 With th'one his foes he threatned to invade,
 With th'other he his friends meant to enwrap ;
 For whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap :

XII.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow moving to and fro :
 And his own arms when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hue, and wingy heeld ;
 And evermore on *Danger* fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

XIII.

With him went *Hope* in rank, a handsome maid,
 Of chearful look, and lovely to behold ;
 In silken samite she was light arrayd,
 And her fair locks were woven up in gold ;
 She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dew,
 With which she sprinkled favours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking shew ;
 Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

XIV.

And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*
 Marcht in one rank, yet an unequal pair :
 For she was gentle and of mild aspect,
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonair,
 Goodly adorned, and exceeding fair :
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloind,
 And her bright brows were deckt with borrow'd hair,
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coind,
 And always in her hand two clews of silk she twind.

XV.

But he was foul, ill-favoured, and grim,
 : Under his eye-brows looking still ascance;
 And ever as *Dissemblance* laught on him,
 He lour'd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
 Shewing his nature in his countenance;
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
 But walkt each where, for fear of hid mischance,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peep, as forward he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went *Grief*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Grief all in fable sorrowfully clad,
 Down hanging his dull head with heavy chear,
 Yet inly being more than seeming sad:
 A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the heart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
 In wilful langour and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII.

But *Fury* was full ill apparelled
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,
 With ghastly looks and dreadful dreerihed;
 For from her back her garments she did tear,
 And from her head oft rent her snarled hair:
 In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse
 About her head, still roaming here and there;
 As a dismayed Deer in chace embost,
 Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

XVIII.

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
 He looking lumpish and full fullen sad,
 And hanging down his heavy countenance;
 She chearful fresh and full of joyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
 That evil matched pair they seem'd to be:
 'An angry Wasp th' one in a vial had:
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
 Thus marched these six couples forth in fair degree.

XIX.

After all these, there marcht a most fair Dame,
Led of two grislie villains, th' one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name :
She doleful Lady, like a dreary spright,
Call'd by strong charms out of eternal night,
Had deaths own image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight ;
Yet in that horror shew'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her breast all naked, as neat ivory,
Without adorn of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the craftsman wents it beautifie,
Of her due honour was despoiled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O rueful sight !)
Entrenched deep with knife accursed keen,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright
(The work of cruel hand) was to be seen,
That dy'd in sanguine red her skin all snowy clean.

XXI.

At that wide orifice, her trembling heart
Was drawn forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfix'd with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steaming fresh embay'd :
And those two villains which her steps upstayd,
When her weak feet could scarcely her sustain,
And fading vital powers 'gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constrain,
And evermore encreased her consuming pain.

XXII.

Next after her, the winged God himself
Came riding on a Lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elf,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous :
His blindfold eyes he bade a while unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect kind ;
Which seen, he much rejoyced in his cruel mind

XXIII.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing high,
 He looked round about with stern disdain;
 And did survey his goodly company:
 And marshalling the evil order'd train,
 With that the darts which his right hand did strain,
 Full dreadfully he shook that all did quake,
 And clapt on high his colour'd wings' train,
 That all his many it afraid did make:
 Tho blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproach the first, *Shame* next, *Repentance* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowful and lame:
Reproach disfigured, careless, and unkind,
Shame most ill-favour'd, bestial, and blind:
Shame lour'd, *Repentance* sigh'd, *Reproach* did scold;
Reproach sharp stings, *Repentance* whips entwain'd,
Shame burning brand-irons in her hand did hold:
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
 Emongst them was stern *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
 Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unbrietyhead*,
 Lewd *Loss of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
 Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyalty*,
 Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,
 Vile *Poverty*, and lastly *Death* with infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many more like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I no'te readen well;
 So many more, as there be fantasies
 In wavring womens wit, that none can tell,
 Or pains in Love, or punishments in hell;
 All which disguised marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber by that Damozell,
 And then returned (having marched thrice)
 Into the inner room from whence they first did rise.

XXVII.

So soon as they were in, the door straightway
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast,
 Which first it open'd; and bore all away.
 Then the brave maid, which all this while was fast,
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issued forth, and went unto the dore,
 To enter in, but found it locked fast:
 In vain she thought with rigorous uprore
 For to efforce, when charms had closed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not avail, there sleights and art
 She cast to use, both fit for hard emprise;
 Forthy, from that same room not to depart
 Till morrow next, she did herself advise,
 When that same mask again should forth arise:
 The morrow next appear'd with joyous chear,
 Calling men to their daily exercise;
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herself did rear
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to outwear:

XXIX.

All that day she outwore in wandering,
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,
 Till that again the second evening
 Her cover'd with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the world's fair beauty she hath blent:
 Then when the second watch was almost past,
 That brazen door flew open, and in went
 Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
 Neither of idle shews, nor of false charms aghast.

XXX.

So soon as she was entred, round about
 She cast her eyes, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which she saw without:
 But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
 Save that same woeful Lady; both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waist girt round with iron bands,
 Unto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI.

And her before, the vile Enchanter fate,
 Figuring strange characters of his art :
 With living blood he those characters wrote,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruel dart ;
 And all perforce to make her him to love.
 Ah ! who can love the worker of her smart ? -
 A thousand charms he formerly did prove ;
 Yet thousand charms could not her steadfast heart remove.

XXXII.

Soon as that virgin-Knight he saw in place,
 His wicked books in haste he overthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface ;
 And fiercely running to that Lady true,
 A murd'rous knife out of his pocket drew ;
 The which he thought, for villainous despight ;
 In her tormented body to embrue :
 But the stout damzel to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury first he meant,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest ;
 And turning to her self his fell intent,
 Unwares it strook into her snowy chest,
 That little drops empurpled her fair breast.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deep imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortal blade she drew,
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage due.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell half dead ; next stroke him should have slain,
 Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
 Dearnly unto her called to abstain,
 From doing him to dye. For else her pain
 Should be remediless, sith none but he,
 Which wrought it, could the same recure again.
 Therewith she staid her hand loth staid to be ;
 For life she him envy'd, and long'd revenge to see :

XXXV.

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dye,
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state ;
This doe and live, else dye undoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himself right willing to prolong his date.

XXXVI.

And rising up 'gan streight to overlook
Those cursed leaves, his charms back to reverse ;
Full dreadful things out of that baleful book
He read and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins heart to pierse,
And her fair locks up-stared stiff on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse ;
And all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon she 'gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the doors to rattle round about ;
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
Nor slack her threatful hand for dangers doubt :
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last, that mighty chain, which round about
Her tender waist was wound, adown 'gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in pieces small.

XXXVIII.

The cruel steel which thrill'd her dying heart,
Fell softly forth, as of his own accord :
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding breast, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not been bor'd :
And every part to safety full found,
As she were never hurt, was soon restor'd.
Tho when she felt herself to be unbound,
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell unto the ground :

XXXIX.

Before fair *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
 Saying; Ah noble Knight, what worthy meed
 Can wretched Lady, quit from woeful state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 Your vertue self her own reward shall breed,
 Even immortal praise, and glory wide.
 Which I your vassal, by your prowess freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notify'd,
 And goodly well advance, that goodly well was try'd.

XL.

But *Britomart*, uprearing her from ground,
 Said, gentle Dame, reward enough I ween
 For many labours more than I have found,
 This, that in safety now I have you seen,
 And means of your deliverance have been:
 Henceforth fair Lady comfort to you take,
 And put away remembrance of late teen;
 Instead thereof know, that your loving make
 Hath no less grief endured for your gentle sake.

XLI.

She much was cheard to hear him mention'd,
 Whom of all living wights she loved best.
 Then laid the noble championess strong hond
 Upon th' Enchanter, which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foul outrages opprest:
 With that great chain, wherewith not long ygo
 He bound that Lady prisoner, now releast,
 Himself she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captive with her led to wretchedness and woe.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rooms, which erst
 She saw so rich and royally array'd,
 Now vanisht utterly, and clean subverst
 She found, and all their glory quite decay'd,
 That sight of such a change her much dismay'd.
 Thence forth descending to that perlous porch,
 Those dreadful flames she also found delay'd,
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
 That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.

More easie issue now, than entrance late
 She found; for now that feigned dreadful flame,
 Which choakt the porch of that enchanted gate,
 And passage barr'd to all that thither came,
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
 Th'Enchanter self, which all that fraud did frame,
 To have effort the love of that fair Lads,
 Seeing his work now wasted, deep engrieved was.

XLIV.

But when the Victorefs arrived there,
 Where late she left the pensive *Scudamour*,
 With her own trusty Squire, both full of fear,
 Neither of them she found where she them lore:
 Thereat her noble heart was stonisht fore;
 But most, fair *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
 Now 'gan to feed on hope, which she before
 Conceived had, to see her own dear Knight,
 Being thereof beguil'd was fill'd with new affright.

XLV.

But he sad man, when he had long in dreed
 Awaited there for *Britomarts* return,
 Yet saw her not nor sign of her good speed,
 His expectation to despair did turn,
 Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burn;
 And therefore 'gan advize with her old Squire,
 Who her dear nourslings loss no less did mourn,
 Thence to depart for further aid t'inquire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I do respire.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

